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JULY 2004

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Covergirl GINGER JOLIE Opens Up on Page 76

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Disclaimer: Jerry, do we really have to say it? This really isn't you, and that really isn't your mother. It's a parody painting, and it's not to be taken seriously. If you don't like it, then sue us.

What better way to launch HUSTLER's 30th Anniversary issue than with a painting of Jerry Falwell boning his mother? This depiction of outhouse love is a fitting tribute to the infamous 1983 HUSTLER Campari ad parody that set off a lawsuit filed by Falwell. The thin-skinned Rev was eventually defeated by Larry Flynt in a landmark 1988 Supreme Court decision that greatly expanded the press's freedom to parody public figures. Thanks, Jerry; we couldn't have done it without you.

Art by William Hoss Jr.

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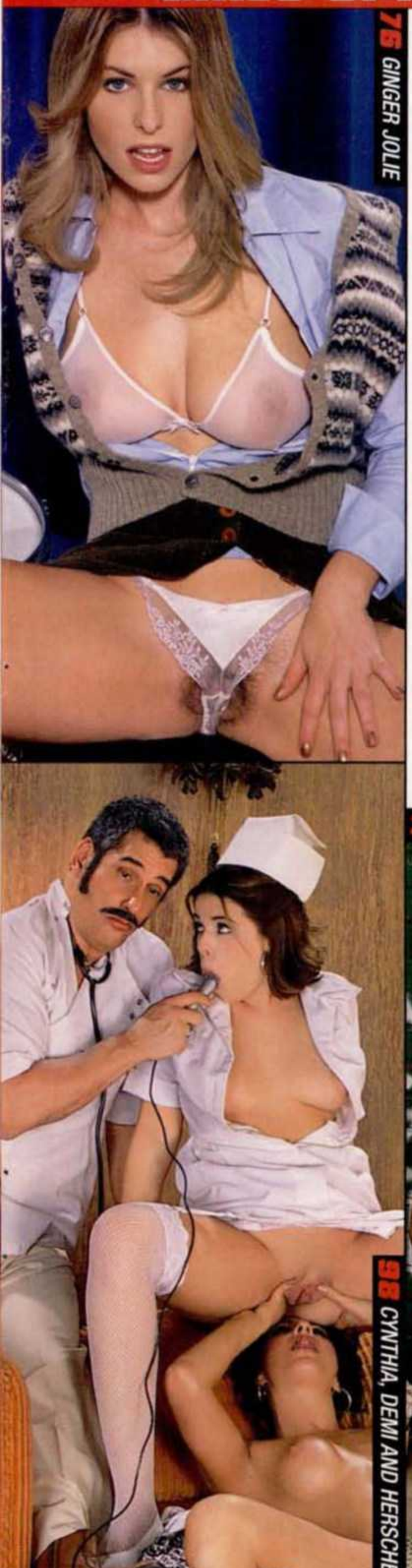

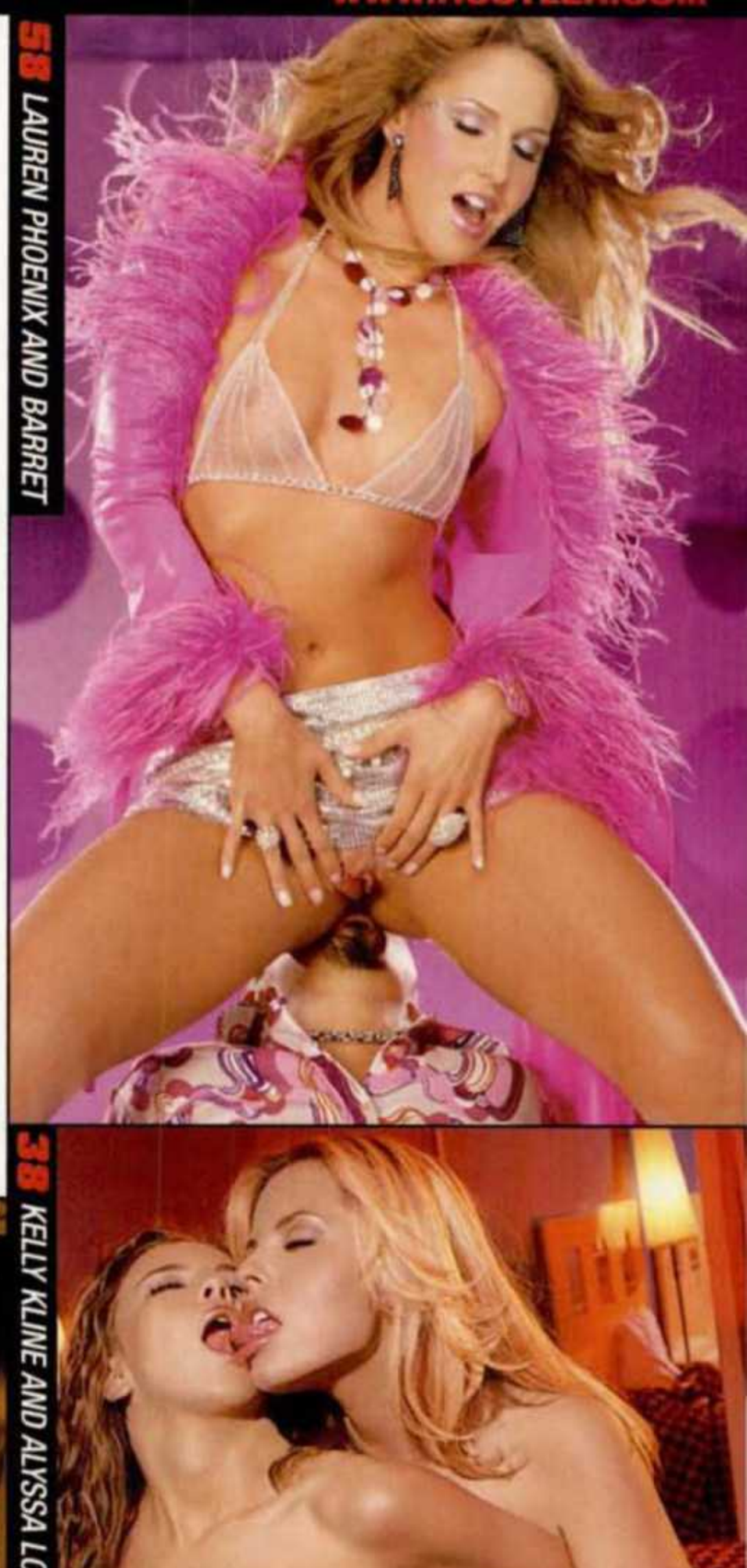

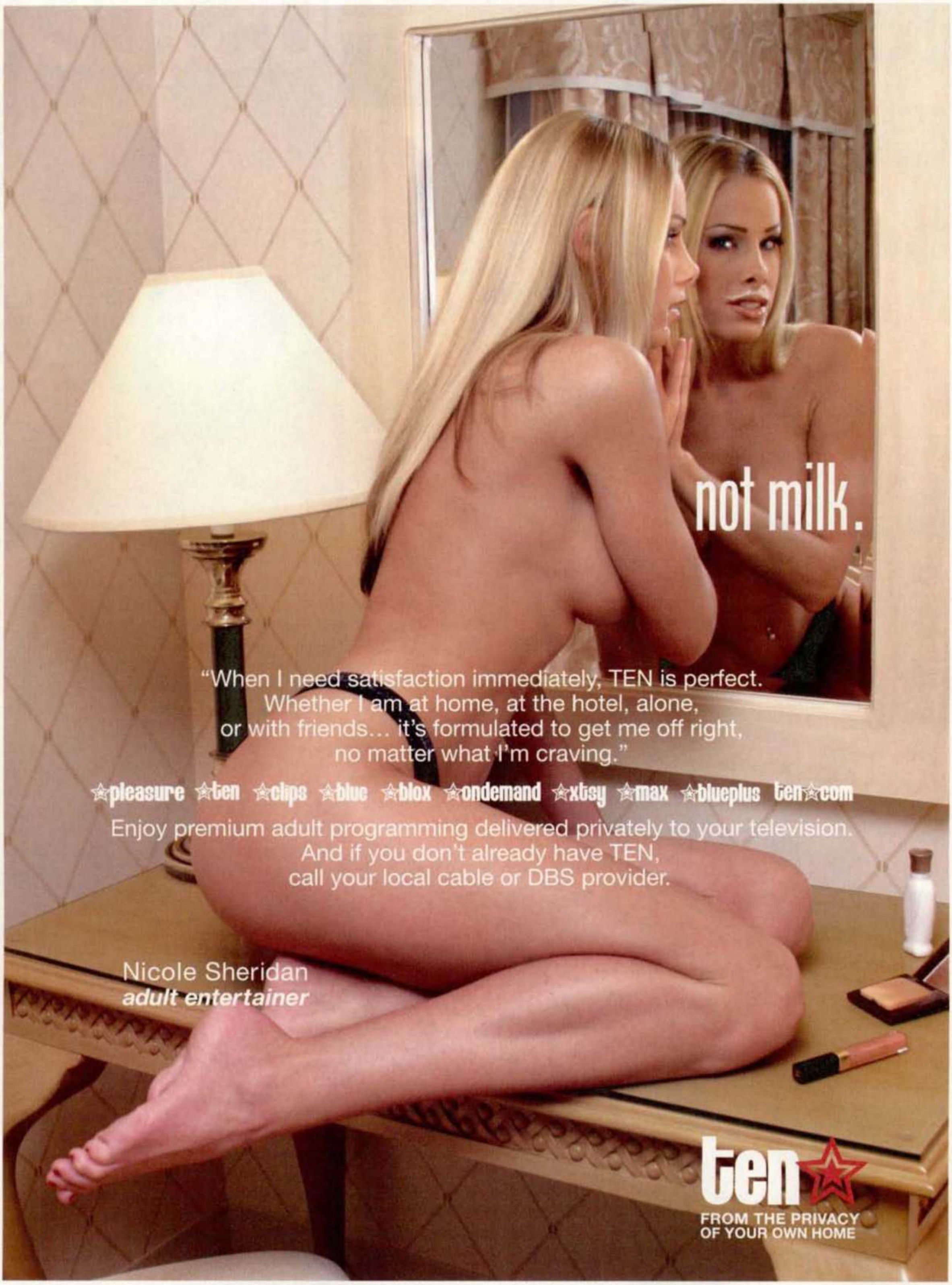
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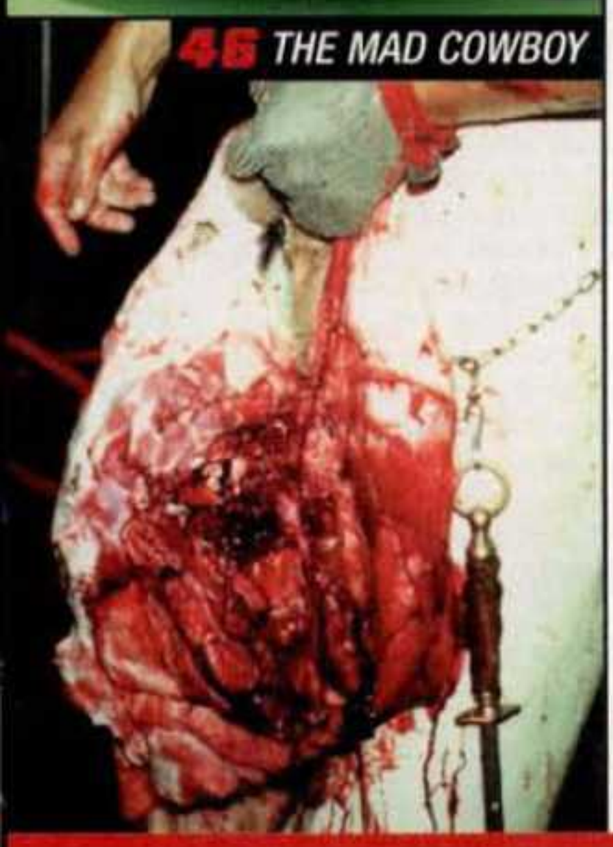

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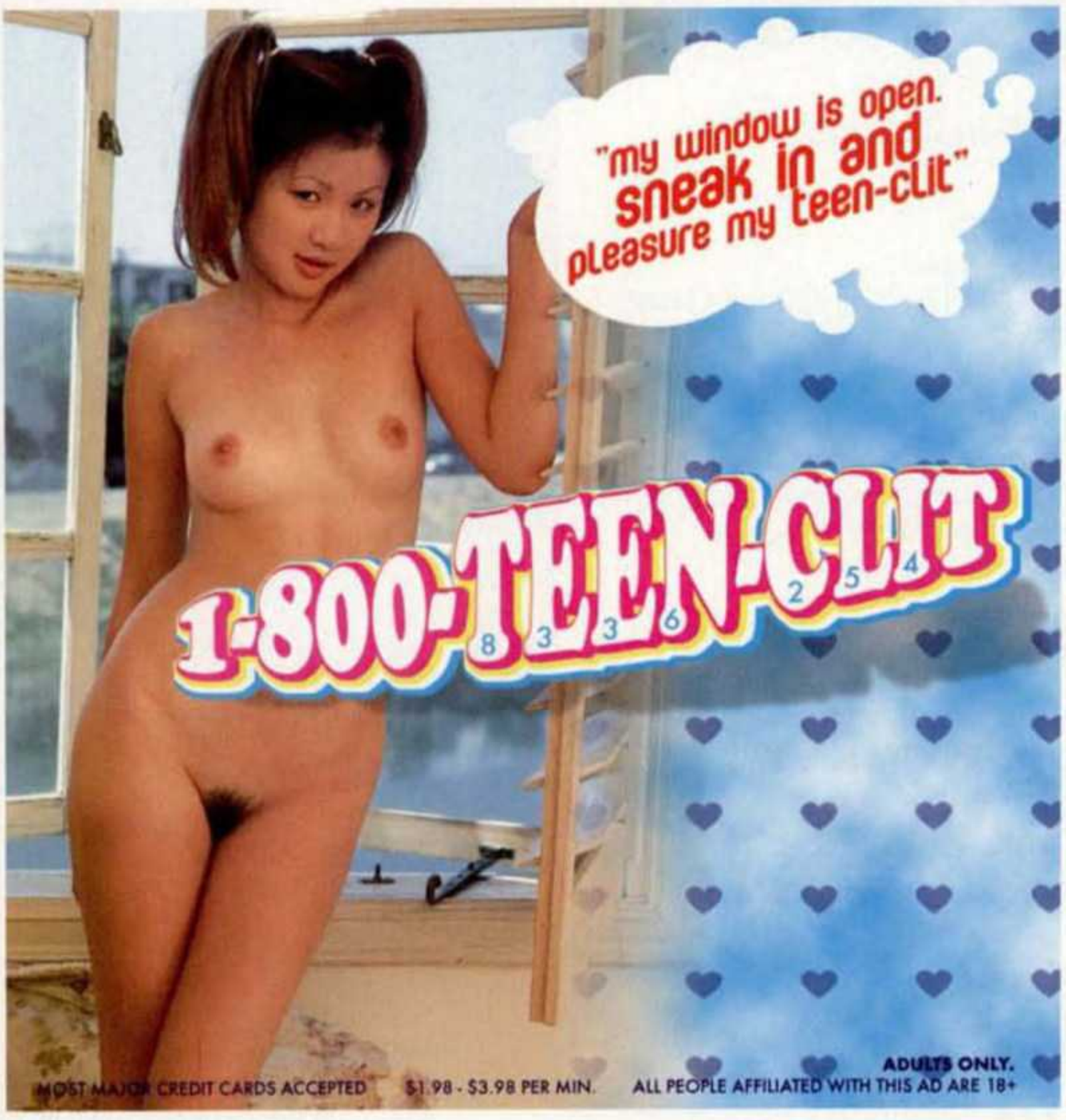
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Visit HUSTLER on the Web at ***http://www.HUSTLER.com***.

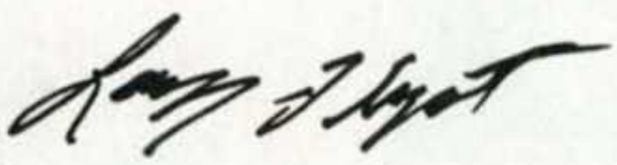
HUSTLER AT 30

Thirty years of publishing HUSTLER! That's quite a milestone—one I didn't always think we'd reach. There was the Cincinnati obscenity trial where I stood to do 25 years in jail. There was my shooting, when I almost died, my addiction to drugs and a whole lot more. But here we are nonetheless.

A lot has changed since the first issue was launched in July 1974, not just in the world at large, but in sex publishing as well. Recently HUSTLER's two main competitors have undergone radical transformations: *Playboy* has gone to a Maxim format, and *Penthouse*—just coming out of Chapter 11—has indicated it will do the same, without its founding publisher Bob Guccione. I take no satisfaction in any of this. Despite my longstanding feud with Guccione, I have to acknowledge that even as he built on what Hugh Hefner had done before him, I have built on what he did before me. Both Hefner and Guccione are true pioneers of sex publishing.

I would also like to take a moment to thank Al Goldstein, founder and publisher of New York's *Screw* magazine, for helping to show me the way. Back in the '60s, before HUSTLER came along, he was the only one in sex publishing willing to give the finger to the establishment, or to show open pussy shots and explicit sex. It was the courage of this great American iconoclast that let me know my own dream was possible.

Looking forward, it's impossible to say what the future holds. Certainly the antisex attitudes of Bush and Ashcroft are something to consider. Even so, I promise you one thing: I will continue to do everything possible to bring you the hottest sexual content of any men's magazine in this country, or the rest of the world, today, tomorrow and forever.



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Beaver Fever

I just received the March HUSTLER. It's your best issue in a long time. You went back to your famous ways with the clear, open beaver photos. Please keep it up. Avoid dildos and hands blocking pussy shots. I would also like to see fewer pictorials featuring intercourse. Please publish clear, close-up beavers of all the featured models. I really miss your Oriental magazine, ASIAN FEVER. I want more girls of the Asian persuasion. I've been a subscriber to HUSTLER and TABOO for years. Keep up the great work!

—T.F.
Kahului, Hawaii

Jumping For Jelena

I must say that the April HUSTLER has got to be the best one yet! Covergirl Sunrise Adams is a knockout. What a set of tits on that broad. I almost came in my pants when I flipped through the pages and saw Jelena Jensen's rack and beautiful pussy lips (*Jelena Jensen: Hot Shot*). Her luscious legs and ass are begging to be stroked. It's so cool that she digs skeet shooting. Anyway, keep up the good work, guys. I can hardly wait for the May issue!

—P.D.
via Internet

Cash-tastrophe

Thank you for the article on Michael Ruppert in the January issue (*What Did Our Government Know About 9/11?*). It makes us wonder if those that made a fortune because of 9/11 were friends of the FBI and CIA. I am irked by the possibility of the CIA using the money we rewarded them with for their failure on 9/11 to set up a drug-running operation from the newly cultivated poppy fields in Afghanistan. The CIA

may not know what a weapon of mass destruction looks like, but I'm certain they know a poppy field when they see one. Rewarding any government agency for its failures is intolerable. It simply gives them a reason to plan another failure.

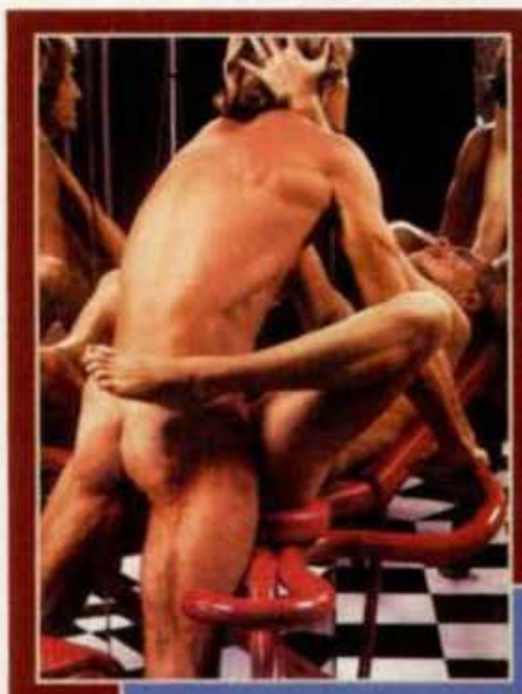
—R.J.
Hickory Corners, Michigan

Vexed Vet

I have said it before, and I will say it again: Stay the hell out of politics or discussions about topics such as war. HUSTLER is the best porn magazine on the market, but you don't know shit from shinola about anything else. I read the article in the April 2004 issue (*Stretched Thin, Lied to and Mistreated*). Of course you can find people in the military who complain and don't like their duty in Iraq. I served in WWII and the Korean War, but I was lucky enough not to be sent overseas. Let me say this about the military: Nobody is drafted these days; so those who serve have opted to be in their position. All of these people know that they can be called on for active duty, and they run the risk of being killed.

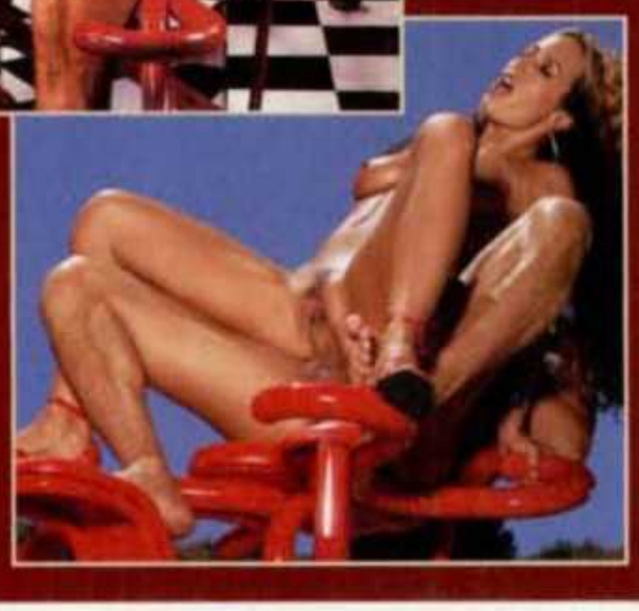
—C.S.
Stuart, Florida

Spread-Eagle Eye



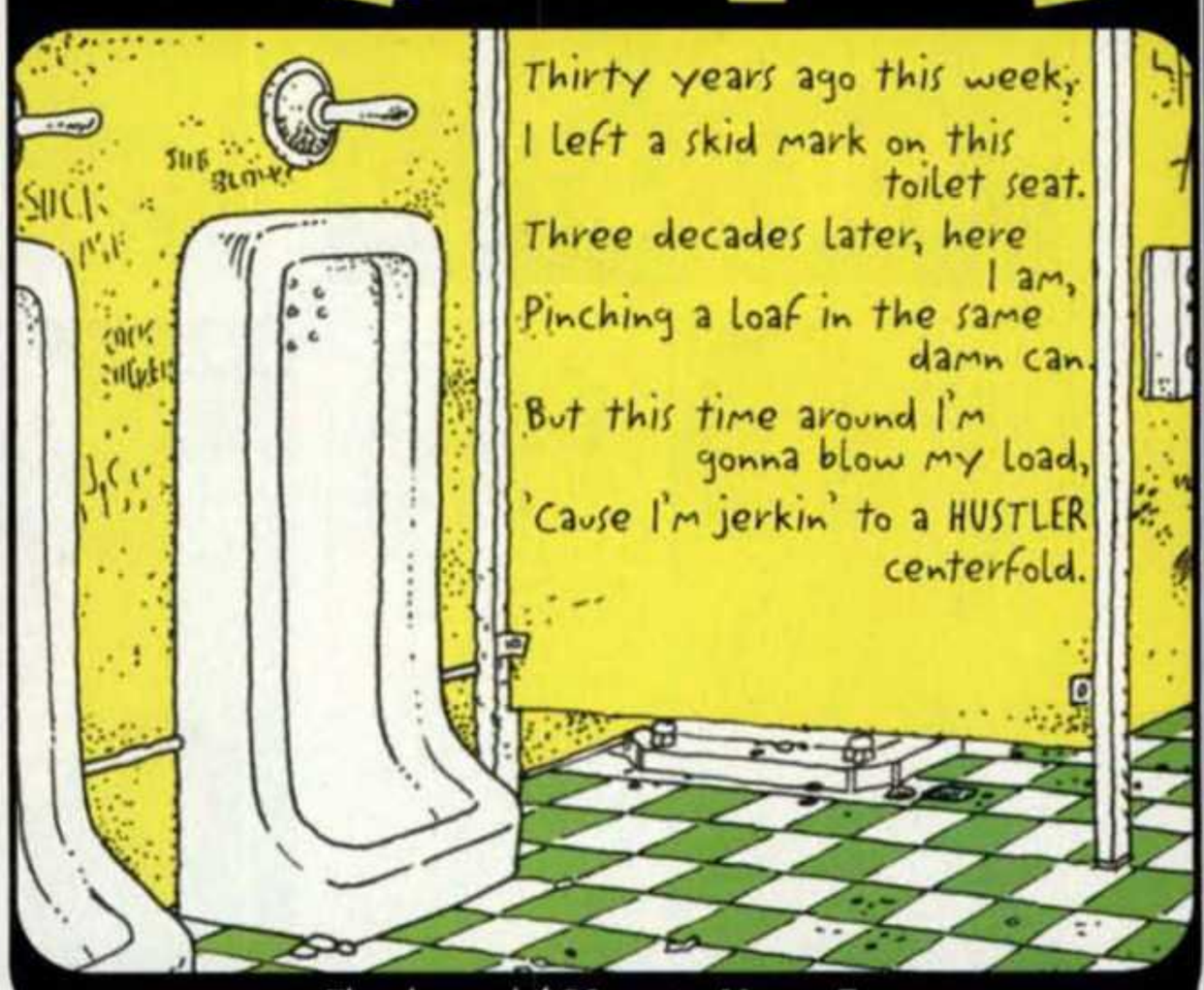
I was surprised to see your *Felicia Fox and Benjamin: Sitting Pretty* pictorial in the February HUSTLER. It uses the same "love chair" shown in a July 1978 HUSTLER photo-spread. I've always been interested in purchasing one of these chairs. I'd appreciate any information you could send me.

—T.C.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



The sharp eyes and photographic memories of HUSTLER's readers never cease to amaze us. Thanks, T.C., for providing further proof that jacking off doesn't cause blindness.

GRAFFILTHY


Thirty years ago this week,
I left a skid mark on this toilet seat.
Three decades later, here I am,
Pinching a loaf in the same damn can.
But this time around I'm gonna blow my load,
'Cause I'm jerkin' to a HUSTLER centerfold.

Thanks and $50 go to **Hans F.**

"When I surround myself with tacked up pictorials of pussy, it's like Disneyland."

HUSTLER is aware that military service in our country is voluntary, C.S. Don't you think that level of selfless sacrifice entitles our soldiers to adequate supplies and honesty from the brass?

Double Displeasure

I am a pretty happy consumer of HUSTLER. However, I do have one problem. It is the Olsen twins countdown. There are certain lines that should not be crossed, and those lines are that of incest and pedophilia. Incest and minors are not sexy. Who cares if those young girls are almost 18? What happens when they are legal? Pervs can feel less perverted about the incestuous poses they imagine them in? Honestly, could you imagine posing naked with *your* sibling?

—R. G.
via Internet

Tit for Tat

In the April 2004 HUSTLER you published an interview with Mary Carey in which she claimed that her breasts were natural. She also admitted that, when she started her porn career, she had stated that she had implants. I have to say that her breasts appear to be augmented, but it's a close call. This is a situation that cries out for a hands-on investigation. It's a dirty job, but someone has to do it, and who better than a dirty man such as myself?

—R. B.
San Francisco, California

Sorry, R.B., but crack reporter Scott Fayner beat you to the task, as chronicled in the August 2003 *Erotic Entertainment* sidebar "Mystery Mams."

Down on Dick

I have a small problem with your pictorials. You see, I have a very large garage. On one wall I have the hottest girls of *Beaver Hunt*. On another, beautiful HUSTLER centerfolds. On the third wall I've tacked up great dyke pictures. I also have a wall dedicated solely to cum-shots with no dick in the photos. When I surround myself with all of this pussy, it's like Disneyland, but takes longer to beat off if there's a dick in the picture. Please instruct your staff photographers to put the dick on one page and the hot chick getting a face full of jizz on the opposite page. It would be a real time saver for those of us who staple prime photos to our walls.

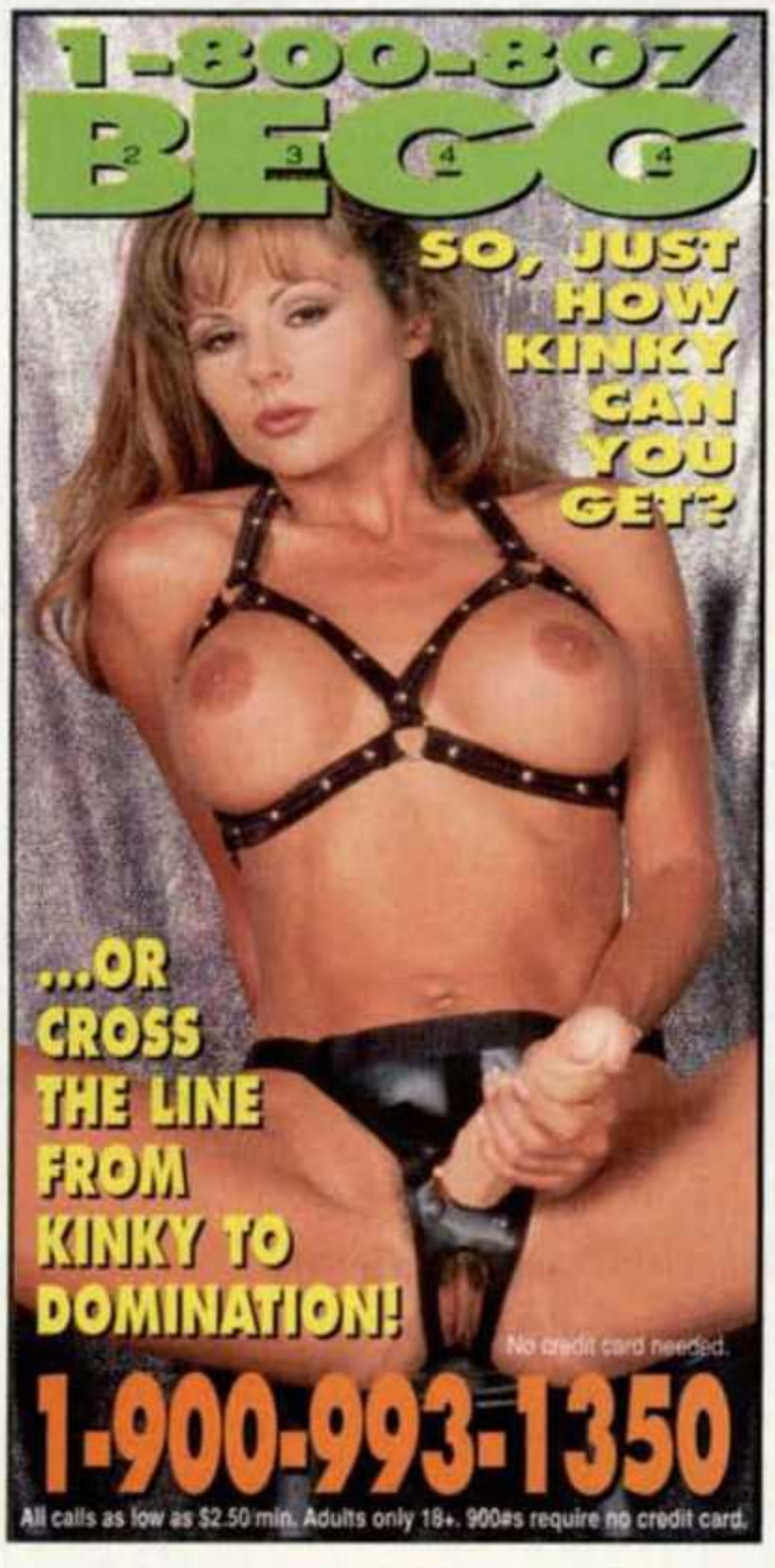
—M. P.
Montgomery, Pennsylvania

Vision Stain

I'm sick of seeing shitty print jobs in HUSTLER. For example, the photo of the sexy Albanian girl on page 24 of the May issue (*Breanne: Dangerous Curves*) has some red splotchy shit on her face that makes it hard to concentrate when I'm jacking off. Other than that, all of the girls look great.

—M. H.
Austin, Texas

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.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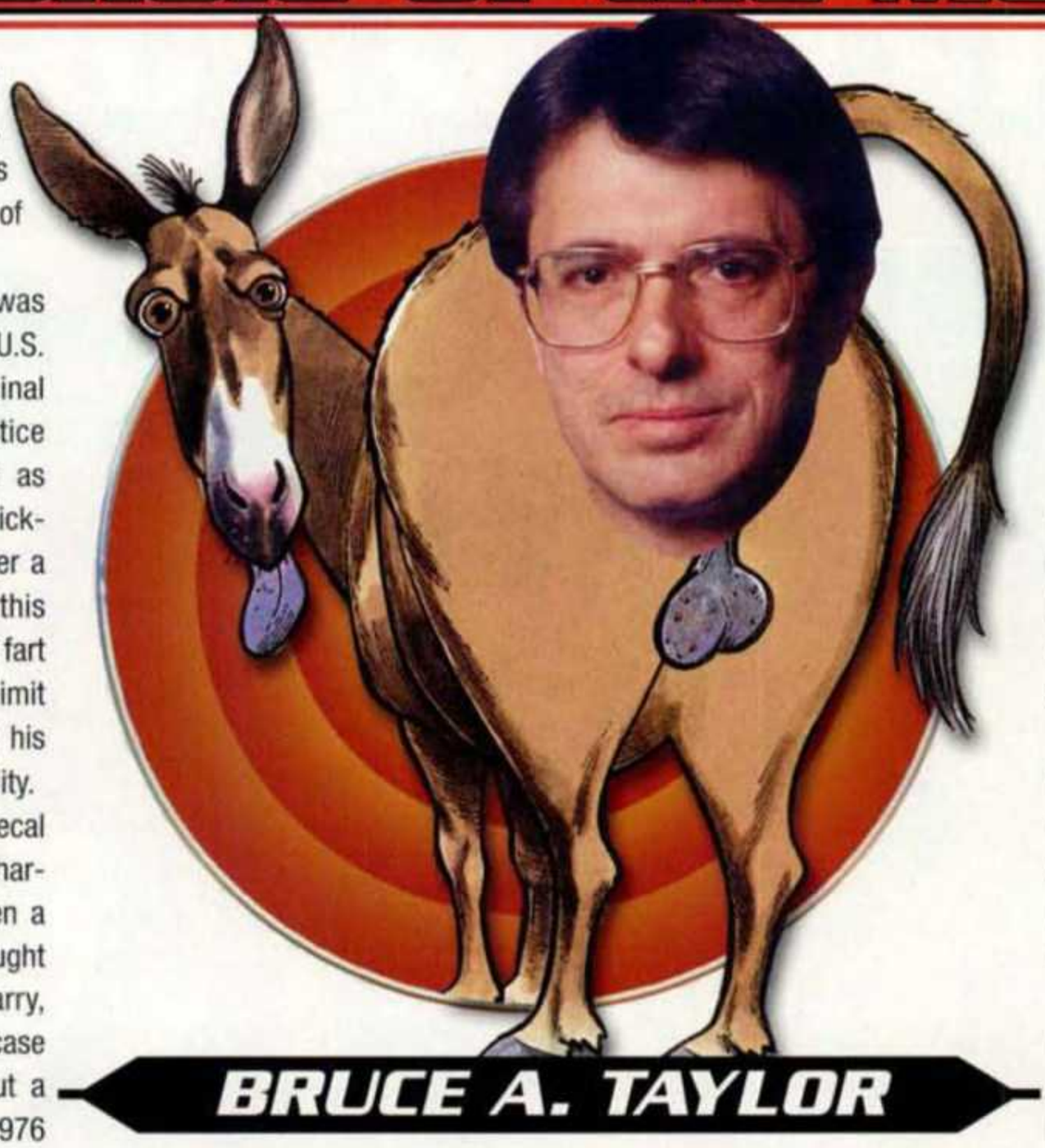

BRUCE A. TAYLOR

A recurrent, festering boil on the face of freedom, Bruce A. Taylor is HUSTLER's July 2004 Asshole of the Month.

Earlier this year, Taylor was appointed senior counsel to the U.S. Department of Justice's criminal division. According to a Justice spokesman, Taylor was hired as "part of our overall effort to kick-start obscenity prosecutions after a long absence." For Taylor, this assignment is just the latest wet fart in a decades-long campaign to limit free speech in accordance with his own totalitarian version of morality.

HUSTLER received its first fecal whiff of Butt-Nugget Bruce's character in 1976, when Taylor, then a city attorney for Cleveland, brought obscenity charges against Larry, Althea and Jimmy Flynt. The case sprang not from a pictorial, but a political cartoon in the July 1976 HUSTLER. Luckily, the municipal judge in charge of the case, displaying considerably more respect for the Bill of Rights than Taylor, dismissed the charges due to discriminatory prosecution. After a protracted appeals process, the charges rightfully came to nothing.

Proving the maxim that shit floats, Taylor wafted from his spotty tenure as Cleveland prosecutor and into the slimy embrace of antiporn zealot Charles H. Keating Jr. As general counsel for Keating's organization, Citizens for Decency Through Law, Taylor coached other would-be brownshirts on how to curtail the American citizenry's right to enjoy adult viewing material. Keating's true moral colors were later revealed when he was convicted on 70 counts of racketeering and fraud stemming from his part in the 1989 savings-and-loan scandal.

Taylor went on to help found the Justice Department's National Obscenity Enforcement Unit in 1987. In this position Taylor scored a rare, if horrifying, success, aiding in the 1992 conviction of pornographer Reuben Sturman. The conviction followed a lengthy government vendetta that included three failed obscenity prosecutions. The terminally hounded Sturman died in prison in 1997 at the age of 73, all for selling "dirty" videos.

After his initial stint at Justice, Bum-Spigot Bruce formed the National Law Center for Children and Families (NLC), yet another front for his censorial circle-jerk. As the NLC's president and chief counsel, Taylor boasted that he played "a central role in the development and passage" of the Communications Decency Act (CDA), which sought to restrict content on the Internet—a worldwide medium—based on the fact that some kid, somewhere, might see something "indecent." Despite all evidence to the contrary, Taylor gushed that the CDA was a "work of art" that "is sensitive to the First Amendment."

Begging to differ, the U.S. Supreme Court struck down the Act in 1997 on Constitutional grounds.

Now Taylor is back in the Justice Department, working for an agency that, while still unable to apprehend the anthrax killer after 2 1/2 years, zealously pursues bong merchants and strip-club owners. Bumbling Bruce is a perfect match for these thuggish numskulls, judging by the stream of histrionic horseshit that flows from his dung-speckled maw.

Porn leads to "a lack of respect for human dignity, personal privacy, mutual rights and personal safety," he postulates. This is baseless drivel. Taylor's own disregard for personal privacy, however, is evident.

"Pornography's kind of a rotten thing to do to women...If we ever want to have couples have true love and respect each other's rights, it's not going to be this way," blathers Bruce.

According to HUSTLER's mailbag, many couples utilize this very magazine to *enhance* their relationships. How about respecting *their* rights?

Without his meddling presence, Taylor postulates, smutmakers believe that they "can rape, pillage, plunder, and use everybody up."

How could he leave out that we also torture puppies for sport?

Bemoaning the fact that mainstream companies have begun investing in adult-entertainment outlets, Taylor huffs, "It's kind of too bad to see the responsible corporate America setting this kind of example for the next generation."

Perhaps the kiddies should follow the virtuous lead of Taylor's former boss Keating instead?

Taylor's every proclamation rings hollow, but that's to be expected. They are, after all, emanating from a giant cavernous Asshole.

Farts in the Wind

Judith Miller: Iraq invasion cheerleader/*New York Times* reporter Miller penned several articles prior to the war about Iraq's weapons, using shaky information from defectors and shady opposition leader Ahmed Chalabi while ignoring contrary data. Unrepentant, Miller bluffs, "My job isn't to assess the government's information...my job is to tell readers of the *New York Times* what the government thought about Iraq's arsenal." Miller is moonlighting as an Asshole.

Al Sharpton: Professional agitator Sharpton's Democratic Presidential campaign is being funded, financed and staffed by longtime GOP dirty-tricks operative Roger Stone. Previously, Stone orchestrated the "Brooks Brothers riot" that halted the Florida vote recount in the 2000 Presidential election and disenfranchised thousands of African-American voters. Brown, round and full of shit, Sharpton is the living embodiment of an Asshole.

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The next time you're in the mood for a thick, juicy steak or a mouthwatering hamburger, think Creutzfeldt-Jakob. You have nothing to worry about when it comes to our grade-A beef; we fully test .0001% of our cattle for mad cow disease, in accordance with USDA guidelines. Who are we to question our government when it comes to establishing safety guidelines? What do you think we are, traitors? If they don't care that we're feeding the blood of sick cows and the remains of sick chickens and pigs to our cattle, why should we? The only thing you need to know is that you'll be drooling over our tasty beef.

HUSTLER Parody. No such product exists. In Japan and several countries in Europe, every beef animal is tested for mad cow disease. However, Agriculture Secretary Ann Veneman has resisted calls for widespread testing in the U.S.; perhaps it's just a crazy coincidence that Veneman is a former lobbyist for the beef industry. For more info, go to www.MadCowboy.com.

Babe-raham Lincoln

Like thousands of hot chicks across America, Melissa Lincoln, a/k/a Melissa Harrington, has a Web site where she charges people to gawk at her naked body. Although the pics are pretty tame compared to most adult Internet fare, Melissa received a citation for her PG-13 poses from the police in her hometown of Lincoln, Nebraska. The cops allege that these pictures were taken in a local eatery, the Marz Intergalactic Shrimp and Martini Bar, and violate the city's public-nudity law. Surely, the police in Lincoln have better things to do than surf the Web for naked women. Besides, that's *our* job. To see more of Melissa's scandalous pics, go to her Web site at **www.MelissaLincoln.com**.

Super Boob

Here it is; the bare breast that FCC Chairman Michael Powell doesn't want you to see. We are presenting it uncensored because we believe in treating adults as if they were (*gasp!*) adults. Powell called this two-second flash of Janet Jackson's boob outrageous and actually ordered a government investigation at taxpayer expense. HUSTLER has conducted its own investigation, at no cost to the American public, and we conclude that the FCC chairman is an uptight asshole who probably requires his wife to cover her tits with a heavy winter jacket every time they have sex (which we assume isn't too often).

"Happiness is not something you experience; it's something you remember." —OSCAR LEVANT

"Love is the triumph of imagination over intelligence." —H. L. MENCKEN

A Taste of Honey

Judge Gina Lynn and master of ceremonies Al Underwood.

Jelena Jensen shows the audience how to perform a breast exam.

The HUSTLER Casino in Gardena, California, was recently packed with hundreds of people who crowded in to watch (and drool over) the 2nd Annual Miss HUSTLER Honey Beauty Contest. Twenty curvy contestants competed for a $1,000 prize and the opportunity to take it all off in HUSTLER Magazine. An all-star panel of judges—including porn sensations Gina Lynn, Jesse Jane and HUSTLER photographer Matti Klatt—rated the girls for their dance routines, personalities and hot bods.

In a shameless attempt to gain votes, Nadia turns this respected beauty contest into a strip show.

Jasmyne demonstrates a new wrestling hold on a willing Underwood.

In the end, everything came up roses for former Dallas Cowboys cheerleader Giavanna.

Olsen Twins Countdown

As of May 7, 2004, there are only 37 more days until the Olsen twins become legal!

by Aaron Warner

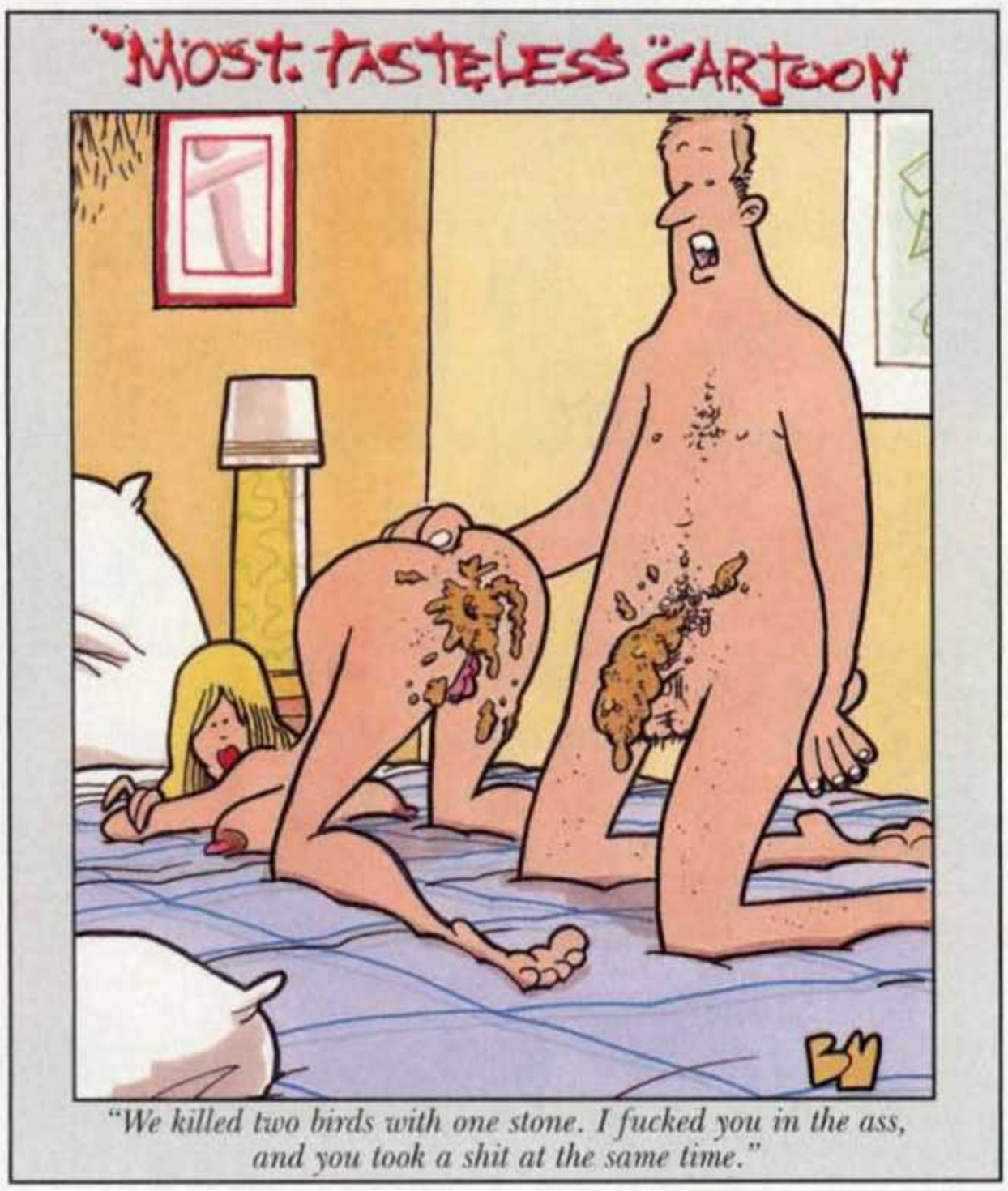
Horn Dog Davis
IF THEY NOTICE AND DON'T SAY ANYTHING, I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL THEIR CONTEMPT.
I CAN'T HELP GLANCING AT WOMEN'S BREASTS WHEN I TALK TO THEM. IT'S NOTHING DISRESPECTFUL; I JUST CAN'T HELP IT.
I'M POWERLESS AGAINST THE MAGNETIC PULL OF THEIR YUMMY NORKS. IT'S AN ADDICTION DUE TO MY GENDER AND IT'S BEYOND MY CONTROL.
THE ONLY REASON I'M TELLING YOU, IS SO THAT YOU WON'T THINK I'M A PERVERT.
YOU PIG!
POK!
I'M OUT OF HERE!
BUT, MOM...

CELEBRITY FANTASY

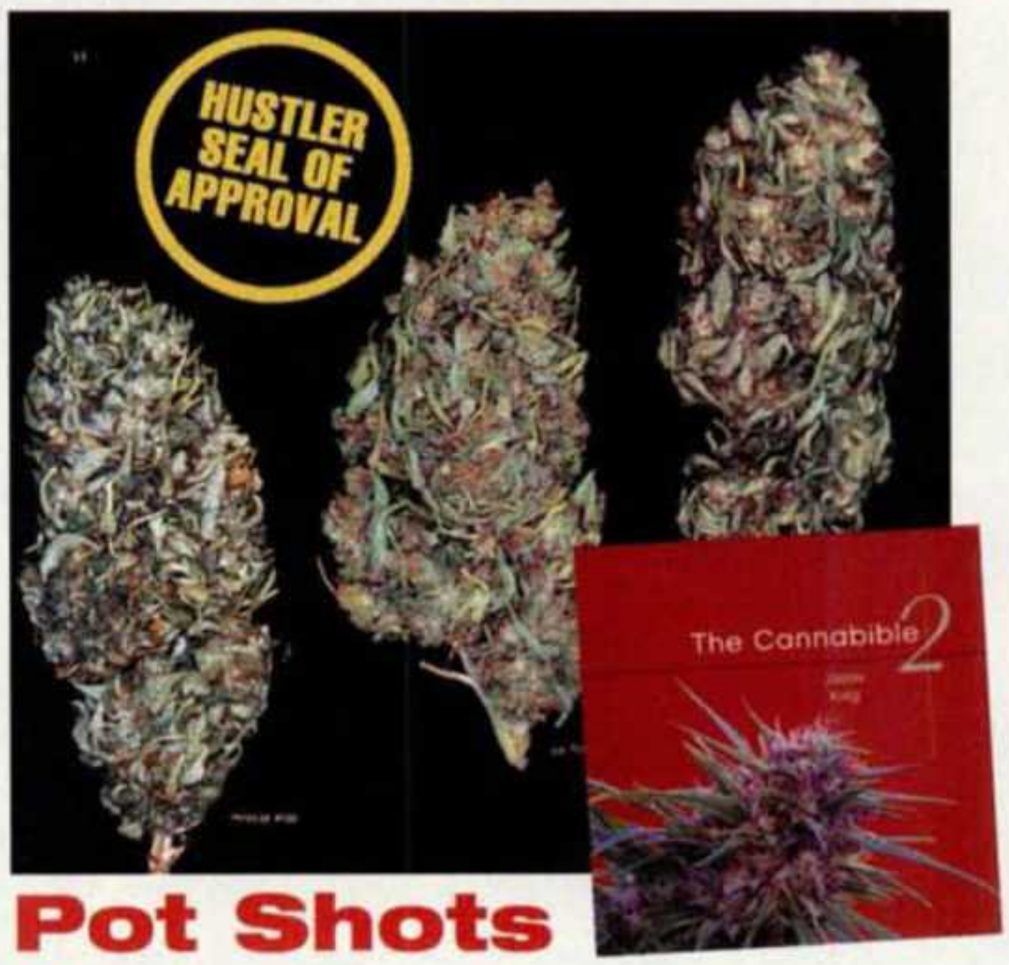
What would Oprah look like with a dick in her mouth?

Back in 1996, talk-show magnate Oprah Winfrey and former cattle rancher Howard Lyman discussed the potential threat of mad cow disease in the United States on Winfrey's TV talk show. They were subsequently sued by the National Cattlemen's Beef Association (read more about it in this issue's interview with Howard Lyman on page 46). While Winfrey and Lyman ultimately prevailed, the legal bills were costly. Hiring lawyers is a drop in the bucket for reported billionaire Winfrey, but the TV host/tightwad wouldn't crack open her purse to help her codefendant pay his attorney's fees. The next time Oprah starts preaching about helping others, perhaps she should stick a tube steak in her mouth.

Disclaimer: No such picture of Oprah Winfrey exists. While we appreciate her previous stand against the cattle industry, we're disappointed by her current silence, given the recent outbreak of mad cow disease.



"We killed two birds with one stone. I fucked you in the ass, and you took a shit at the same time."



Pot Shots

This Month: *The Cannabible 2* by Jason King
What It Is: Shooting in several countries around the world, writer/photographer Jason King snapped amazing pics of cannabis plants. Some of the shots employ photomicrography, a technique in which a microscope is used as a camera lens. The effect is like looking at marijuana while on LSD.
Why We Care: Cool images, plus King informs readers about the different types of weed and the sensations they produce.
Buzz: Says cannabis activist/movie star Woody Harrelson, "In my experience, Jason King is the world's greatest authority on God's sweetest flower."
How to Get It: *The Cannabible 2* is available at local bookstores by calling **(800) 841-2665** or by going to **www.TenSpeed.com**.
Bottom Line: As far as we know, Bush hasn't criminalized the act of looking at pictures of pot, but we suggest you get your copy now, before Ashcroft commences the book burnings.

"I can't take a well-tanned person seriously." —CLEVELAND AMORY

IT'S THE QUESTION EVERYONE IN AMERICA IS ASKING...

If you're one of the millions of "Porn Curious," tune in, on Pay-Per-View, to watch **28 NAUGHTY YOUNG BEAUTIES** go "head to head" for a chance at an unprecedented $100,000 Grand Prize and an exclusive contract as the Adult Industry's Hottest New Pornstar!
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Kimberly

SEX PIS

STOL

Photography by Ladi von Jansky

Kimberly says she's not into punk rock, but was happy to take on a new-wave look for her photo-shoot. Of course, the 19-year-old is far too young to recall that era. "The only things I know are from watching *That '70s Show* and reruns of the *Brady Bunch*."

"People must have been total dorks back then with their wide ties and bell-bottoms," the bare-ass brat scoffs. "They probably freaked out when punk rock hit the scene." As for her own musical tastes, the sassy babe is into dance beats and house music.

CHAOS

The native Californian rolls her eyes when asked about the Janet Jackson incident during the Super Bowl half-time show. "I can't believe they made such a big deal out of it."

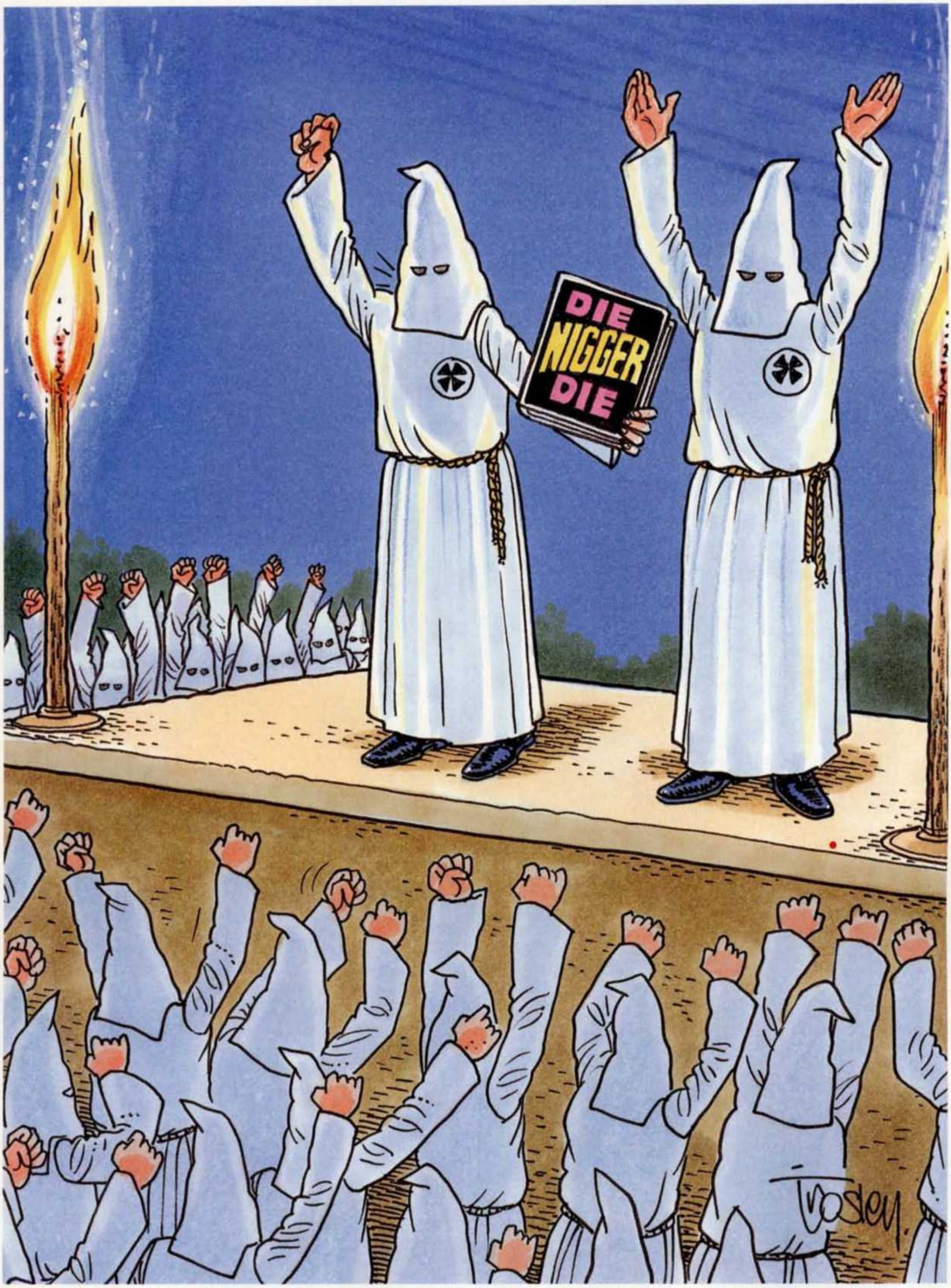
"All she did was pop one boob out for, like what, three seconds? As far as I'm concerned, she didn't show enough!" Perhaps Miss Jackson should take a cue from Kimberly and let it all hang out.

HUSTLER
FUCK
ANARCHY
ANARCHY

Kimberly gets steamy in HOT SHOWERS #15 on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.HUSTLERHollywood.com to order.

Rock historians, take note: Members of the Kottonmouth Kings appear in this photo-set. For more info, go to **www.KottonmouthKings.com**.

Fashions and accessories courtesy of **www.EnglandScreaming.com**.



"But the best thing about his new book is that Oprah totally fuckin' hates it!"

Down for a Hole

I'm an inmate at a correctional facility in Arkansas. I'm super-horny, but not gay, and, after months of incarceration, I need to put my cock in something. How can I approach one of my fellow inmates and explain my needs? Is it worth the possible consequences?

—W. T.
via Internet

Stick to your HUSTLER subscription, steal some butter pats from the chow line and jerk away. Perhaps a cellmate will hear you in the middle of the night and the two of you can trade back issues. Beyond that I wouldn't suggest starting any relationships during your stay in lock-up. You don't want to be gay when you are eventually released.

Glove Love

I was recently using the bathroom at a friend's house during a party when I stumbled upon a box of purple latex gloves on the bathroom counter. I jokingly put one of the gloves on and walked into the living room where the other guests were assembled. Holding up my gloved hand with my middle and index fingers extended, I asked aloud, "Who's next?" All of the guests looked mortified, and my friend sank into his chair. I assumed he was using the gloves to scour the sink, but apparently not. The gaffe was humiliating, but it got me thinking: How common is fisting among couples, and what's the proper technique?

—E. U.
Las Vegas, Nevada

While fisting is typically associated with the gay community, the activity happens more often than you probably care to think about among straight couples. The proper technique is one of my more frequently asked questions. To minimize the risk of injury, one should begin with latex gloves and plenty of lube. Be gentle and insert one digit at a time, going slowly, to sufficiently loosen either the anus or vagina. Communication with your partner is essential during this process.

Feline Frenzy

Let me preface this by stating that I'm an animal lover. That being said, I recently sedated one of my cats and placed my cock in its ass. The feeling was incredible. I felt kind of guilty afterward, but the cat didn't appear to have any injuries as a result. Do you have any suggestions? Is this a safe practice?

—P. D.
Santa Monica, California

While the cat may appear to have no problems, unless you have the same size dick as a four-year-old boy, chances are you did inflict some internal damage. You are also doing undetermined harm to yourself because you will inevitably feel regret and remorse. We simply weren't anatomically built to screw our pets. If you don't feel that you can stop poking your pussy, please put your animals up for adoption. It's not as if the sex was consensual, because you sedated the poor animal and, in any case, animals are incapable of giving consent. I know that sex-toy companies make blow-up sheep; perhaps they also make inflatable cats. In the meantime, go ahead and fantasize, but please seek the services of a psychologist.

Bad Vibe

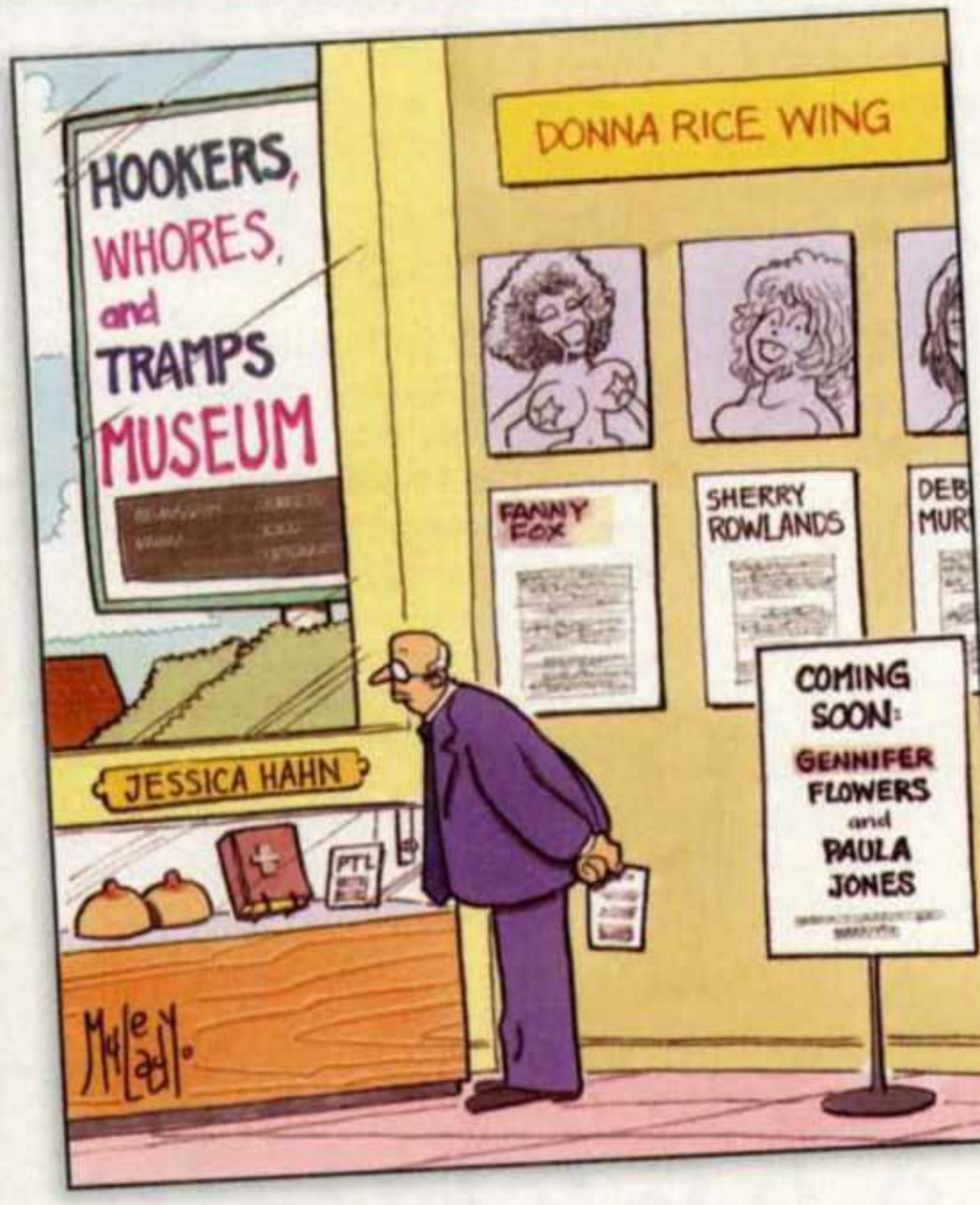
I am a 21-year-old college student who lives with a roommate in a very small dorm in an all-girls college. I have never had sex with a guy, but I have an extensive collection of vibrators. I think my roommate has been borrowing my sex toys. I always clean them off right after I use them. One weekend I was out of town. When I returned, my toys were in the same spot, but they were crusty with dried sex juices. My roomie is a super-shy Mormon who never gets laid. I feel kind of awkward approaching her about it. What should I do?

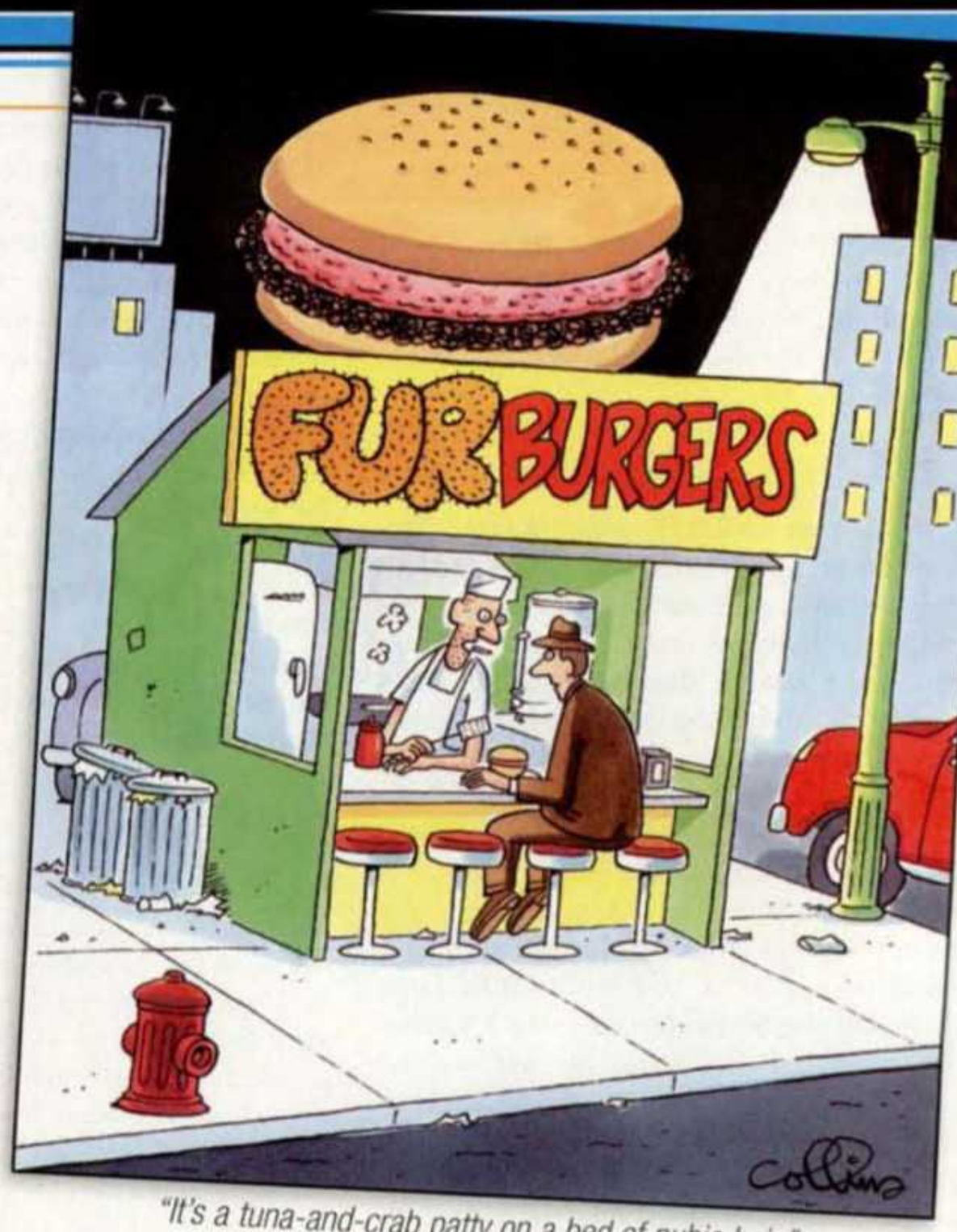
—J. B.
via Internet

You could be diplomatic about it. Perhaps you could even go to your local adult-book shop and purchase her a new sex toy. The next time you're going to leave town for the weekend, put the present under her pillow along with a tube of Astroglide. If you don't want to have the conversation with her, I suggest moving your toys to a new location and leaving one in the box, in the old spot, with her name on it. Maybe she'll get the message. She might not ever look you in the eye again, but I guarantee she will have a smile on her face.

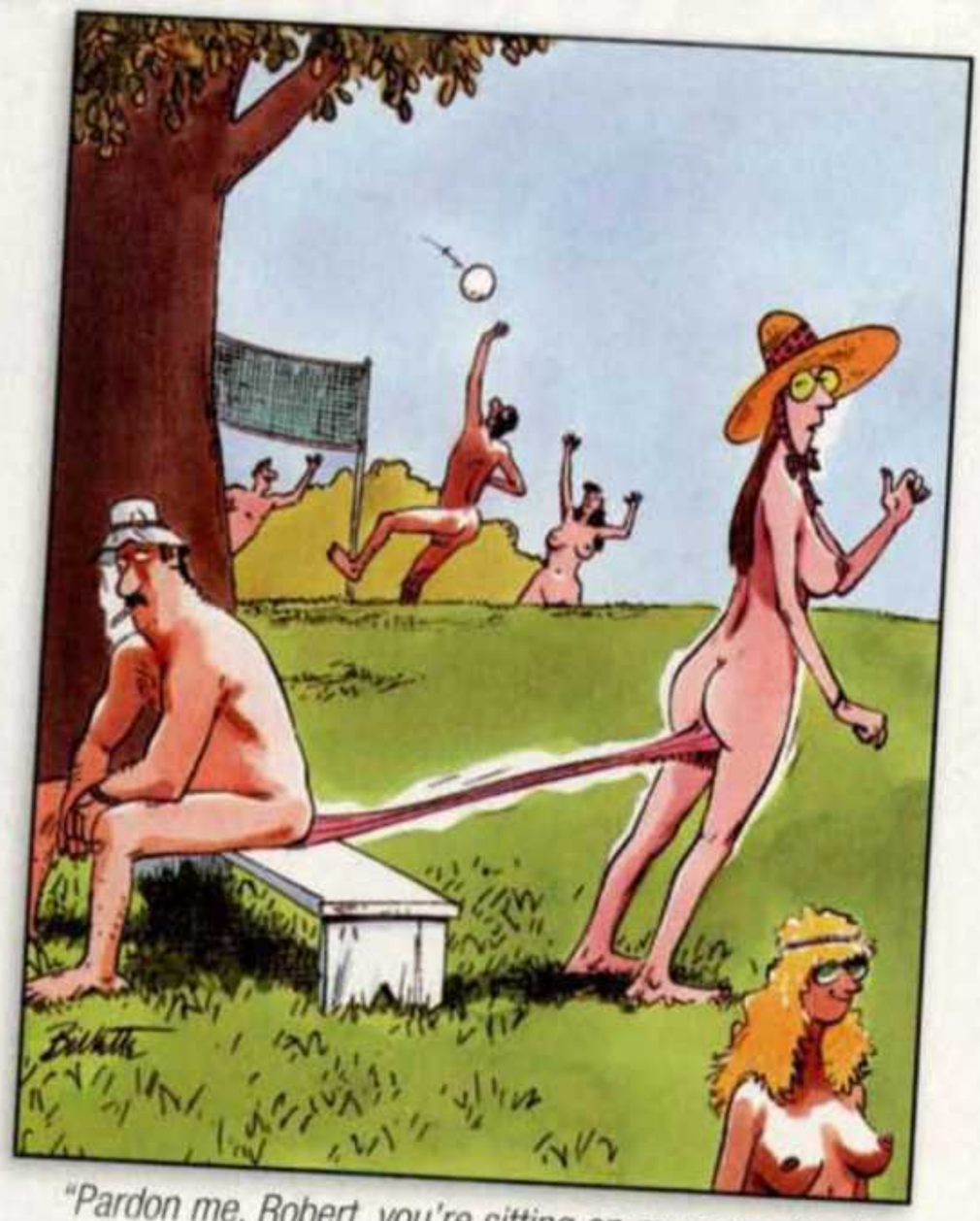
Jeanna Fine responds to readers seeking erotic enlightenment. She invites you to drop her a line and join her on the fearless quest for the fucking truth. Write to *Dear Slut*, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail at slut@lfp.com.

HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS

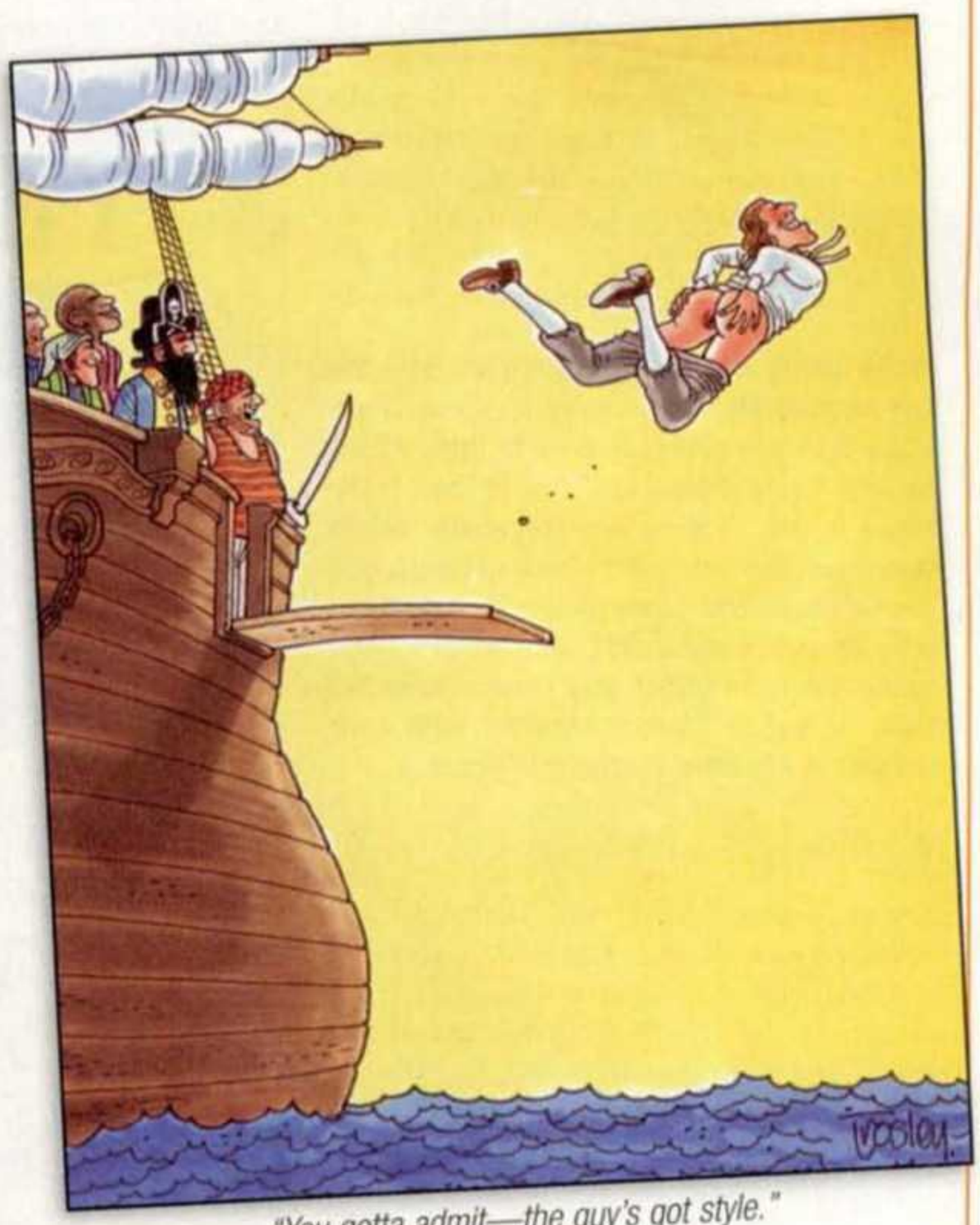




"It's a tuna-and-crab patty on a bed of pubic hair."



"Pardon me, Robert, you're sitting on my pussy lips."



"You gotta admit—the guy's got style."

Nancy Ann is a sexologist and freelance writer contributing insights on the latest sexual techniques, sex toys, and supplemental enhancements in the U.S, Canada, and Europe.

Give Her A Cum-Drenching THE ULTIMATE FUCK She'll Never Forget!

Learning "The Ropes"...

The letters keep pouring in, written by women of all ages, about a supplement that has made their sex lives explosive (literally). I'd like to share one, from a loyal reader...

Rebecca writes:

Nancy, my boyfriend has always been able to satisfy me sexually. With an ample cock-size, average endurance, and creative oral technique, he almost never fails to get me off. But what I experienced the night he returned home from a business trip in Europe was the surprise of my life—a fucking I will never forget, and an orgasm that no man before him has ever come close to equaling.

Since I love to suck cock, the second my boyfriend dropped his luggage I stripped off his clothes and proceeded to please him with my best welcome-home blowjob.

Before long my wet mouth had him pumping gob after hot gob down my throat and on my face. With a fistful of throbbing cock, I held on for dear life as he unloaded his sweet jism; these were "power throbs" that kept launching massive amounts of come. I've never seen anything like it—a man having a multiple! I was so totally turned on being nearly drowned with his superhuman load. And it didn't stop there! He stayed erect, throwing me down on the floor and pounding my twat until we both had simultaneous, earth-shattering orgasms, practically causing both of us to pass out. The rest of the evening and throughout the week we fucked ourselves into a frenzy; his recovery time between these super-charged orgasms was that of a teenage boy.

Since that mind-blowing night, all I can think of is sucking and fucking my new "power lover" all hours of the day and night. Finally, curiosity got the best of me, so I asked what had turned him into such a fuck machine. His answer: He had learned "The Ropes."

Turns out my boyfriend had spent an evening in Europe with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was openly sexual and couldn't keep their hands off each other, so my boyfriend asked them their secret. The nutritionist explained he regularly took a natural supplement, and gave my boyfriend about a month's supply, telling him it would teach him "the ropes" of great sex.

The supply is about to run out, and we want to know where we can buy this incredible enhancement. Do you know if this product is available in the States?

Rebecca M.
San Diego, CA

Rebecca, as I've mentioned in previous columns, I do know all about what your last boyfriend used to enhance his orgasms. I'm happy to report that across the U.S. and Canada more and more men are finding out and using this unique supplement, learning that not only do they themselves benefit sexually, so too do their partners.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and more sensitized using an all-natural product called Serogen. Although formulated to trigger stronger, longer orgasmic experiences in men by strengthening the prostate gland, an added bonus of using Serogen—from a woman's perspective—is that these powerful, added contractions men achieve while in the throes of an orgasm can induce an intense, simultaneous female climax.

Moreover, the term "ropes" Rebecca mentions in her letter is actually common European slang for the added contractions and heightened release that cause these rope-like sensations during male orgasm.

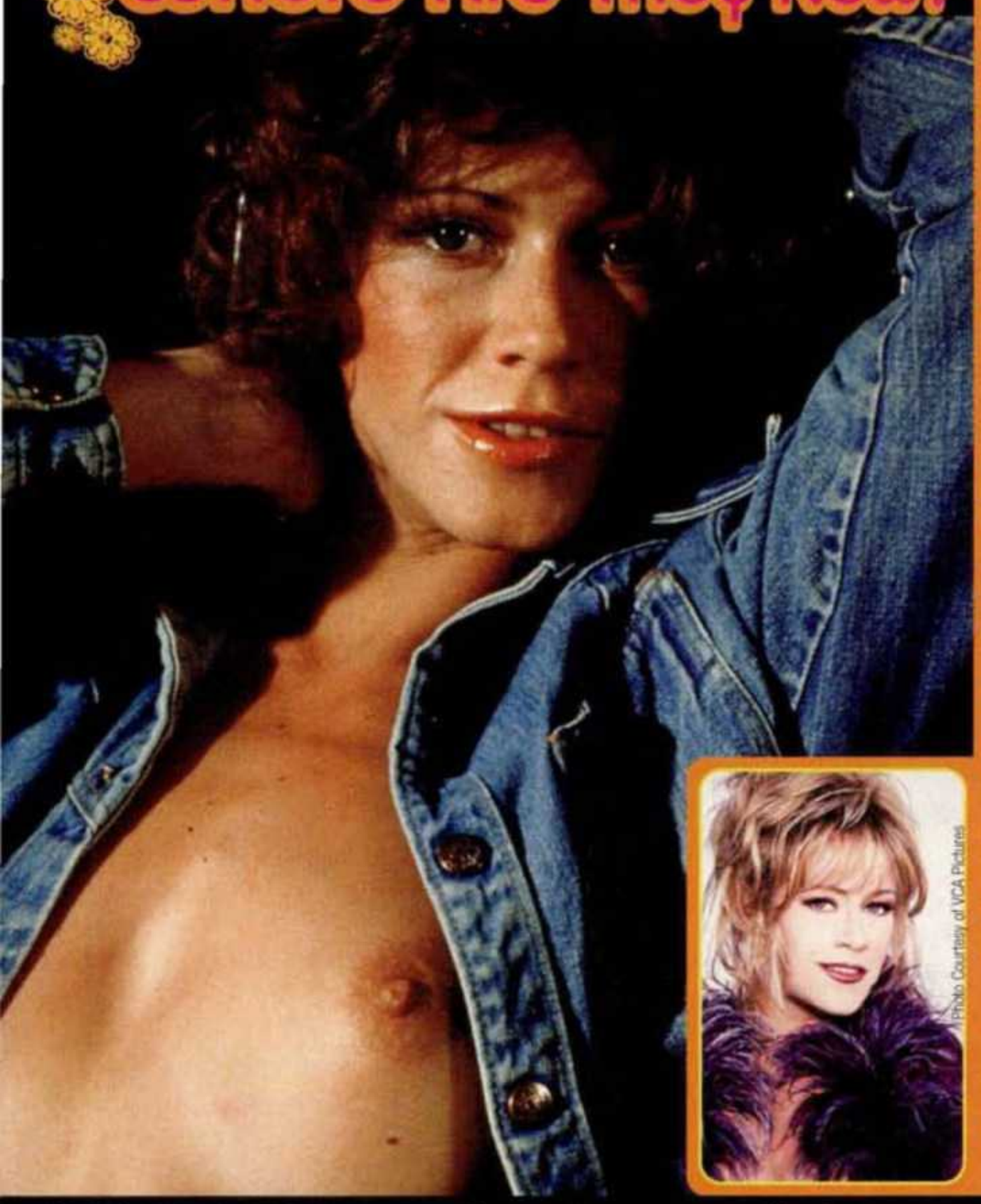
As far as finding this enhancement in the States, I know of just one importer—Somalab. If interested in purchasing Serogen, Somalab can be contacted toll-free at 1-866-SOMALAB. Orders can also be placed through Somalab's informational Web site: www.somalab.net.

Nancy Ann

Nancy Ann

Those '70s Ho's

Where Are They Now?



MARILYN CHAMBERS

Chambers gained stardom with her 1972 porn debut in *Behind the Green Door*. Born Marilyn Briggs in 1952 in Connecticut, Chambers was a champion gymnast and diver before landing her now-famous commercial gig for Ivory soap.

After *Green Door*, Chambers set her sights on mainstream film, acting in the 1977 sci-fi flop *Rabid* before appearing in several successful stage musicals.

In 1979 Chambers returned to XXX; she also wrote two books and inked advice columns for *Club* and *Genesis*. After going MIA for most of the '90s, Chambers did three films that marked her porn swan song. "I'm not taking my clothes off anymore!" she says.

Now living north of Los Angeles, Chambers is raising her teenage daughter and plotting future endeavors. "I'm putting together a lecture tour. The working title is *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About 'X' But Now You Can Ask*," the 52-year-old smut legend says with enthusiasm. Her official Web site is MarilynChambers.com.

Photo Courtesy of VCA Pictures

Before video, before the Internet, back when XXX flicks were shot on film, a colony of pioneer smut actresses put blue movies on the map. "It was like a lot of out-of-work friends and actors getting together to have sex and getting paid for it," recalls former skin star Sharon Mitchell, now Dr. Sharon Mitchell of the AIM health-care clinic. HUSTLER located nearly a dozen porn veterans, whose jizz-biz beginnings were in the 1970s.

HUSTLER tracks down eight smut queens from the Golden Age of Porn. ★ *Report by Tom Farrell*

Photo Courtesy of VCA Pictures

VANESSA DEL RIO

Built like a brick shithouse, Vanessa del Rio is without argument the most successful Latina porn star. Born Anna Maria Sanchez on March 31, 1952, in Harlem, New York, del Rio's thick lips, big tits, full ass and steaming sexuality quickly made her one of XXX's hottest fuck toys. In the decade following her October 1974 debut, del Rio made approximately 100 films. In 1986 del Rio got busted for drug possession. After her release, she quit porn, settled down in Brooklyn, New York, and began working on her biography while turning her attention to mainstream media. (In 1996, she appeared on *NYPD Blue* as a retired porn queen being stalked by an obsessive fan.) These days, del Rio, who still resides in New York City, focuses on reaching her fans through her Web site. "I've become a Webmistress/nerdette. I own and maintain my own site, VanessaDelRio.com, which takes up most of my time," she says. "Also, I'm doing a bio/art book of my entire career for Taschen Books due out in the fall."

JULIET "AUNT PEG" ANDERSON

Born Judy Carr on July 23, 1939, in Burbank, California, Juliet Anderson was the epitome of the sexy older woman archetype. Anderson made her first adult movie when she was 38 in legendary director Alex De Renzy's *Peaches*. At an age when most porn starlets have long retired, Anderson used her years to her advantage, creating the Aunt Peg character, which she describes as "a unique persona exemplifying the lusty, intelligent, self-assured older woman." Anderson quickly became one of porn's biggest stars.

Anderson also worked behind the camera and formed her own movie-production company, Afterglow Productions. She discovered Nina Hartley and directed her in her debut, *Educating Nina*. "I never saw a cent [for the film]," fumes Anderson, who cites this financial reaming as one of the reasons for her porn departure in the mid-'80s.

In 1985 a disillusioned Anderson moved to a small town in the Sierras and managed a bed-and-breakfast. She studied massage technique and the healing arts before moving to Berkeley in 1990. In 1999 Anderson starred in and released the film *Ageless Desire: Great Sex for Couples Over 50*; a compilation, *The Best of Aunt Peg*, was issued the following year. Both are available at AuntPeg.com.

SEKA

"In a world of hamburger, Seka is filet mignon," porn historian Bill Margold once said of the platinum-blond sex goddess. Seka was born Dorothy Patton in Radford, Virginia, on April 15, 1954. After moving to Chicago, Seka found herself managing an adult-book store and, in 1978, she moved to L.A. to become a porn star. Measuring 39-23-34 and standing 5-10, the statuesque sex fiend took the industry and the world by storm.

Weighed down by substance abuse and marital problems (she was romantically linked to doomed comedian Sam Kinison for a time and endured two divorces), Seka began to slow down her career, and in the mid-'80s, she bowed out at the top of her game, resurfacing briefly in 1993 for VCA's *American Garter*.

Since then, Seka has been "traveling around the country and world, spending time with family, and starting to maintain my fan club again," she says. Once again living in the Windy City, Seka continues to do nude photo-shoots and says she never actually left the adult-film world. "I never really officially quit anything. I just haven't done anything in a really long time," she laughs. These days her nude photo-work is done predominantly for her Web site, OfficialSeka.com.

ANNIE SPRINKLE

A self-described "prostitute/porn star-turned-performance artist/sexologist," Annie Sprinkle (née Ellen Steinberg on July 23, 1954) got her first taste of the jizz biz selling popcorn at the Plaza Cinema in Tucson, Arizona, which at the time was showing *Deep Throat*. Sprinkle moved to New York City in 1973 and embarked on a porn career that would span 30 years and more than 100 films. In the early '80s, Sprinkle began successfully crossing over her adult-film appeal into live performance-art pieces. "I wanted to explore new genres. I wanted to be the Yoko Ono of porn," Sprinkle offers from her San Francisco home. In 1989, Sprinkle launched *Post Porn Modernist*, a one-woman theater show featuring the controversial "Public Cervix Announcement," in which she invited the audience to view her cervix with the aid of a flashlight and a speculum.

In 2002 Sprinkle received her Ph.D. in human sexuality from the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco. The same year, her book *Hardcore From the Heart: The Pleasures, Profits and Politics of Sex in Performance* won the Firecracker Alternative Book Award. Sprinkle is currently editing a documentary, *Annie Sprinkle's Function of the Orgasm*. The DVD will be available on her Web site, AnnieSprinkle.org, this summer.

Photo Courtesy of VCA Pictures

GEORGINA SPELVIN

Born Michelle Graham on March 1, 1936, in Texas, Spelvin started out as a double for Shirley MacLaine in *Sweet Charity* and played the lead in the 1966 stage production of *The Pajama Game*. At age 36, with her career on the decline, Spelvin accepted a role in the XXX classic *The Devil in Miss Jones*. Spelvin stayed in the porn biz for another ten years, keeping her figure to a svelte 36-25-36 until her retirement at age 47. Spelvin had serious battles with booze and pills, eventually cleaning up and finding happiness in a long-term relationship with a mainstream actor she lives with in a modest home in the Hollywood Hills. She settled into a career with computers, working as a desktop publisher and graphics designer. In the late '90s, Spelvin appeared in a nonsex role in Marilyn Chambers's flick, *Still Insatiable*, and in 2003 Spelvin, now 68, shot a cameo for Vivid's remake of *The Devil in Miss Jones*, starring Jenna Jameson.

Photo Courtesy of VCA Pictures

Photo Courtesy of VCA Pictures

ANNETTE HAVEN

Born Annette Haven Martin on December 1, 1954 (although some sources list her as being born in 1943), Haven rebelled against her Mormon upbringing and became one of the most glamorous of the '70s porn stars. Accounts of Haven's current situation vary, but most sources agree that the actress is retired and living north of San Francisco in affluent Marin County and is married to a plumber. Haven refused to cooperate with HUSTLER for this article, balking at our characterization of her as a "starlet" rather than a "star." However, at right is an artist's rendering of what we believe Haven looks like today.

LINDA LOVELACE

For the girl born Linda Boreman on January 10, 1949, in the Bronx, blue-screen stardom was one downturn after another. After 1972's landmark film *Deep Throat*, Lovelace made a few more porn movies and dropped from the scene.

Distancing herself from the porn community, Lovelace took the last name of her second husband, plasterer and cable-TV installer Larry Marchiano. She had two children, now 28 and 24, and struggled through hard financial times. (While *Deep Throat* grossed more than $600 million, Lovelace was paid a flat $1,250.)

In 1980, Lovelace dropped a bombshell with her book *Ordeal*, which claimed that her XXX career was nonconsensual and her sex scenes were done at gunpoint, assertions that were adamantly refuted by members of the adult community who'd worked with her. Lovelace lectured against pornography and even testified before the Meese Commission on the dangers of smut.

When her husband's plastering business went belly-up, the Marchianos moved to Denver in the early '90s. Financial troubles continued to plague the former porn queen, and she briefly took a job at an Albertson's grocery store. In 1994, Lovelace hit the antiporn lecture circuit again before drifting back into blue-collar work.

The Marchianos divorced in 1996. On April 3, 2002, Lovelace suffered massive trauma and internal injuries in a Denver car accident. She died on April 23 at the age of 53.

SPECIAL: ADULT ENTERTAINMENT IN-DEPTH

Vol. 3 • No. 2

BORED IN THE U.S.A.

By Sharon Bass

The candid revelations of three housewives and one guy seeking fun and excitement on live chat lines.

Calls to LIVE chat lines are at EXPLOSIVE LEVELS from HOUSEWIVES looking for fun, and wanting to talk to guys (married or not) about anything and everything. We found three women and one guy who frequent a very popular chat line called **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** and asked them why they are turning to a phone line for sex. Not surprisingly, the answer to our questions seemed to lead down one common path each time - Uninhibited, Instantaneous SEX, anytime, anywhere.

It's Friday night, "Susan's" husband is away on a business trip and her pussy is dripping wet with no one to satisfy her. Does she reach for the vibrator again? No, first, she picks up the phone and calls **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** looking for a man that will make her come over and over again.

"I get so lonely. and bored. Weekends and evenings are so hard on me, so I fix it fast, by finding a horny guy on the chat line who's...REALLY HARD and ready for me!" exclaims "Susan". She continues, "Calling the chat line for no-holes-barred sex talk is a necessity, it's become part of my evening routine."

I GET SO BORED AND LONELY

"Stephanie" will be the first to tell you she has an insatiable need for sex. "My husband is a great guy but he can't keep up with me." she says. "I call **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** about 4 times a week. It's free for me, and luckily, Daniel (husband) sort of looks the other way. It works for both of us, I get a different guy when I want and he gets to sleep through the night."

As "Stephanie" spins her wedding band around her finger she admits, "Just cuz I'm

"Stephanie", (married 5 yrs) in Florida admits, "The chat line feeds my continuous need for sex. My husband just can't keep up with me."

married doesn't mean I can't have sex chat with anonymous guys." she says. "It (being married) adds another level of excitement to calling the chat line."

UNINHIBITED, INSTANTANEOUS SEX, ANYTIME ANYWHERE!

"I'm a realtor so I'm always working. Scheduling sex with my husband just doesn't work for me. I've been calling the live chat lines for eight months." claims "Kim".

Spontaneous live chat sessions are common in "Kim's" hectic life as a Realtor. "When I want it, I want it NOW! I'm always on the phone so I can get away with it very easily."

"I came five times on one call....while in my car!"

"I admit, when I first called I was nervous, but this guy had me rubbing my clit within minutes. Needless to say, it made me so hot, I've been calling ever since. I can't get enough of talking about sex, some might say I'm addicted to it."

"Kim" says she's made many new "friends" since calling **1-800-WIFE-CHAT**. "I actually met one guy for an innocent lunch which made our future calls with him even hotter. It seemed liked I was cheating....but I wasn't. Talk about having your cake and eating it too!

100% REAL HOUSEWIVES

"Yeah, I was skeptical about the girls on chat lines." Says "Will" computer programmer by day, chat line stud by night.

"Turns out, **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** is the REAL deal, they're 100% real married chicks, no actresses like other chat lines. I was surprised by how many wives liked to talk sex for hours." Will exclaims. "Some of these chicks can't get enough of me. It only cost's me $1.99 a minute and I get to fuck as many married women as I want!"

> "No actresses like other chat lines."

Warning - **1-800-WIFE-CHAT (1-800-943-3242)** is an adult community designed to connect Horny Men with Bored Housewives for explicit adult chat and is intended for people 18 or older only.

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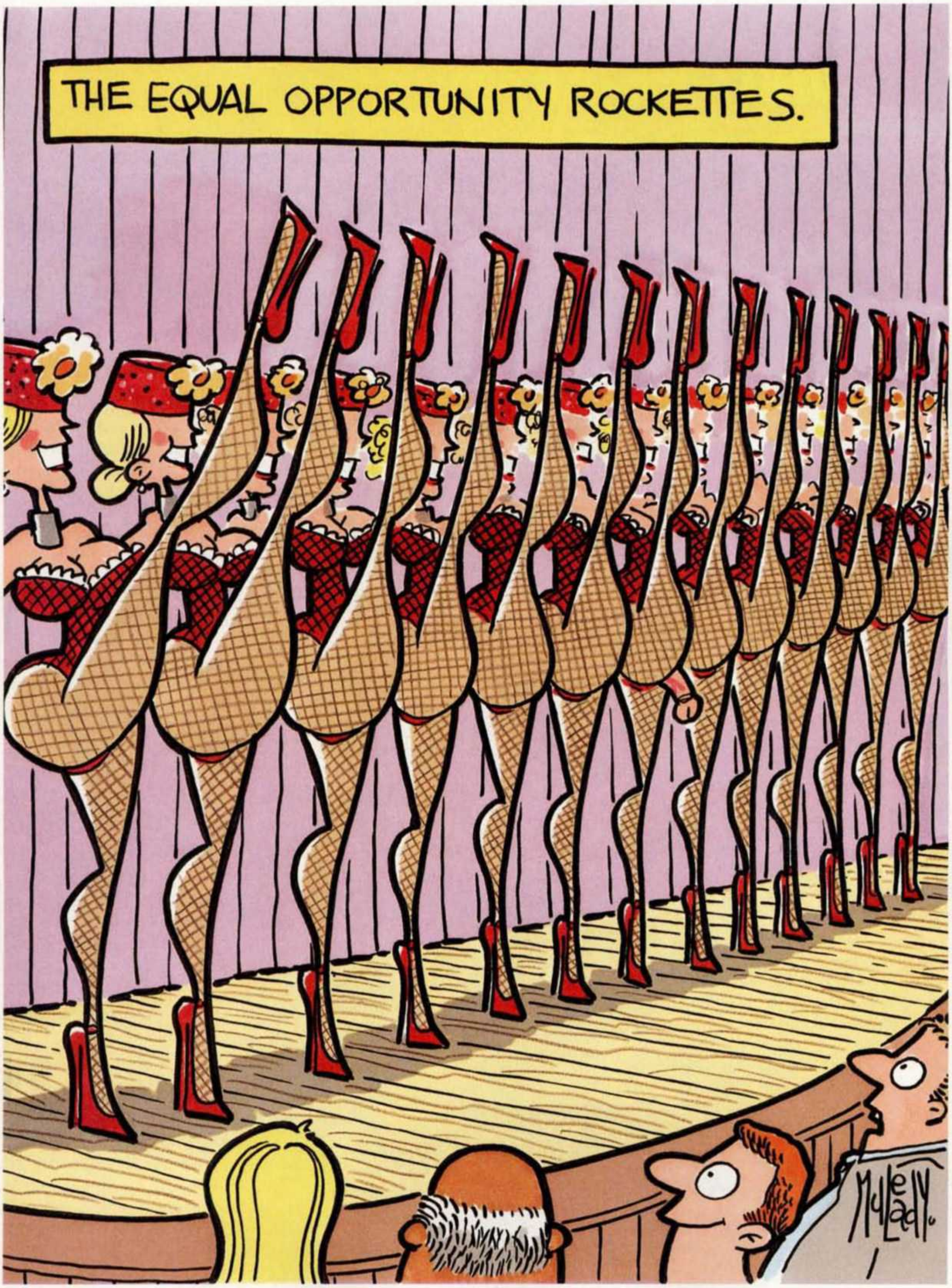

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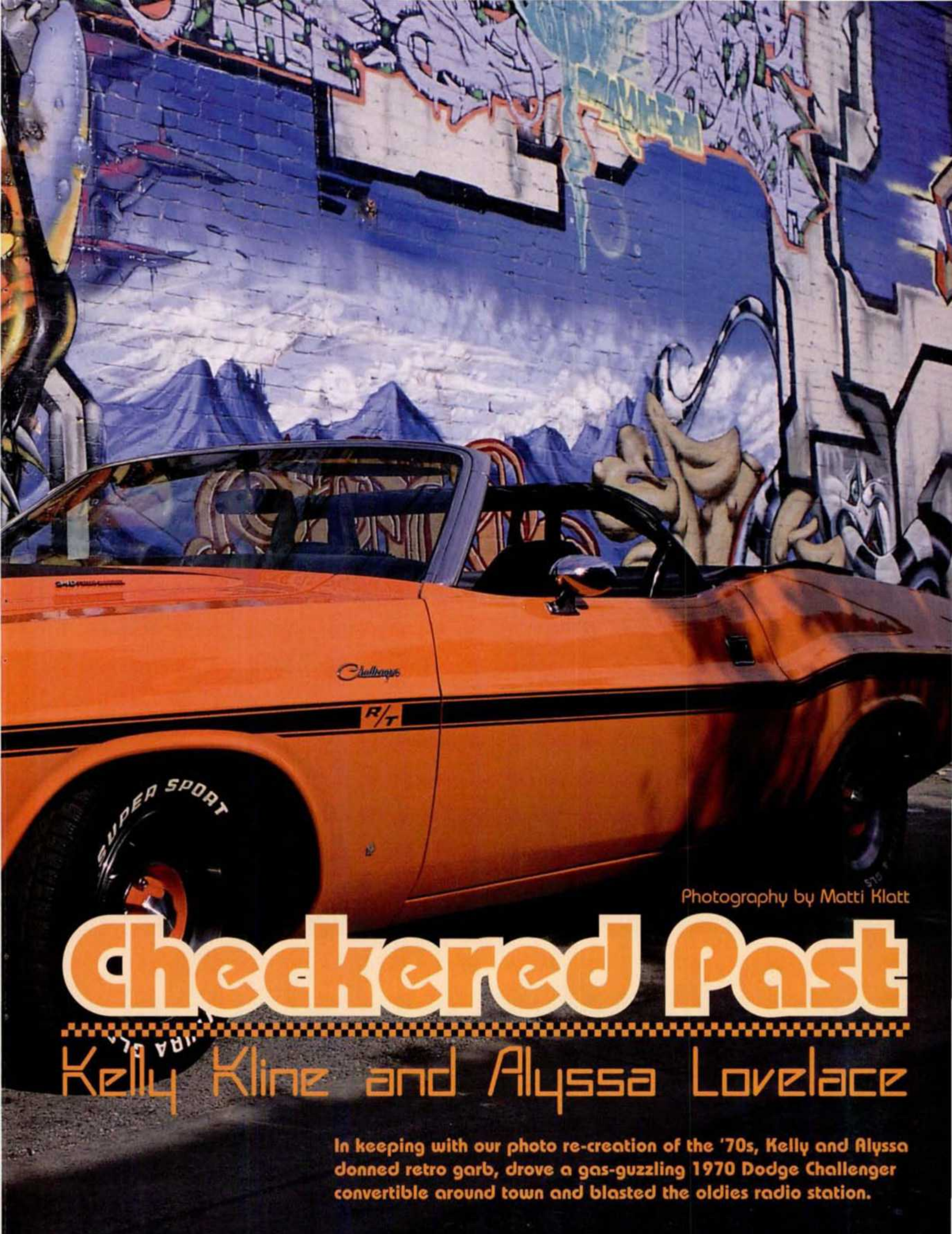


Photography by Matti Klatt

Checkered Past

Kelly Kline and Alyssa Lovelace

In keeping with our photo re-creation of the '70s, Kelly and Alyssa donned retro garb, drove a gas-guzzling 1970 Dodge Challenger convertible around town and blasted the oldies radio station.

After a couple of hours, the horny duo decided to eat out, which, oddly enough, they did at home. Alyssa chowed down on Kelly's wet clam, while Kelly preferred a double scoop of Alyssa's firm, luscious tits.

The sex addicts pigged out on each other's bods for hours. For women who love to eat out, these girls have yet to gain a pound.

A cattle rancher-turned-vegan activist exposes the beef industry's bullshit.

★ INTERVIEW BY BRUCE DAVID AND DAN KAPELOVITZ

HOWARD LYMAN

the MAD cowboy

On December 23, 2003, the Bush Administration announced that the first case of mad cow disease had been found in the United States. While the rest of the nation gasped in shock, the news was no surprise to Howard Lyman. More than seven years earlier, Lyman appeared on *The Oprah Winfrey Show* and warned millions of viewers that the beef industry fed ground-up cattle remains to their herds, which put Americans at risk of acquiring the human form of mad cow disease. Soon after, a group of Texas ranchers sued Lyman and Winfrey under the Food Disparagement Act.

Lyman hasn't always been at odds with the cattle industry. For much of his life, he was part of it. The Montana resident was a fourth-generation dairy farmer and cattle rancher who turned his small organic family farm into a huge corporate, chemical-saturated farming enterprise.

In 1979, the cowboy's life took a dramatic turn. Paralyzed from the waist down from a tumor on his spinal cord, most likely the result of the massive amounts of chemicals he used on his farm, Lyman realized his method of farming was unsustainable and harmful to the planet. He vowed to dedicate his life to advocating healthier alternatives.

Working as a lobbyist for the National Farmers Union in Washington, D.C., Lyman soon realized that Big Money controlled Capitol Hill. To bypass this rigged game, Lyman took his message directly to

the people. He became the Executive Director of the Beyond Beef Campaign, wrote *Mad Cowboy: Plain Truth From the Cattle Rancher Who Won't Eat Meat* (Scribner, 2001), and founded Voice for a Viable Future, a nonprofit organization that promotes organic family farming, vegetarianism and environment-friendly practices.

* * *

HUSTLER: Tell us about the lawsuit in which you and Oprah were sued under the Food Disparagement Act.

LYMAN: The Food Disparagement Act was in 13 states, and it basically said you could not say something you knew to be false about a perishable commodity.

HUSTLER: Did you or Oprah say anything that was false?

LYMAN: No, but the cattlemen didn't sue us to find out whether what we said was true or false; they sued us to still the debate in the media. Immediately after we did the Oprah show, the cattle industry pulled $600,000 of advertising. They wanted to show the media that there was a cost associated with picking a fight with the meat industry.

HUSTLER: What exactly were they upset about from the show?

LYMAN: I told Oprah we had 100,000 cows a year that were fine at night, dead in the morning. We rounded them up, ground them up, turned them into feed and fed them back to other cows, and we took roadkill—deer, elk, possum, raccoons. We scraped them up and fed those back to cows. Then we took euthanized pets—dogs and cats—full of chemicals, which were used to kill them, and fed them back to our pets or our food animals. When I told Oprah that, her eyes were as big as saucers. She turned to the guy from the National Cattlemen's Beef Association, Dr. Gary Weber, and said, "Dr. Weber, are we feeding cows to cows?" He said, "Well, a limited amount of that's going on." The next thing out of her mouth got us sued. She said, "That just stops me cold. I will never again eat a burger." She didn't say, "You shouldn't eat a burger." She didn't say, "I think the meat's infected."

HUSTLER: So you won the lawsuit?

LYMAN: It wasn't quite that easy. We went to court in Amarillo, Texas, probably the worst venue in the world. The largest employer in Amarillo was a slaughter facility. We ended up with 12 people steeped in the cattle culture on the jury, but after six weeks in that courtroom, we won a unanimous verdict. The cattlemen were pissed and immediately appealed it. The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals came out with a unanimous verdict that upheld the verdict of the Amarillo jury. They wrote an opinion that basically said, "Everything Lyman said was true, and the truth is not actionable." Then they went and sued Oprah, Harpo Productions and myself in state court. Not being from Texas, I was able to move it from state court to federal court. The judge finally—after six years from the time of the show—dismissed the case with prejudice, which means that they could not refile it.

HUSTLER: This must have cost you a bundle. Did Oprah cover you?

LYMAN: Oprah never spent a nickel on my defense.

HUSTLER: Didn't Oprah cave in to the beef industry right after your appearance on her show?

LYMAN: The cattle industry raised so much stink, she went back and did an additional show, which allowed the cattlemen to come and say what they wanted to with no dissenting voice there. The thing that really surprised me is that, when we ended up on the 23rd of December with a case of mad cow, which was exactly what I was talking about, Oprah did not bring all of the same people back and say to the cattle industry, "We were sitting here in April of 1996, and you assured us there was no problem. How the hell did this mad cow get in here?"

HUSTLER: How seriously should people take mad cow disease?

LYMAN: Very seriously. We slaughter about 35 million head of cattle every year in the U.S. In the last 13 years, we have tested 57,000 animals. We're testing about .0001%. It's like sending a blind man to find a needle in a haystack. After the Oprah show, there was so much pressure on the government because those millions of people out there that saw the show knew we were feeding cows to cows, that USDA and FDA promulgated regulations that were enacted in August of '97, which basically said, "We'll ban the feeding of cow, sheep and goats back to cow, sheep and goats." But they left a monumental loophole; they allowed the feeding of cow blood back to cows and calves.

HUSTLER: Why would they want to feed cow blood to cows?

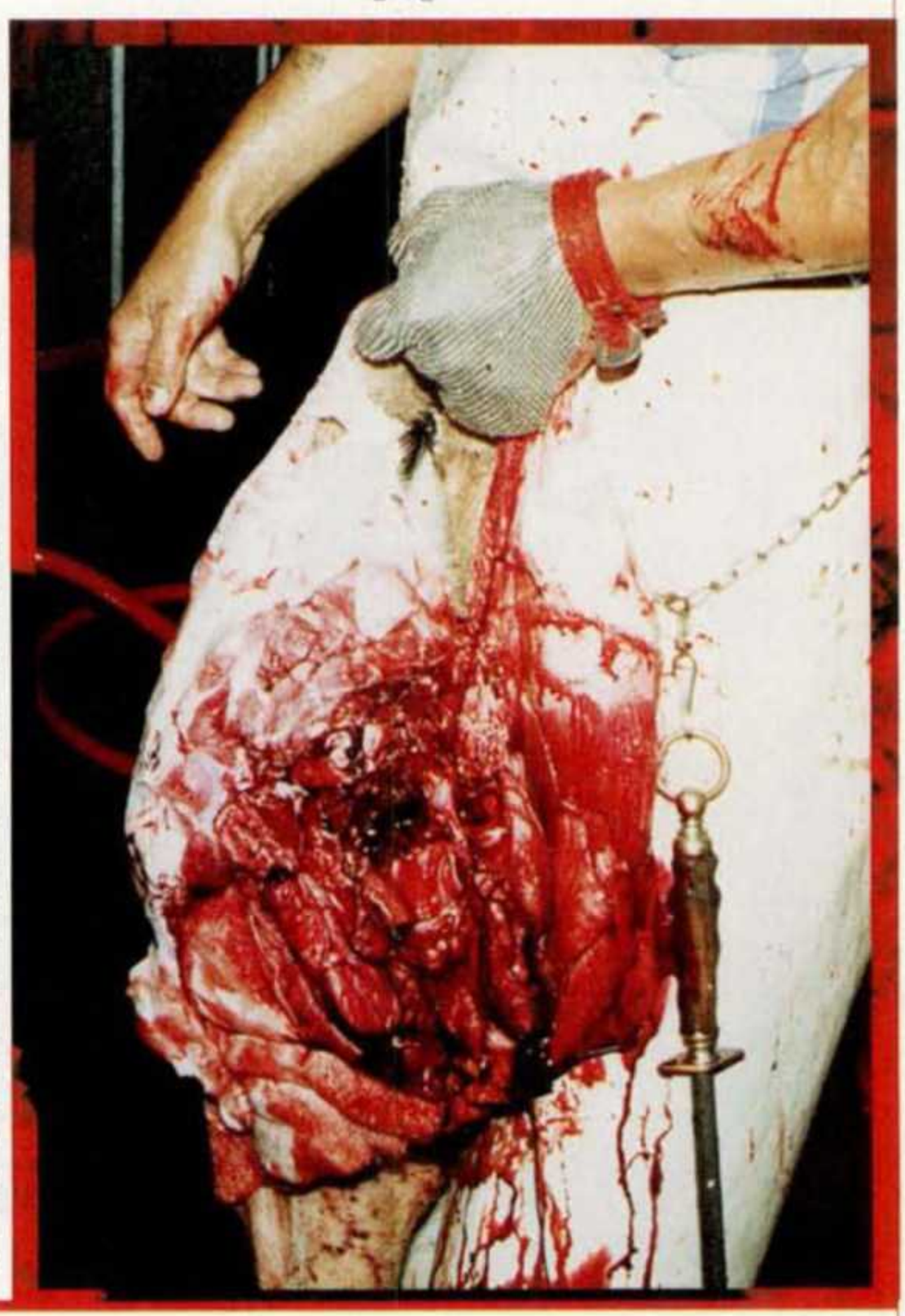
LYMAN: There are millions of gallons of blood from the slaughter of these 35 million animals every year. That blood is dried and made into dry blood plasma, high in protein. They add it to feed for calves. They don't want to feed calves milk because they can make more money selling milk to the consumer; you want to feed calves something to give them protein that has no other value, and along comes blood. It's a tremendous income producer for the slaughter industry.

HUSTLER: What can you tell us about prions, which cause mad cow disease?

LYMAN: They're abnormal proteins. Most people, when they talk about something like this, they want to find a way to kill it. You can't kill something that was never alive. A protein is not a living thing. It has no RNA, no DNA, but the crazy thing about this abnormal protein is that it turns normal protein abnormal.

HUSTLER: Isn't the prion found in the meat and the blood?

LYMAN: It's found in the meat, the blood, the nervous system, the bone. The greatest congregation is in the brain and the



spinal column and the small intestine, but you will also find it in the nervous ganglia that's next to the bone. If you or I went down today to donate blood, the first thing the Red Cross would ask is, "Have you spent any time in England?" If you have, they won't take your blood.

HUSTLER: Because of the mad cow disease there?

LYMAN: That's correct. When [researchers] went to England, and they looked at the surgical instruments that were used for tonsillectomies in England, they found 50% of them were infected with the prions from mad cow disease.

HUSTLER: There's another incredible loophole in the regulations, in that ranchers are allowed to feed dead cows to pigs and chickens, and then grind *those* animals up and feed them to cows.

LYMAN: That's correct. We're feeding cows back to pigs, chickens, turkeys and horses, and we're feeding pigs, chickens, turkeys and horses back to cows.

HUSTLER: Can prions be transferred that way?

LYMAN: We have seen where cows being eaten by pigs, chickens, turkeys, horses, fish, dogs, cats and zoo animals can transfer the disease from one to the other. So we've got a charade going on with the American consumers and, if you remember, on the 23rd of December the Secretary of Agriculture stood up and said, "We have 99.9% compliance with our feed ban." Wait a minute; in 2000 the FDA found that 25% of the people preparing feed in the U.S. were not in compliance with the law; so in 2003, they had the GAO [General Accounting Office] take a look at the FDA's oversight. The GAO said, "There's something wrong here. You guys have even failed to issue warning letters to violators. Your inspection records are incomplete, inconsistent, inaccurate, untimely, and they're so severely flawed that they should not be assessed for compliance with the feed ban." But the Secretary of Agriculture says 99.9% compliance. UPI [United Press International] put in a Freedom of Information Act [FOIA] request for the documentation on the animals being tested for mad cow disease. That was in July 2003. The Secretary of Agriculture, on the 23rd of December, stood up in front of a press conference and said, "We have tested 20,526 animals." They have it down to the minute animal, but they still have not replied to the FOIA request for the documentation on it. What the hell's wrong here?

HUSTLER: The cattle industry has a powerful lobby. Have they bullied and bribed the politicians and media into silence or submission?

LYMAN: That might be understating it a little, but it's pretty damn close. Let's start right at the top. Let's start at the Secretary of Agriculture, whose chief of staff came from the National Cattlemen's Beef Association. Right down the list on her staff—it is like a good ol' boys club that came from the meat industry. They have a thing in Washington, D.C., called a revolving door. Upper level people come into the agency from the industry, and as soon as they leave, they go back into the industry. Anybody who thinks there is more concern about human safety than corporate profits is smoking the number-one crop out of California.

HUSTLER: In terms of this latest mad cow scare, would finding one cow suggest there are other cows?

LYMAN: Any statistician that looks at it says, "If you test 14,000 cows and you find one, that means you have hundreds more." If we go to the European Union, every animal over 30 months of age is tested for mad cow disease before they leave the slaughter facility. In Japan, every animal that is slaughtered is tested.

HUSTLER: Hasn't Japan banned American beef?

LYMAN: There are 30 countries that are rejecting our beef. There's a $6-billion export market that went to zero on the 23rd of December. We have hundreds of containers of beef going to 30 different countries that cannot be landed and sold. And most of that will not survive to be shipped back here to do anything with it.

HUSTLER: The net effect is the beef industry, in collusion with the government, is poisoning the American people?

LYMAN: Yes, and they've been doing it for years. It's time for them to clean up their act before it's too late.

HUSTLER: The only thing that's going to wake up the beef and cattle industry is loss of sales.

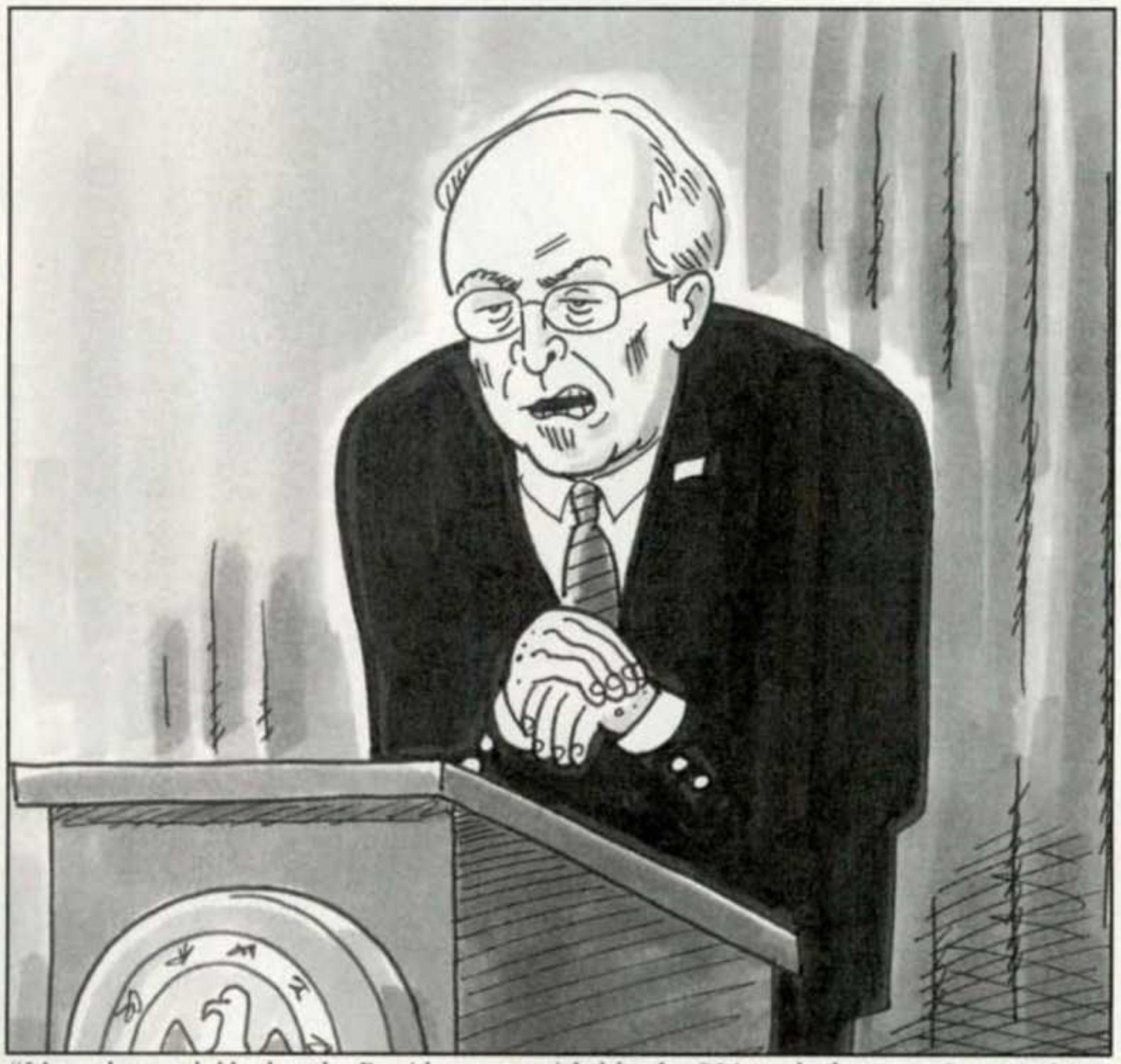
LYMAN: Absolutely. But this is what *should* wake them up; they want to talk about the fact we have never confirmed the Variant CJD in the United States. Variant Creutzfeldt-Jakob Disease is the human form of mad cow disease, caused by consuming an infected cow.

HUSTLER: How long does it take for symptoms of Variant CJD to appear?

LYMAN: Five to 40 years in humans.

HUSTLER: Would you predict that, down the road, we're going to be looking at something very nasty?

LYMAN: I believe that we have a disease that'll make AIDS look like the common



"It's understandable that the President was misled by the CIA, as he has no prior experience with intelligence."

cold. The symptoms of Variant CJD are very similar to that of Alzheimer's. In 1945, cases of Alzheimer's in this country were minuscule. Today there are about 500,000 advanced cases of Alzheimer's in the U.S.

HUSTLER: You think that could be from mad cow disease?

LYMAN: There were two studies: One that was done in a Pittsburgh veterans hospital; another that was done in Yale University. They looked at demented people who were diagnosed as having Alzheimer's. After they died, they put their brain under the microscope; and in Pittsburgh Veterans Hospital, they found 6% of them misdiagnosed. In the Yale study, 13% were misdiagnosed. They actually had CJD.

HUSTLER: How can people protect themselves?

LYMAN: If you're going to eat beef, you should definitely buy beef that is certified as organic, without herbicides, pesticides, hormones or medications. Ones that are not eating the remains of other animals. That is just absolute good common sense; and if you don't do that, I think you have a death wish.

HUSTLER: In your opinion, can mad cow prions be passed on through milk?

LYMAN: I believe so for one reason: There was a pregnant woman in Japan that had CJD. They removed her child by cesarean section and found the placenta, the umbilical cord and the colostrum of her breast milk infected. If the colostrum of her breast milk could have the prions in it, that shows me that you end up with the prions in the mammary system.

HUSTLER: Are you optimistic that this latest scare will wake people up?

LYMAN: George Miller, Barbara Boxer and Dennis Kucinich are all going to introduce legislation that we test the animals that go to slaughter. That's a phenomenal move, just to get those folks up on the Hill to actually get off their duffs and do something.

HUSTLER: What can people do about this problem?

LYMAN: Go see their congressman and say, "Why in the world are you not getting on top of this issue?" There isn't a consumer in the world who would not pay three cents a pound to know that they weren't feeding their kid something that had the potential of being infected.

For more information, visit www.MadCowboy.com.

Got Mad Cow?

Milk Does the Body Bad

★ Report by Robert Cohen

In light of the latest mad cow disease scare, many Americans are rethinking their beef consumption, but should they fear dairy products as well?

A milk-producing cow filters 10,000 quarts of blood through her udder each day. Government agencies have been reluctant to admit that prions, the infectious protein particles responsible for Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease (CJD), the human variant of mad cow disease, can be found in milk as well as blood.

One Holstein dairy cow from a Washington herd tested positive for mad cow disease in 2003, and that single creature will cost America's milk and dairy industry billions of dollars. In the past two years, at least 25,000 quarts of her milk had been pooled with 100 million more quarts of milk from her own herd and many more millions of quarts from other herds, and distributed to West Coast consumers. Some of her milk may also have been converted into ice cream or cheese and shipped to New York markets.

Washington State's population is about 6 million. Last year the 4,000 cows living on the Sunny Dene Ranch of Mabton, Washington, produced nearly ten quarts of milk for each Washington citizen.

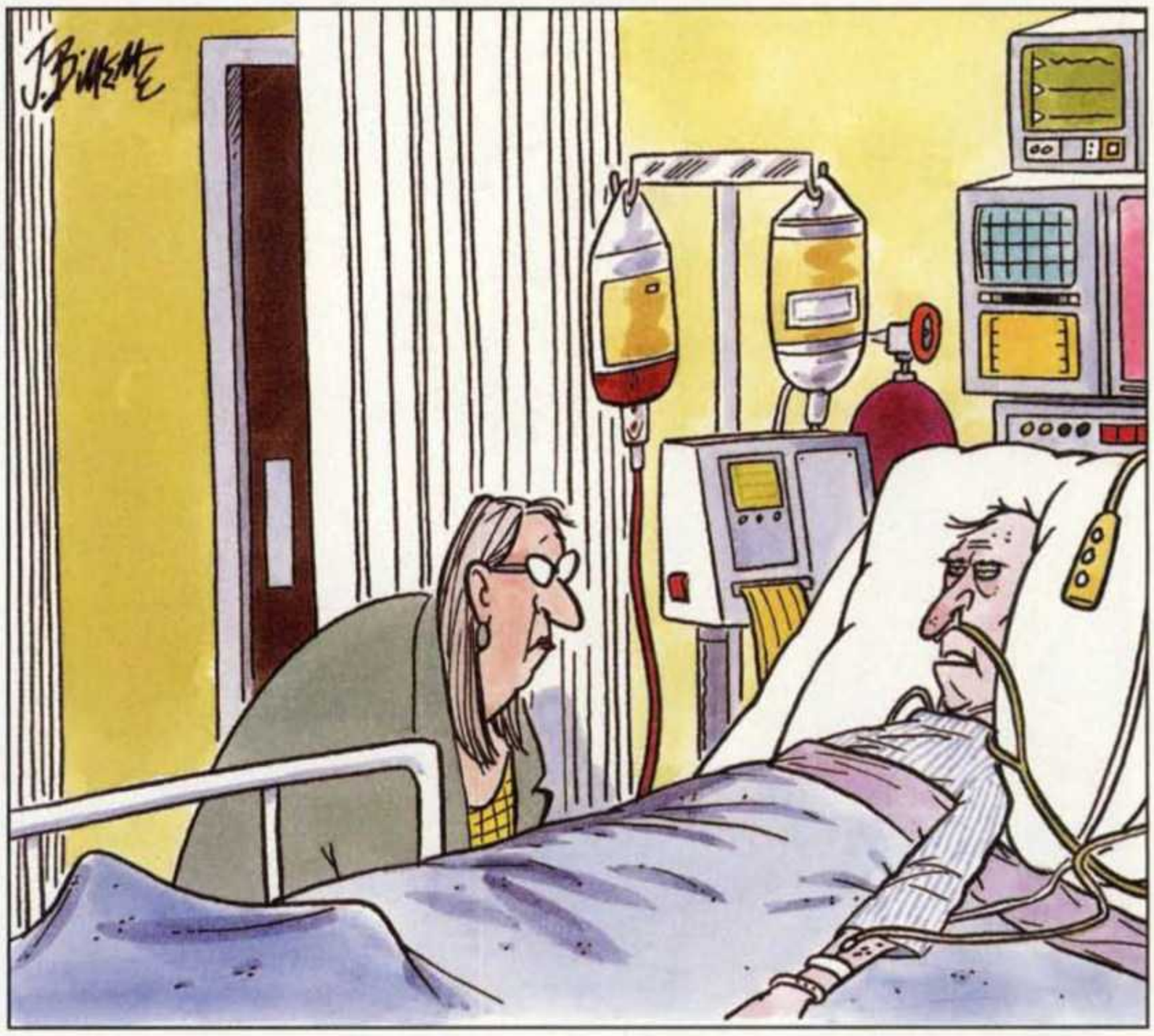
If previous reports from elsewhere are any indication, the development in Washington State may have dire consequences. On August 23, 1997, the ***London Times*** reported, "A 24-year-old vegetarian has been diagnosed with CJD. Scientists fear that milk and cheese may be the source of infection."

Mad cow disease is not the only possible risk associated with milk. Allergies, asthma, breast and prostate cancers, diabetes, heart disease and many other ailments have been linked to dairy consumption. This has long been known to researchers. In October 1992, the journal *Scientific American* warned, "The National Dairy Board's slogan, 'Milk. It does a body good' sounds a little hollow these days."

Now that the U.S. has been exposed to mad cows, the USDA and FDA are attempting to assure Americans that meat and dairy products are safe to consume. Are they? While playing with a loaded gun, the last game many people play is Russian roulette. For now, the safest way to approach that game is to not be a player.

* * *

Robert Cohen is director of the Dairy Education Board in Oradell, New Jersey, and author of *MILK—The Deadly Poison* and *MILK A-Z*. His Web site, www.NotMilk.com, is visited by millions of consumers each year.



"If the very worst happens, Emma—I mean, if Bush wins—pull my fuckin' plug."

"Get the fuck down there and eat it, Leroy. There ain't no such thing as mad pussy disease!"

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1. Jelly Slim Jim Vibe • This slender fella packs a powerful punch! At a sleek 7" long, 1" wide, this pink penis-shaped jelly vibe is perfect for front and backdoor action. Multi-speed twist base. Requires 2 AA batteries (sold separately).
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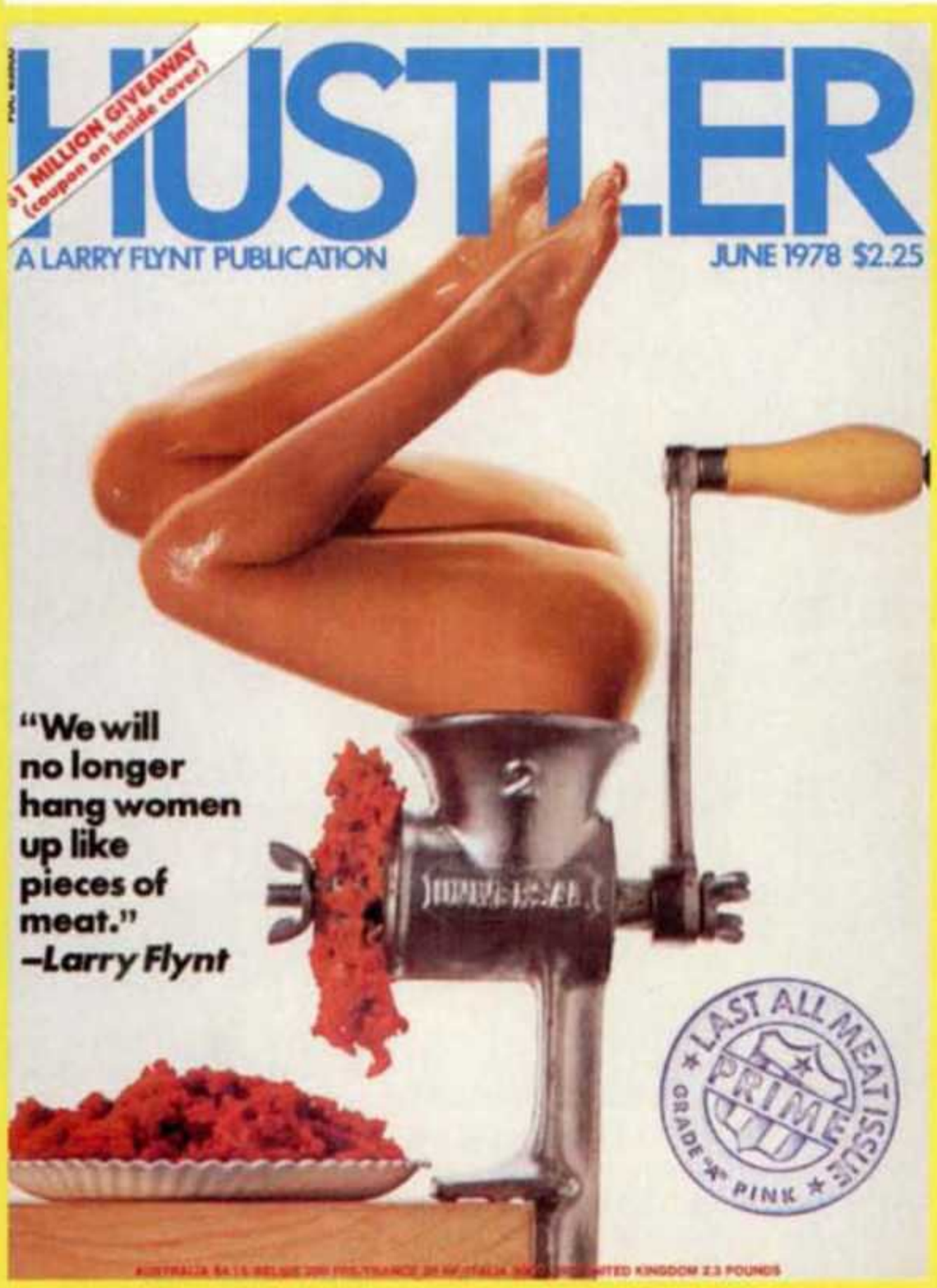


HUSTLER's Provocative '70s Pictorials

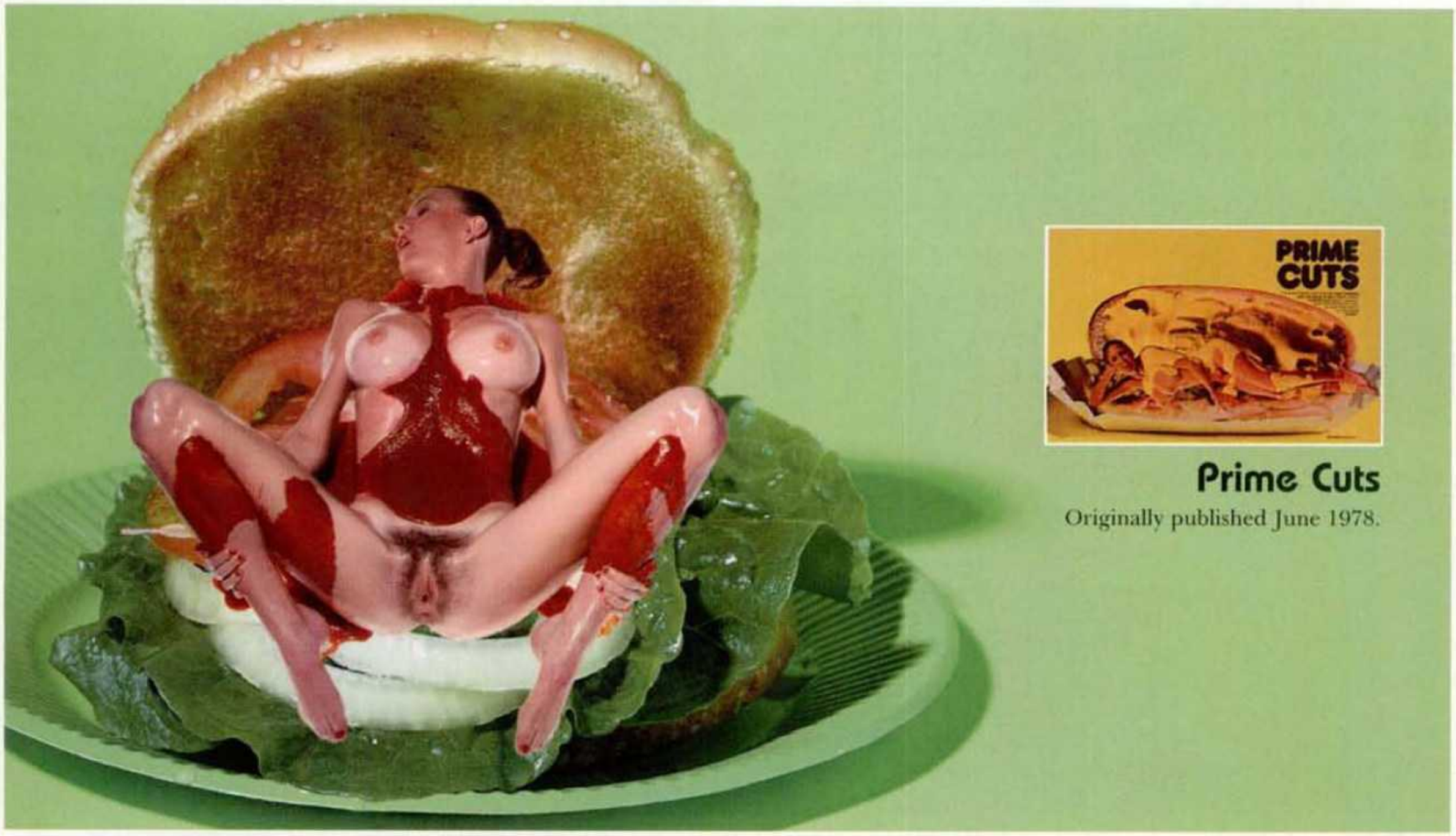
★ by Sean Carney

HUSTLER has always featured the best and most explicit photography. In the late 1970s, America's Magazine also began drawing readers' attention to important social issues with its nude pictorials. Here are three layouts—photographed by James Baes—that continue to provoke thought nearly three decades later.

The Rape of Justice

Originally published October 1978.

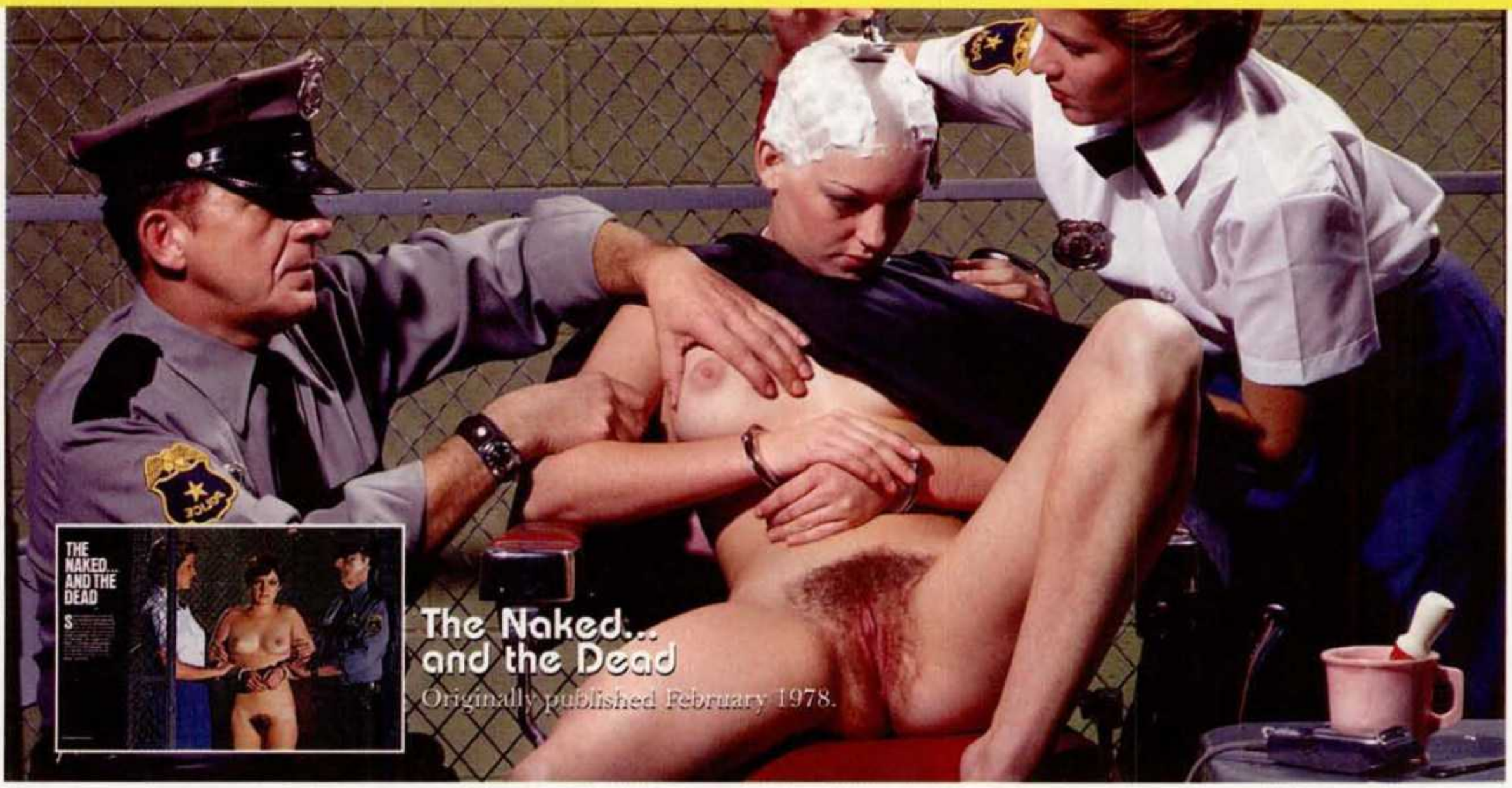
The original text reads, "Power has made him grotesque. He says he loves freedom, but instead he enslaves it. He says he loves justice, but instead he attacks it." These words of caution are more appropriate than ever in the age of John Ashcroft and the so-called USA PATRIOT Act.



Prime Cuts

Originally published June 1978.

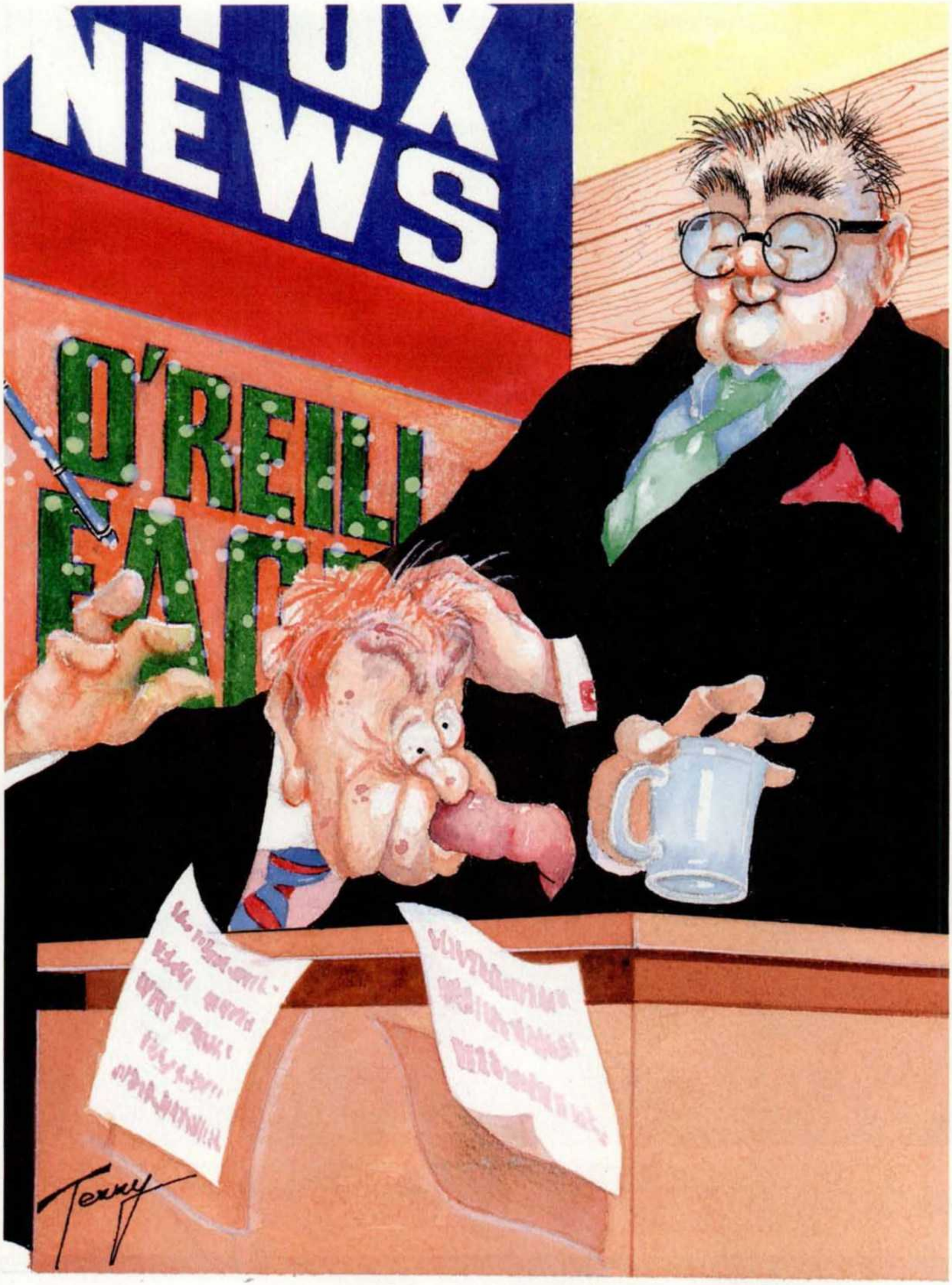
When critics groused that HUSTLER hung women up as "pieces of meat," this was our response. Apparently, a lot of hard-core feminists didn't see the irony in these photos, as this issue has remained controversial to the present day.



The Naked... and the Dead

Originally published February 1978.

Althea Flynt thought of this concept—a commentary on how people who have been scarred by repression and guilt need violent images to get off. Perfect masturbation material for Mr. Ashcroft and his censorious goons.



Barney Frank finally gets Bill O'Reilly to shut the fuck up.

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Paul Krassner's

Six Months in HUSTLER-Land

A former HUSTLER publisher remembers Christian porn, Larry Flynt's born-again phase and the time a pigeon determined the fate of the magazine.

★ Q&A With Dan Kapelovitz

Besides Larry C. Flynt and Jesus H. Christ, Paul Krassner is the only person to ever hold the title of HUSTLER Publisher. Krassner came to that elevated position in 1978 with an established record of shit-stirring. In 1958, the professional antagonist founded *The Realist*, a magazine that ran satirical news stories as if they were real. In the late '60s, the self-proclaimed "investigative satirist" cofounded, along with Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, the Yippie movement, and testified at the infamous Chicago 7 trial while high on LSD.

After his short-lived HUSTLER stint, Krassner wrote numerous books, including *Confessions of a Raving, Unconfined Nut* and his latest offering, *Magic Mushrooms and Other Highs: From Toad Slime to Ecstasy*. Among his many other accomplishments, Krassner is probably the only person on Earth to have dropped acid with both Groucho Marx and Squeaky Fromme.

Krassner reminisced about the six strange months he spent at HUSTLER's helm.

HUSTLER: How did you become the publisher of HUSTLER M[redacted]ne?

KRASSNER: Larry had undergone his spiritual transformation and had asked me to do an article on the spiritual side of Lenny Bruce. This was in late 1977. Then I got a call to come to the Christmas party in Columbus [Ohio]. I thought they wanted to discuss the piece I was working on and other possible assignments. [Comedian and civil-rights activist] Dick Gregory came up to me and said, "Larry's giving it all to you." I thought it was just one of his jokes. In the epiphany of his religious conversion, Larry had just read Lenny Bruce's autobiography, *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, which I edited. He knew that Lenny and I were friends and took that as some kind of an omen; so that was the background of it, but I didn't know any of this [at the time].

HUSTLER: How did you learn you were the new publisher?

KRASSNER: Larry was making a series of announcements at the Christmas party: "The first *Publisher's Statement* that I do under my born-again theory—I will dress up as a baby with a diaper on and put a pacifier in my mouth and get in the crib, and let a photographer take my picture. And I'm gonna write about what happens when you become born again." He was still in the afterglow of his conversion. "I am getting to write my last *Publisher's Statement*, and the new publisher of HUSTLER is gonna be a fellow by the name of Paul Krassner." That was the first I knew about it.

HUSTLER: Why do you think Larry wanted someone else to be the publisher?

KRASSNER: He wanted to go on the road evangelizing in his newfound role.

HUSTLER: What particular stories stand out from your HUSTLER days?

KRASSNER: For the first issue that I was in charge of, I edited out of Larry's *Publisher's Statement* every male pronoun referring to God. Larry called me into his office. I thought he was gonna say, "You haven't the right to change a word of my *Publisher's Statement*." But he agreed that God is genderless and said, "I've always been of a philosophical bent like that." Then he gestured toward the walls of his office and said, "You see these walls? I could make them come tumbling down by sheer will power, but I don't want to misuse my power." There were things like that all of the time.

HUSTLER: What was it like being the publisher when Larry was shot?

KRASSNER: Althea [Flynt] called from the hospital in Atlanta and wanted to fly me down there. Larry was in bed. He had one tube feeding him and another tube breathing for him, and [he was] overflowing with painkillers. Althea lifted the sheet, and there were these gaping wounds—a really grotesque sight. I said, "Oh, God, Althea, he's showing pink." That kind of broke the tension. I sat next to Larry's bed. I didn't know what to say. It was around Easter time, and I said, "Larry, tomorrow's Good Friday, so you don't have to go to work." I looked at Althea, because I thought, *Oh, God, I've gone too far this time*. But she said, "Oh, Paul, look," gesturing toward Larry. "He wants to show you something." He had an oxygen mask on, but he was blinking his eyes over and over rapidly. Althea said, "He's laughing." It was an incredible moment of intimacy.

HUSTLER: What exactly was the plan to make a Christian porn magazine?

KRASSNER: Larry wanted to have picture stories taken literally from the Bible. There would be Lot, who had just fucked his daughters. Larry would have researchers making sure it was an accurate biblical story, but with porn illustrations. There was one which would have been the centerfold and would have shown Jesus and the adulteress, who had just been stoned—the story where Jesus says, "He who is without sin cast the first stone." The Bible described him covering her up; so there was this photograph with a barber-shop-calendar Jesus and the adulteress laying on the ground. Jesus is very reverently covering her up, but not quite finished; so she's showing pink.

HUSTLER: Why wasn't that ever published?

KRASSNER: We were in the Coca-Cola suite of Emory University Hospital, trying to decide whether or not to publish that thing. Dick Gregory, [Editorial Director] Bruce David and I were there in the room with Althea. Bruce was arguing against publishing this because it was already bad enough that circulation was going down, and the cash-flow problem was increasing. He said, "This will kill us in the Bible Belt." Dick Gregory, who's very courageous, said, "It scares me." I was floored because I thought it was so absurd, and it was hysterical, and it would also, of course, get people mad. But what were they doing reading it anyway? So Althea and I were for it, but she wasn't sure, because of the pressure from the family, from Bruce and Gregory. Althea saw a pigeon on the windowsill. There were two of them at either end of it. She didn't call it a pigeon though; she called it a dove, and she said, "If that dove goes over to the other dove and pecks it, we'll publish it. If it doesn't, then we won't." So the four of us were watching this pigeon walking over to this other pigeon. Althea and I were saying, "Come on, come on," like a horse race. Bruce and Dick Gregory were trying to will the pigeon off the ledge so that it would fly away, which it did; so it was never published. I think that was the highlight of my experience there.

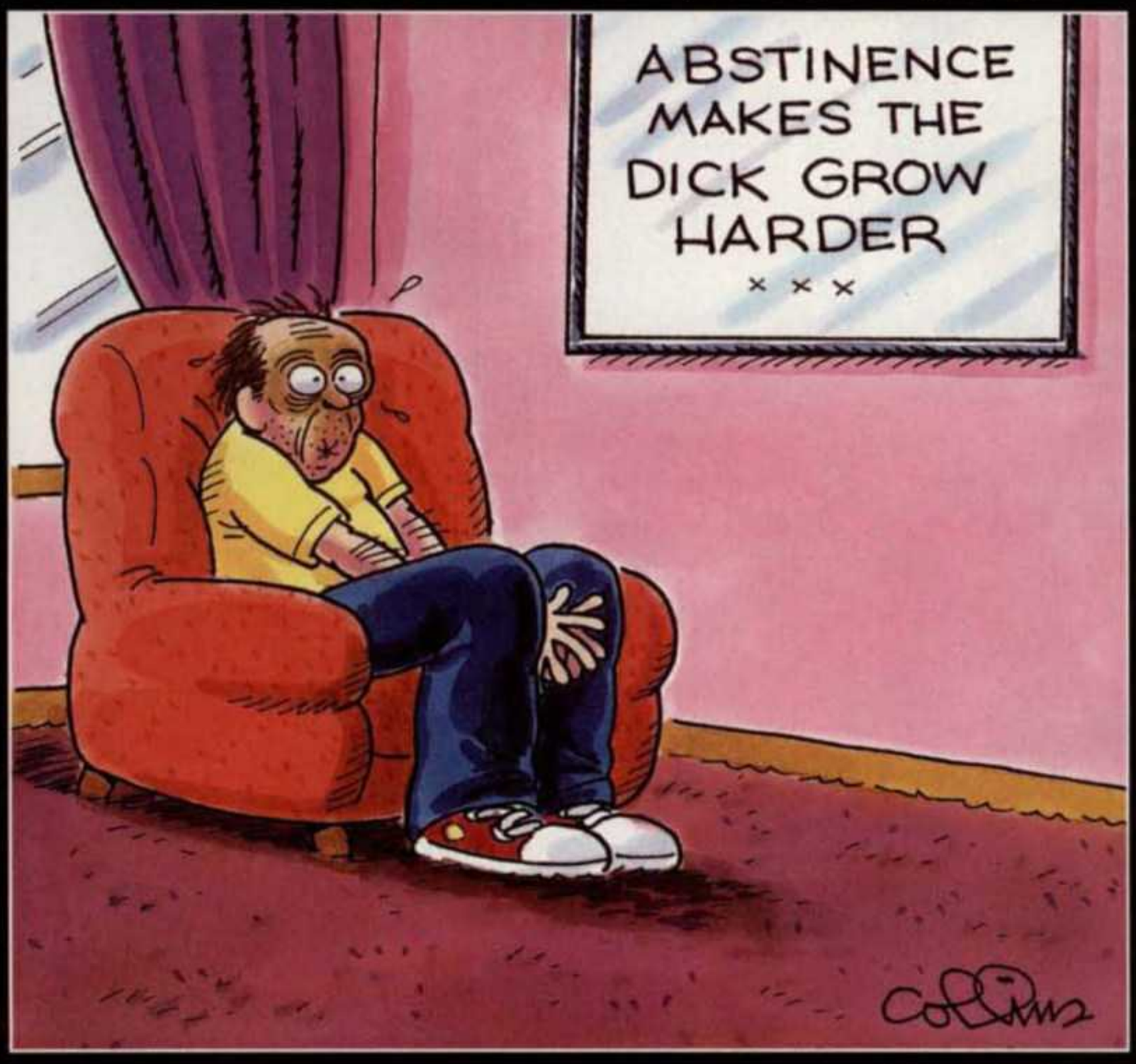
"Larry wanted to make HUSTLER a Christian magazine."

HUSTLER: How did it come about that you posed nude for the magazine?

KRASSNER: Bruce did an interview with me; so I went for a photo-shoot. The photographer suggested I take off my clothes for it. That was the moment of truth for me; forget about a bull charging at you. I asked myself, *Well, why not?* I couldn't think of a reason not to.

HUSTLER: How did you end up leaving the magazine?

KRASSNER: Althea called me into her office. I would always hear good ideas; so I'm in there with my pen and pad, ready to take down notes. She says a couple of things, and I'm writing them. She says, "Paul, I have to fire you." I wrote down *fired* on my pad. We had become good friends, and she was crying, but it was more an accounting thing than anything else; they had to trim down the staff. Even though I was making more than I had ever made in my life, I went to my office feeling relieved because there was a lot of tension there. I started calling my friends and family to let them know, so they didn't hear it through the media. When I called Ken Kesey, he said, "Oh, great!" I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "Well, now you can come to Egypt with us, with the [Grateful] Dead. They're gonna play at the pyramids." I just put my radio on, locked my door and started dancing around the room, saying, "Thank you, Althea, for firing me."



Boogie Nights

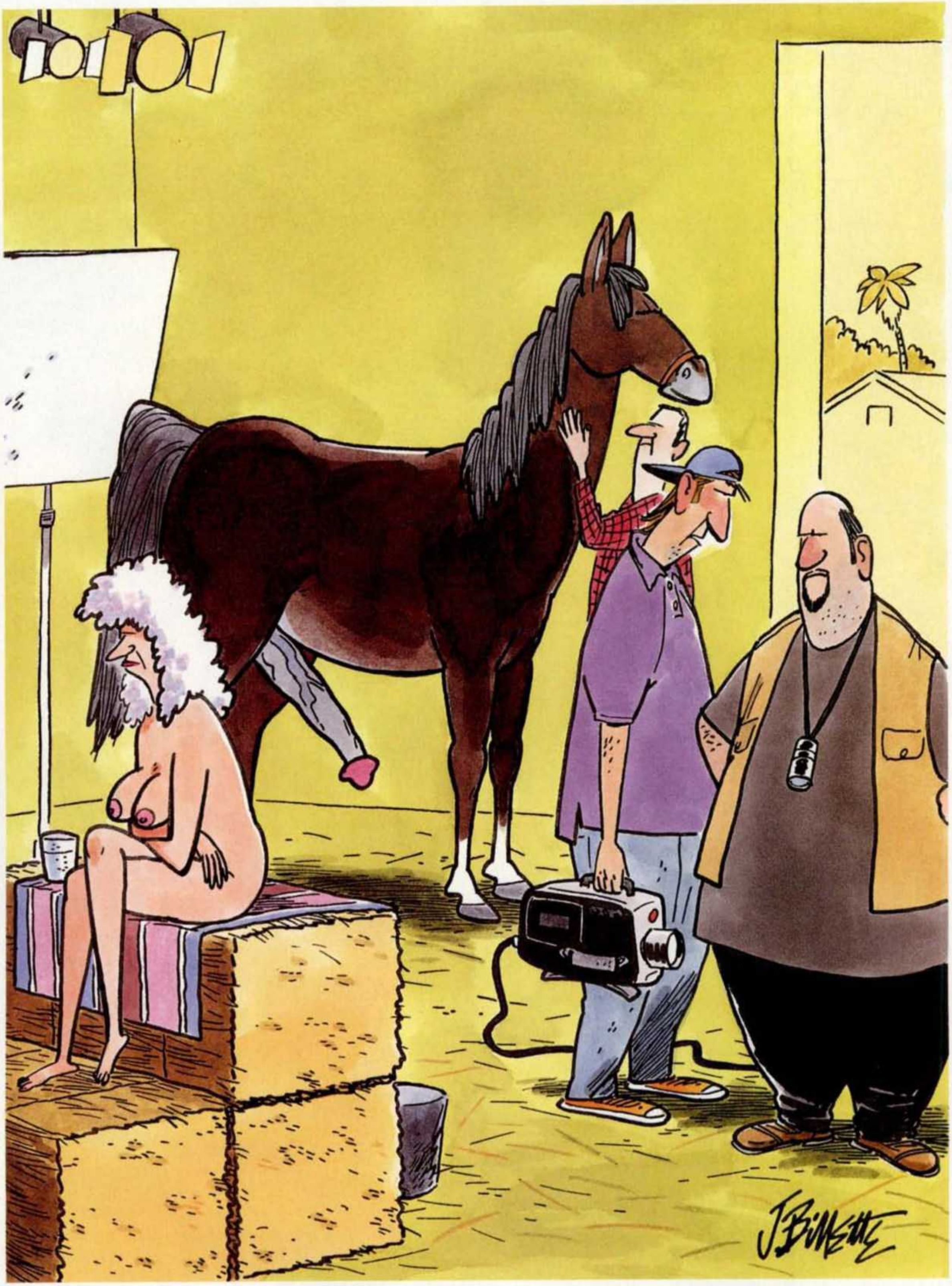
Lauren Phoenix and Barret

Photography by Suze Randall

Barret was aching to get into Lauren's pants, but she always told him she was "too busy" to hang out. When he heard through a friend that the leggy babe liked to dance at a disco on Saturday nights, the desperate horndog hurried to the nearest thrift shop, bought some '70s threads and sped over to Club Polyester.

Sure enough, he found Lauren bumping and grinding to the Bee Gees. After the dancing queen showed him some of her moves, Barret hit the floor and pumped away on Lauren's tight groove. "I guess disco doesn't suck," he groaned. "But I do," Lauren grinned.

Lauren spreads her pink in BARELY LEGAL #37, HOT SHOWERS #10, HUSTLER'S YOUNG SLUTS, INC. #13 and CAMPUS CONFESSIONS #9 on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.HUSTLERHollywood.com to order.



"The chick is a racist. She won't do a black horse."

Humble Origins: Larry Flynt's multimillion-dollar media empire began with a four-page newsletter used to promote the HUSTLER Clubs. Here is the very first edition printed in its entirety.

The Hustler News

CINCINNATI o DAYTON o COLUMBUS

VOLUME 1, No. 1 JANUARY, 1972

JANUARY PIN-UP

Auburn-haired beauty Carolyn wins our vote as Pin Up of the month. She dances at the Cincinnati Hustler, and hails from Knoxville, Tenn. If you'd like to learn more about Carolyn, just turn to Page 3.

REMODELED DAYTON HUSTLER OPENS WITH A BANG

Shortly after Christmas, and just in time for a gala New Year's Eve celebration, the newly remodeled Hustler at 215 N. Main Street in Dayton opened its doors to an eager and appreciative throng of celebrants.

The club had been closed for three weeks for an extensive face-lifting, including the installation of a Computer Bar (see story elsewhere in this issue).

Everything was serene and beautiful before the big New Year's Eve blast

Outstanding decorator features include a Mediterranean decor, with two elevated stages, and hand-crafted stained glass windows from Germany in the foyer. The room will feature continuous entertainment with discotheque dancers performing from 2 P.M. daily.

With the completion of the Dayton remodeling, all three

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

DAYTON HAS "UN-COSTUMES"

First it was the Un-Cola, then the Un-Cigarette, and now the Dayton Hustler has come up with the Un-Costume. What is it? It defies description! You've got to see it to believe it. We can tell you this much, though. Costumes for a dozen dancing girls fit into one shoebox. Enuf said?

NEW POLICY FOR SUNDAYS

Effective with the new year, Hustler Clubs will be open on Sundays only in those cities where local ordinances permit Sunday liquor sales. Thus, the Cincinnati Club will remain open on Sundays, but the Dayton and Columbus clubs will only be open Monday through Saturday.

We chose pretty dancer Shirley from the Columbus Hustler to convey our wish for you in '72 ... peace, prosperity, and a Happy New Year!

COLUMBUS HUSTLER'S GAIN IS LONDON'S LOSS

Liz came to Columbus from London, England, just 7 months ago and wouldn't change places with anyone. "I really savvy this job — the girls and people who come here are so much fun, and everybody is so friendly."

Liz, a waitress in the Columbus Hustler, loves her job – the club – and the States

"I worked in a bank in London, and needless to say, this is quite a change. British people are more formal with their relationships with each other. The

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

HUSTLER CLUBS CARRY ON HISTORIC NAME

It has come to the attention of ye editor of THE HUSTLER NEWS that some of our customers may not be aware of the historical significance and authenticity of our HUSTLER name. So ... let us turn back the pages of American History, and voila ... there are not only facts about our ancestoral namesake, Elizabeth Hustler, but also, records of her major accomplishment ... inventor of the "cocktail".

Whether she was a member of the D.A.R. or not, is a moot question, but we are certain that she was alive and well during the War of 1812.

Back in the days following the naval battles on Lakes Erie and Ontario, there was a tavern in the town of Lewiston, N.Y. (just north of Niagara Falls) that served a particularly bountiful bourbon mixture to the wandering hunters, settlers, soldiers and sailors who stepped through

Elizabeth Hustler

the squeeky doors of "Hustler's Tavern". Elizabeth Hustler was the proprietor, and sometimes bar maid.

It is said that she served one of her good bourbon drinks to no less a personage than James Fenimore Cooper, a young midshipman and striving writer who was attempting to pen the lives and times amidst the natives, both friendly and unfriendly, of that era.

Cooper, in a salute to Miss Hustler, even patterned a character called "Betty Flanagan" after our ancestor, in his novel "The Spy" ... and you just can't get much more Americana than that! Now, can you?

You might say that Elizabeth was a creative mixologist. Lacking the modern accoutrements of the finer things of life as we know them, Elizabeth would use a rooster's tail as a stirrer and then leave it in the drink as she served it to the customer. When the French-Canadian regulars, who frequented Hustler's Tavern, would see her take a tray of drinks over to a new customer's table, they would all yell "Vive la cocktail!"

And that is how and where the cocktail was born, in that first Hustler's Tavern, so many years ago. And that is why we're so proud of our name ... "The Hustler".

HUSTLER CLUBS HAVE FIRST COMPUTER BARS

The Hustler Clubs in downtown Cincinnati, Dayton and Columbus now automatically mix your favorite drink by an electronic system developed by NCR in Dayton, Ohio. The Columbus Hustler was the first *non-food* establishment in the world to have such equipment.

This "Electra-Bar" can mix 36 different kinds of drinks, and they come in all varieties—dry, extra dry, regular or doubles. In less than 11 seconds, the cocktail waitress is on her way back to your table with the drink you want, the way you wanted it! The electronic gadgets behind this miraculous and time-saving bar equipment include a cash register, a computer logic unit, a compressor, dispensing unit and two bottle racks that hold all your favorite brands of 'booze.'

This new equipment behind each Hustler bar not only saves you time, and mixes your drinks perfectly, it also eliminates pricing errors which sometimes occur during rush hours.

The electronic system allows the Hustler Clubs to determine the faster moving brands, and they can reorder accordingly, so you'll always be able to get your favorite drink at the Hustler, and in only eleven seconds!

Hustler brass Jimmy and Larry Flynt, and NCR executive Gary Bates, put the seal of approval on the Electra-Bar installation in Columbus

Pretty Hustler barmaid Edna Mae demonstrates the Electra-Bar cash register

It's the greatest innovation in the bar industry in more than 35 years, equipment-wise that is. (We think our dancing girls are quite an innovation, too! Don't you?)

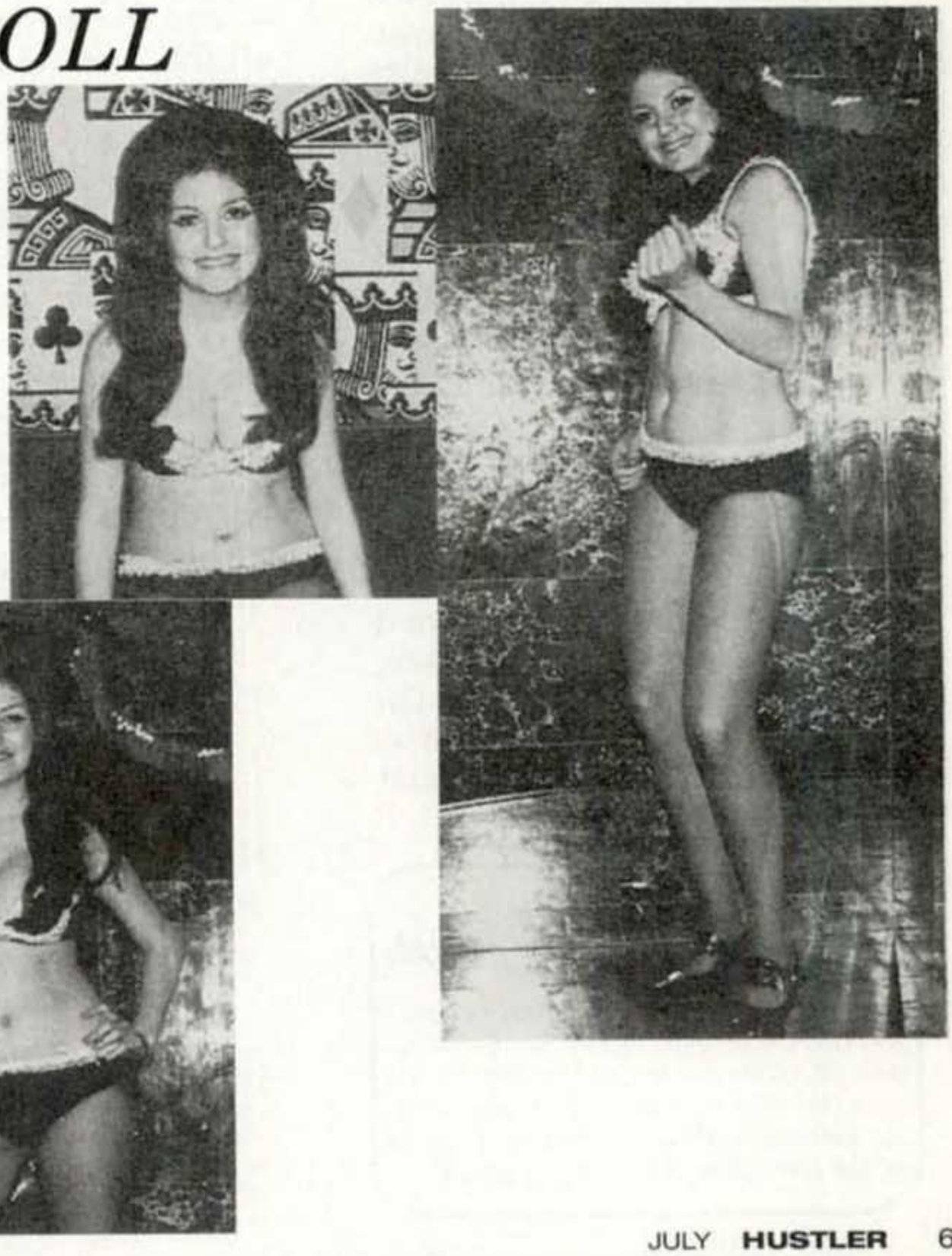
Come on in and see how our new "Electra-Bar" works. Then order a drink to salute American ingenuity and the Hustler Clubs for installing this convenient, practical, and quick drink-by-computer gadget for your convenience.

HUSTLER DISCO-DOLL "CAROLYN"

Carolyn has been dancing at the Hustler in Cincinnati for about a year, and as anyone can see, she's bound to be one of the reasons the place is so popular. Statistically speaking, Carolyn is 5'4" up and down, and 36"-24"-35" around.

Her favorite sport is baseball, and she's an ardent Reds rooter. Her favorite kind of man is tall, dark, and handsome ... with a nice smile, but you'd better be gentle, too — she doesn't like 'em rough!

Steak and corn top the list of her favorite foods ... so come next Spring if you've got a pair of baseball tickets, and you know a good steak house, and you're tall, dark, and handsome ... Oh well, I'll bet you already had that figured out for yourself!



TONI FROM COLUMBUS CLUB HAS HIGH ASPIRATIONS

Columbus beauty Toni likes men, sports, and good food, which should make her number one on any bachelor's list. Toni's dimensions (36-25-35) could qualify her for her ambition "to be a model."

Columbus dancer Toni

Toni has been dancing for a year, officially, but has enjoyed dancing all her life. Her ability was nurtured by early training in ballet, tap, and modern jazz. Besides dancing, Toni loves horseback riding, water skiing and modeling.

The latter is a blossoming career as she has had several modeling assignments from local Columbus merchants.

Her likes in men run to the Latin type, with dark eyes, hair, and beards. Since she loves football and baseball, she's a good companion for the sports-minded fellow, as long as he'll go along with her tastes in food ... which run toward the gourmet, such as escargots, onion soup and Lobster.

The Hustler News

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SOPHIA LOOK-ALIKE IN CINCINNATI

"Sam!?!"

You look again at this svelte, redhaired dancing beauty and do a double take! Her ... a SAM? She twinkles her blue eyes and smiles and says, "I have a brother you've probably heard of ... his name is Sue!"

A girl named "Sam"

Everyone laughs ... Sam is a crowd-pleaser in more ways than one. When she walks up to the dancing dais, you know that she is a real pro. "I've been dancing for six years, and came to Cincinnati from the Columbus Hustler. I love it — the dancing —The Hustler Clubs—the people — and the girls I work with are all the friendly kind."

Sam changes her style of dancing to fit the mood she's in, and the music she chooses from the juke box. Something else Sam has going for her, besides her 36-24-32 measurements, is her striking resemblance to movie queen Sophia Loren.

When in Cincinnati
Visit the Hustler at
608 Walnut St.
Downtown

When in Dayton
Visit the Hustler at
215 N. Main St. - Downtown
(across from the Sheraton-Dayton)

When in Columbus
Visit the Hustler at
38 West Gay St.
Downtown

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Hustler lounges (Cincinnati, Dayton, Columbus) now conform to the high operational and appearance standards set by the parent organization, Mini Clubs of America, for their proposed network of Hustler Clubs all over the eastern United States. Each club will have its own distinctive personality, but all will meet the standards of excellence that assure every visitor a congenial, attractive atmosphere, and fast, efficient service.

Exterior of the Columbus Hustler is typical of those planned for other cities

Plans are already under way for the opening of Hustler lounges in three other Ohio cities this year, and then on to Atlanta, Chicago, New York, and Miami.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

Yankee people are much more materialistic, but on them it looks good."

"No, I don't think I could ever be a dancer. I like what I'm doing too much, and all those girls are much more experienced than I. I've tried it at home, but can't seem to put myself into it like they can. Guess it's my British reserve or whatever you call it. But I like to circulate and chat with everyone. The Yankee people are so warm and friendly. You seem to be friends so very quickly — I like that."

Liz lives with her sister who is an editor in a Columbus publishing company, and she is definitely planning on becoming a "Yankee" as soon as the law allows. Her English accent adds a distinguished aire to the Columbus club ... so "cheers" to Liz!

Déjà Flue

Carly is my favorite waitress at the local health-food cafe. She's a 21-year-old college senior with long, straight, sandy-colored hair and shockingly huge knockers for such a petite piece of ass. I love watching her tits sway back and forth as she trundles the heavy urns of lentil chowder out to the salad bar. Carly reminds me of the idealistic, denim-clad dames I used to ball back in the mid-'70s, when I was swinging.

One day recently, after Carly delivered my barbecued wheat-meat sandwich, my little minx withdrew a folded piece of acid-free recycled paper from her bosom and set it next to my plate. The patchouli-scented note read, "Meet me in one hour at the address below, and be ready 4 fun!"

My jimmy was standing tall in my trousers when I pulled up to Carly's place just a short time later. Damn, the cedar A-frame house in the woods looked awfully familiar. Anyhow, I had a grin on my face and a huge load of spunk churning in my balls as I rang the bell.

"Oh, Walter, you made it," Carly gushed. I gasped; my little hippie mama was no longer plain like brown rice—she was wrapped in a red, silk kimono and had a Virgo medallion around her neck.

"Check out my mom's old duds," said Carly as she flung her arms around my torso. "*Hmmm*," I mumbled. I ran my hands down Carly's smooth back and grasped her dainty little ass. She shrieked as I grabbed her and laid her down on the rug, ravaging her neck with sloppy kisses. "Give it to me," she goaded, clutching at my cum-swollen nuts through my jeans.

I kissed down around her tender titties and sucked a nipple into my mouth. The milk nubbin was hot, and it throbbed gently as I rolled my tongue over the areola. "Oh, that makes my pussy so wet!" Carly cried.

I lowered her batik bikini briefs. Not surprisingly, Carly was going for the retro look down below too. Her silky cunt hair was trimmed but still bushy by 21st-century standards. I lowered my face to her crotch and dragged my snout through her furry jungle, then spread her pussy lips and crammed my tongue into her slit.

My nubile fuck toy was bucking her hips wildly. "Screw me, screw me," was her horny mantra. Heeding her pleas, I wrenched my stiff pud out of my jeans and aimed its bulbous head at her girl hole. She squealed when she felt the tip of my hot rod on her pussy flaps. Then, faster than President Ford pardoned Tricky Dick, I injected my throbbing man-meat into Carly's coochie.

"Oh, Jesus-Hitler-Buddha-Koresh, yes!" my fuck puppet babbled. Carly was ecstatic now. I rammed away at her pussy walls for what seemed like an hour, getting us both drenched and sweaty. I even put her in some Kama Sutra positions I remembered from back in the day.

We were both getting close to orgasm, so I withdrew my prick from her steamy cunny and propped the tip of my pud up against her tender bunghole. The resistance I encountered immediately took me to a higher level.

Apparently, Carly was also experiencing carnal nirvana. "Rape my asshole!" she howled. "Turn it into a pussy!" I squeezed my driver into her browneye; suddenly my hippie mama was a cussing, shrieking sex pig.

That's when it hit me: the kimono, the potty mouth, the A-frame, the fervent appreciation for anal sex...I *had* been at Carly's place once before!

"I'm coming," my little nookie nymph growled through clenched teeth.

Just as she started to climax, I noticed a snapshot on the table nearby—it was my granola-gobbling cock whore as a little girl, standing next to a woman wearing the same vintage kimono.

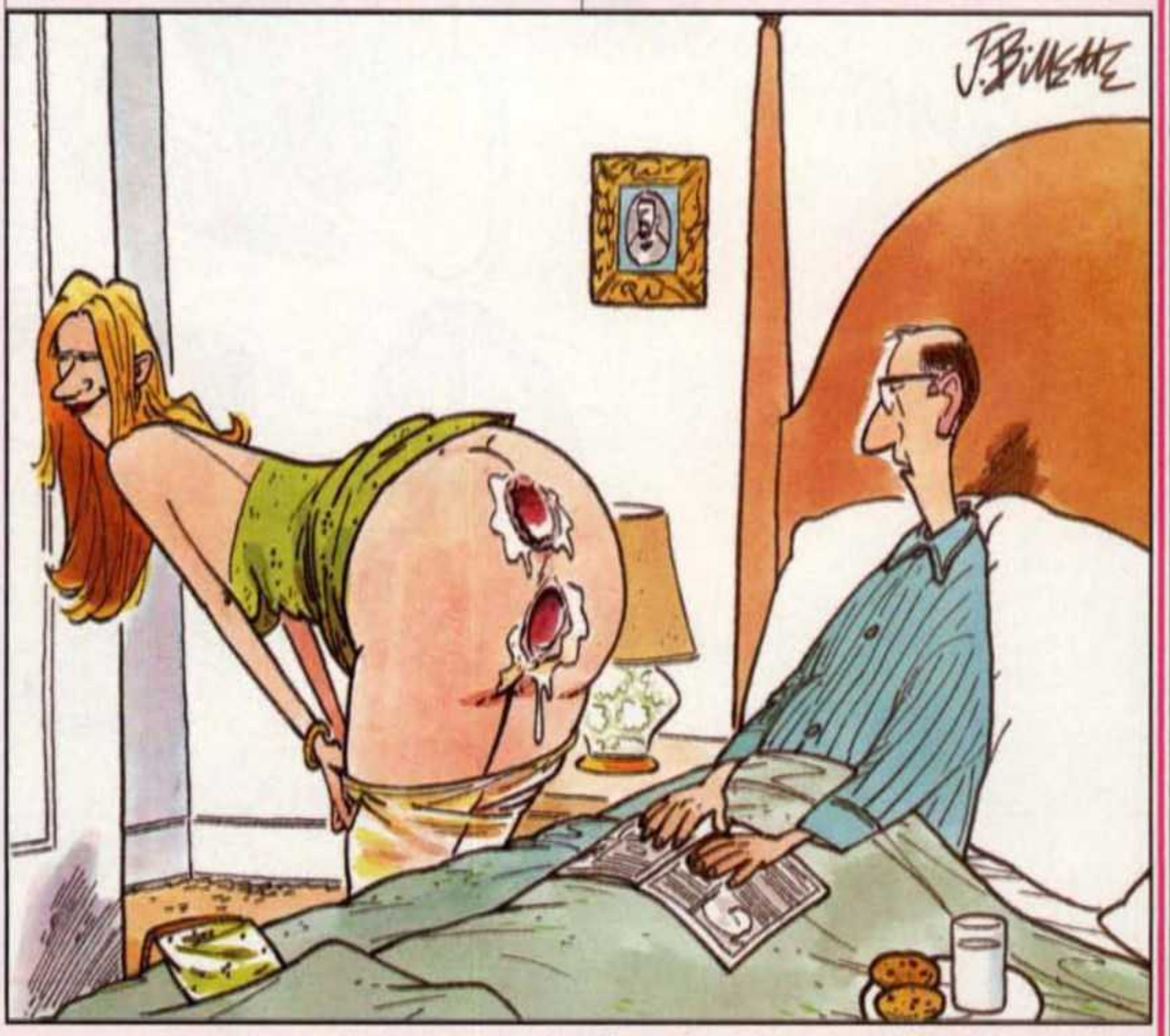
"I'm coming too!" I yelped. As I pushed Carly's head into the pillow and deposited a huge load of nut honey into her ass crack, I finally understood why I was flashing back: Carly must be the daughter of that wild lady who gave me a Billy Beer and a blowjob after that all-night anal orgy at the Est center so many years ago.

Sure enough, after my beef crank had softened and plopped out of Carly's turd channel, she scampered down and cleaned the soupy, spunky residue off my peter with her tongue—just like her mom had done way back when.

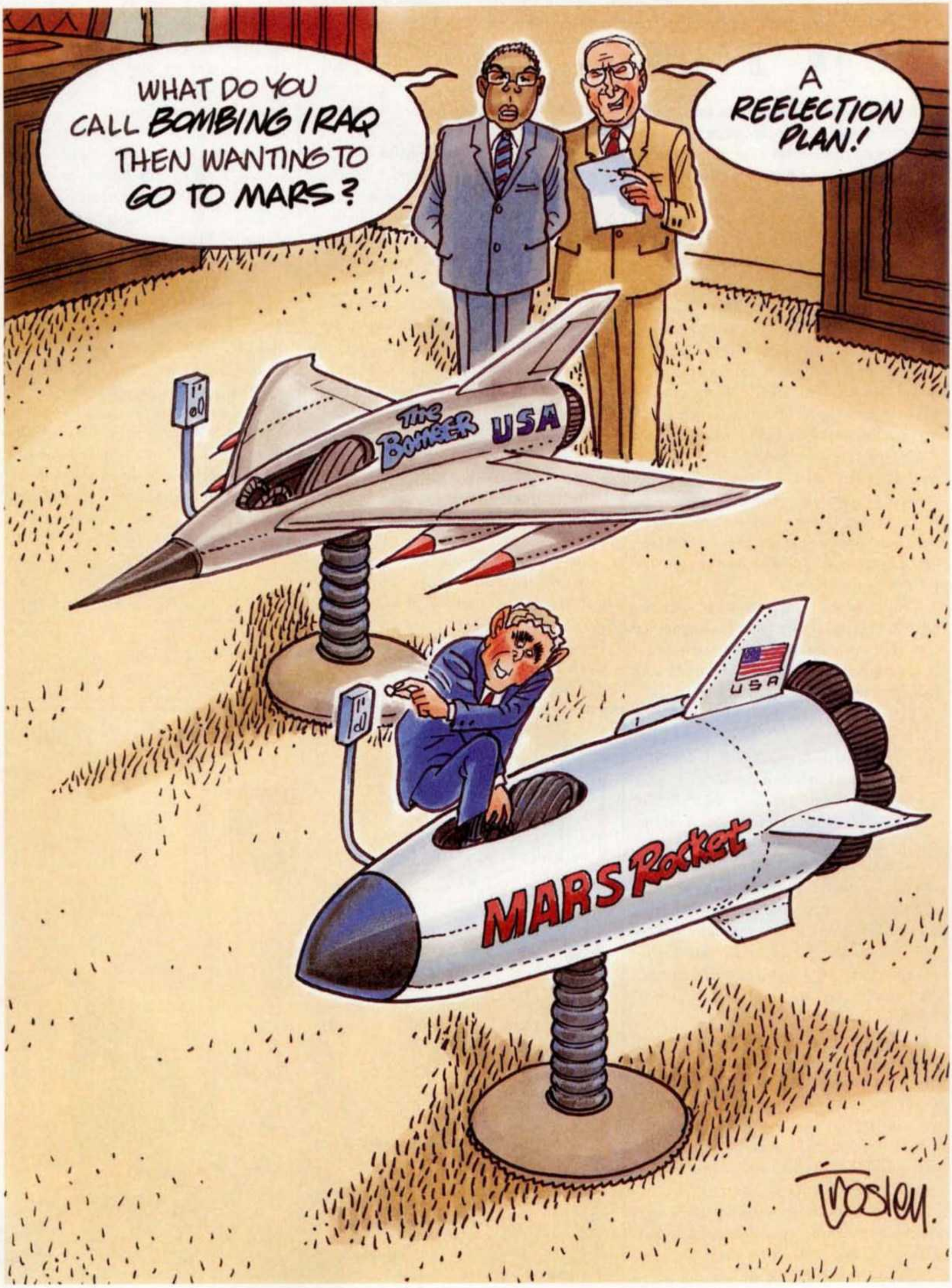
"When I love my man, I love the *whole* man," she beamed. I wiped some of the errant fudgy scum from the corner of Carly's mouth and kissed her passionately. Now, more than ever, the world needs to return to this kind of holistic thinking.

-W. N.
Bellingham, WA

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"You and your girlfriends went to that black nightclub again, didn't you?"


WHAT DO YOU CALL BOMBING IRAQ THEN WANTING TO GO TO MARS?
A REELECTION PLAN!
THE BOMBER USA
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Nashville Pussy Keeps on Fuckin'

Interview by Nancy B. Sayle

Rising from the bowels of Atlanta in 1996 (or, more specifically, from the kitchen of vocalist/guitarist Blaine Cartwright and guitarist Ruyter Suys), Nashville Pussy pursued their vision of what a redneck rock band should be, taking their name from Ted Nugent's intro to the *Double Live Gonzo* version of "Wang Dang Sweet Poontang." The foursome's debut, *Let Them Eat Pussy* (Mercury Records), earned the group a Grammy nomination and slot on the Marilyn Manson's 1999 tour. The band followed their first album with 2000's *High as Hell* (TVT Records) and 2002's *Say Something Nasty* (Artemis Records).

Mixing Ramones-style punk with the crunchy backbeat of AC/DC, all peppered with the Southern rock tones of Molly Hatchet, Nashville Pussy—Cartwright, Suys, bassist KatieLynn and drummer Jeremy Thompson—simultaneously rocked and befuddled the nü-metal masses as the "alternative" band on the 2000 Tattoo the Earth Tour. That same year, the band brought their message to old-school rednecks, opening for Lynyrd Skynyrd at a special show in Nashville. In case you weren't able to attend, *Keep on Fuckin' in Paris*, the group's recently released DVD, chronicles their exploits as they tear up France with their patented blend of beer-swilling and sexed-up butt-rock.

HUSTLER caught up with the quartet at the Hollywood Travelodge, where the debauchery ran rampant.

HUSTLER: What's the origin of the title song to your latest album, *Say Something Nasty*?

CARTWRIGHT: I was trying to write a song where I said the words "say something nasty," and then I say something nasty in the song. But then I thought, *Are they going to give me a hard time about cussing too much?* So I decided I'll just say the words, "say something nasty," and then not cuss. But I start cussing a whole lot anyway in the song. The first line is, "Just like Jesus said/We'll put some shit inside your head." I thought that was pretty funny.

HUSTLER: Has your record company ever pressured you to write cleaner lyrics?

CARTWRIGHT: Yeah. Instead of saying *shit* they wanted us to say *stuff*. They thought "Keep on Fuckin'" could be a hit if we changed it to "Keep on Funkin'." I've had nightmares about that. On the first album we have a song called, "Go Motherfucker Go." There's no way to clean that song up. It's got the word *motherfucker* 50 fucking times in it. They said, "How about recording it again and calling it 'Mother Father'?"

SUYS: Then they said, "Replace it with 'Mother Mother.'"

THOMPSON: We should release a comedy album of all the radio edits they've ordered us to do.

HUSTLER: Each of your three albums has been released by a different record company. What's the deal?

CARTWRIGHT: Every situation we've been in has been kind of fucked up. It's not really our fault. It's always been the bastards at the record company. It's better to have a label that understands you.

HUSTLER: Are you settled on a label now?

CARTWRIGHT: No.

SUYS: We've never felt settled yet.

CARTWRIGHT: It's either been a total turnover of the people at the label, or some guys in charge are different, and they don't like us. It's not like we get hired by these people, and the same people say, "Fuck you guys. What the hell was I thinking?" No, they all really liked us, but new people come in, and people get fired.

THOMPSON: I don't think they knew what to do with us. So they asked, "Do you want to just leave?"

CARTWRIGHT: It's good to leave if they don't like you.

HUSTLER: KatieLynn, you're Nashville Pussy's third bassist. How did you hook up with the band?

KATIELYNN: My ex-husband's band played with Nashville Pussy; so I went down to the show and asked, "Do you need a bass player?" The evening went on, and everyone got more and more wasted. They called me the next day and left a message on my phone. But it was one of those cell-phone messages where it was cutting in and out. I was like, "What the fuck is he talking about?" I learned 13 songs in a week, went to Atlanta and auditioned. I was there for three days and then, "All right, you got the job." Packed up my whole life, said goodbye to my boyfriend and dog, and went on tour. When I played my first show, I had been in the band for, like, a week.

HUSTLER: Who would be your ultimate band to tour with?

KATIELYNN: AC/DC. Rolling Stones.

SUYS: The Stooges.

CARTWRIGHT: Spinal Tap.

THOMPSON: The Ramones.

HUSTLER: With two guys and two girls in the band, do you have any sex advice for the readers?

SUYS: Most porn does a great disservice to how pussy is eaten. I think a lot of people try to focus on the individual aspect of it, which is totally wrong.

CARTWRIGHT: You have to slap the vagina. No, seriously, guys—save your zen. Don't jack off all the time. Especially when you're looking for a girlfriend, or you're in between, or you're in a dry spell. Don't start jerkin' off a lot until you're in a comfortable relationship.

NEWS

Former Jethro Tull keyboardist David Palmer, it's been reported, has undergone a sex-change operation and is now living as a woman named Dee. "It's not just wimps who want to do this," claimed the 66-year-old, newly vaginated ivory tickler, adding, "I want to be judged on my musical ability alone, and nothing else." Pictured at right: Tull frontman Ian Anderson, possibly reacting to Palmer's news.

In other has-beens-gone-wild news, former Judas Priest drummer Dave Holland was sentenced to eight years in prison on February 13 for attempted rape and five counts of indecent assault. Holland was found guilty of trying to rape a 17-year-old boy, whom he'd been giving drum lessons to, in a series of attacks at the drummer's home from June to December of 2002. Diddlin' Dave slapped skins for the British heavy-metal group from 1979 to 1989, playing on such tracks as "Breaking the Law" and 1988's *Ram It Down* album.

Canadian, *uh*, rocker Bryan Adams recently performed at the Ceylonese Rugby and Football Club in Colombo, Sri Lanka, to promote Sri Lanka's peace efforts. Mr. Summer of '69 noted during the concert that he felt like he was "performing in someone's backyard." Given the hit-free status of Adams's career during the past 15 years or so, he should get used to that feeling.

REVIEWS

Division of Laura Lee
Das Not Compute
(Burning Heart/Epitaph)

The latest album by Swedish bizarro-punks Division of Laura Lee is a lot like that night you bet your drinking buddies that you could eat a beer glass: fuzzy, chaotic and full of jagged edges. Opening salvo "Does Compute" rattles brainpans with a frenetic pace and barbed hooks, while "We Are Numbers" pulses dramatically with keyboard burbles and serrated guitar riffs à la Fugazi. The tempo drops a bit for the New Wave-ish "Endless Factories" but picks back up on "Dirty Love," a garage-rock stomper that skitters and jerks as frantically and entertainingly as an electrocuted chimp. Despite its title, *Compute* adds up quite well.

The Vines
Winning Days
(Capitol)

Aussie rock-revival posterboys the Vines prove their freshman effort was no fluke with *Winning Days*. With a somewhat brighter mood than the gritty debut *Highly Evolved* (which spawned the modern-rock hit "Get Free"), *Winning Days* vacillates between sonically charged rock and revisionist psychedelia. Craig Nicholls's snotty vocals drip with attitude on "Animal Machine" and "Ride," while he gets downright soulful on the melodic, Stereophonicsesque "Sunchild." The final, anthemic cut, "Fuck the World," is a fine summation of The Vines's devil-may-care approach to their craft.

Modest Mouse
Good News for People Who Love Bad News
(Epic)

With song titles such as "Dig Your Grave" and "Satin in a Coffin," you'd think that Modest Mouse's second Epic release would be their most depressing album to date. To the contrary, the band's usual melancholic overtones are discarded for a more maniacal, upbeat and trippy offering. Isaac Brock's vocals remain whimsical and cynical, yet the earnestness of the melodies evoke a certain twisted optimism. The Mouse also enlists the help of the Dirty Dozen Brass Band on "The Devil's Work Day," a mournful nod to Tom Waits. At points reminiscent of *Surfer Rosa*-era Pixies ("Bury Me With It") and Mercury Rev, *Good News For People Who Love Bad News* is an eclectic and paradoxical gem.

David J
Mess Up
(Heyday Records)

The clear highlight of this EP by former Bauhaus/Love and Rockets bassist David J is "Jeanna Fine," a paean to HUSTLER's very own sex-advice columnist. Over a mellow, pedal steel-driven backdrop, the goth forefather intones such couplets as, "freeze-framed and fair/DNA in her hair." Gives new meaning to the term *pop song*.

GRATUITOUS COOZE

Give a hearty *hola* to Jessica Castellanos, one quarter of bilingual Latina pop sensation Soluna. Having broken through the music business with the singles "For All Time" and "Bring It to Me," Jessica and crew may be moving on to television. Rumor has it that the UPN network will make good on longstanding plans to produce a sitcom starring the foursome later this year. We can't wait for the very special *bukkake* episode.

Rock 'n' Roll Spotlight

TEXAS TERRI BOMB!

Underground punk queen Texas Terri's onstage apparel is pure Wendy O. Williams: black electrical tape strategically placed to spell TxT across her chest. Topless but taped up, Terri fronts like a female Iggy Pop while her band churns out protopunk, Stoogeslike riffs. Though she regularly finds herself in various stages of undress, nudity is incidental to Terri's in-your-face, raucous punk rock. "It's not like, 'Come to my show; I take my shirt off.' That would be stupid," the singer theorizes. "That's a perk, not a selling point. I don't need that to draw people in."

Texas Terri Bomb! (formerly Texas Terri and the Stiff Ones), the clothing-averse frontwoman's group, has been rocking the underground since the late '80s, when she moved from her hometown of Austin, Texas, to Hollywood, California. Their most recent release, *Your Lips, My Ass* follows 2001's *Eat Shit + 1* (there seems to be a scat theme evolving here). Terri is currently finishing yet another record, which boasts guest-star collaborators that include some of her musical heroes, such as Wayne Kramer (MC5) and Cherie Currie (the Runaways).

While she may be most at home performing in front of a packed, frenzied crowd, Terri has recently found her way onto several film soundtracks. She and her band even perform onscreen in the Gina Gershon rock-chick flick, *Prey for Rock and Roll*. "The sad part is that it could have been about me—the struggles this girl had with her band. Nobody will help you, and then you get big. All of a sudden, everybody is there. And you can get very bitter, but you just have to keep yourself up, because rock 'n' roll is in your veins."

SUPAGROUP

"Hello, everybody. We're Supagroup from New Orleans, and we're gonna kick your ass." That's guitarist Chris Lee talkin' trash on Supagroup's single, "What's Your Problem?" off their new self-titled album. Actually, neither Chris, nor his brother Benji (guitar), Leif Swift (bass) and Michael Brueggen (drums) are New Orleans natives, having moved there from as far away as Anchorage, Alaska.

Far-flung origins aside, Lee and company *are* determined to noisily put a boot up the listener's bum crack. Like their antipodean peers Jet, Supagroup espouses the revved-up, riff-heavy rock that AC/DC first made famous. Echoes of the MC5, the Rolling Stones and the Dictators, as well as latter-day influences, firmly root the band in the longstanding tradition of hell-raising, hedonistic rock. "Our songs are about having fun, and they are fun," Chris says. Sometimes, they even poke fun. On "One Better," Chris jabs at the spate of whiny nü-metal bands currently jamming the airwaves: "Explain to me why I should give a damn/Why your daddy made you cry."

Besides being a denizen of the New Orleans rock scene, Chris is co-owner of The Saint, a boozery in the Big Easy's Garden District. Between tours, band members—who came together and released their debut, *Rock & Roll Tried to Ruin My Life*, in 2001—often find themselves slinging drinks behind the bar. "What are rock 'n' rollers other than whores for booze and attention?" asks Chris. How does he feel about coming to the attention of HUSTLER? "I'm always looking to be placed between breasts and vaginas."

Ginger Jolie
Playing Around

Photography by Fresh Media

Born in Houston, Ginger attended the University of Texas in Austin, where she studied to be a doctor but dropped out after two years of premed. "It wasn't something I wanted to do," she confides. "My parents kinda pushed me to do it." While living in Austin, the sexy cowpoke posed for a Web site; an agent spotted her pics and encouraged her to move to Los Angeles.

Even though she looks like a natural behind a drum set, for Ginger, posing with the traps brought back memories of a few ill-fated drum lessons she once took. "The guy that was teaching me started liking me, and it drove me nuts; so I quit."

When asked about her furry '70s-like bush, the Capricorn says, "Normally, I have *more* hair than that. For my Web site, GingerJolie.com, I ended up cutting it down to a little strip because I was in this bikini. I was planning to grow it back for this shoot, but it didn't grow back as much as I wanted." We have no complaints. That pussy looks *purrr*fect to those of us who appreciate shrubbery.

Beat on this!
xxxooo,
Ginger

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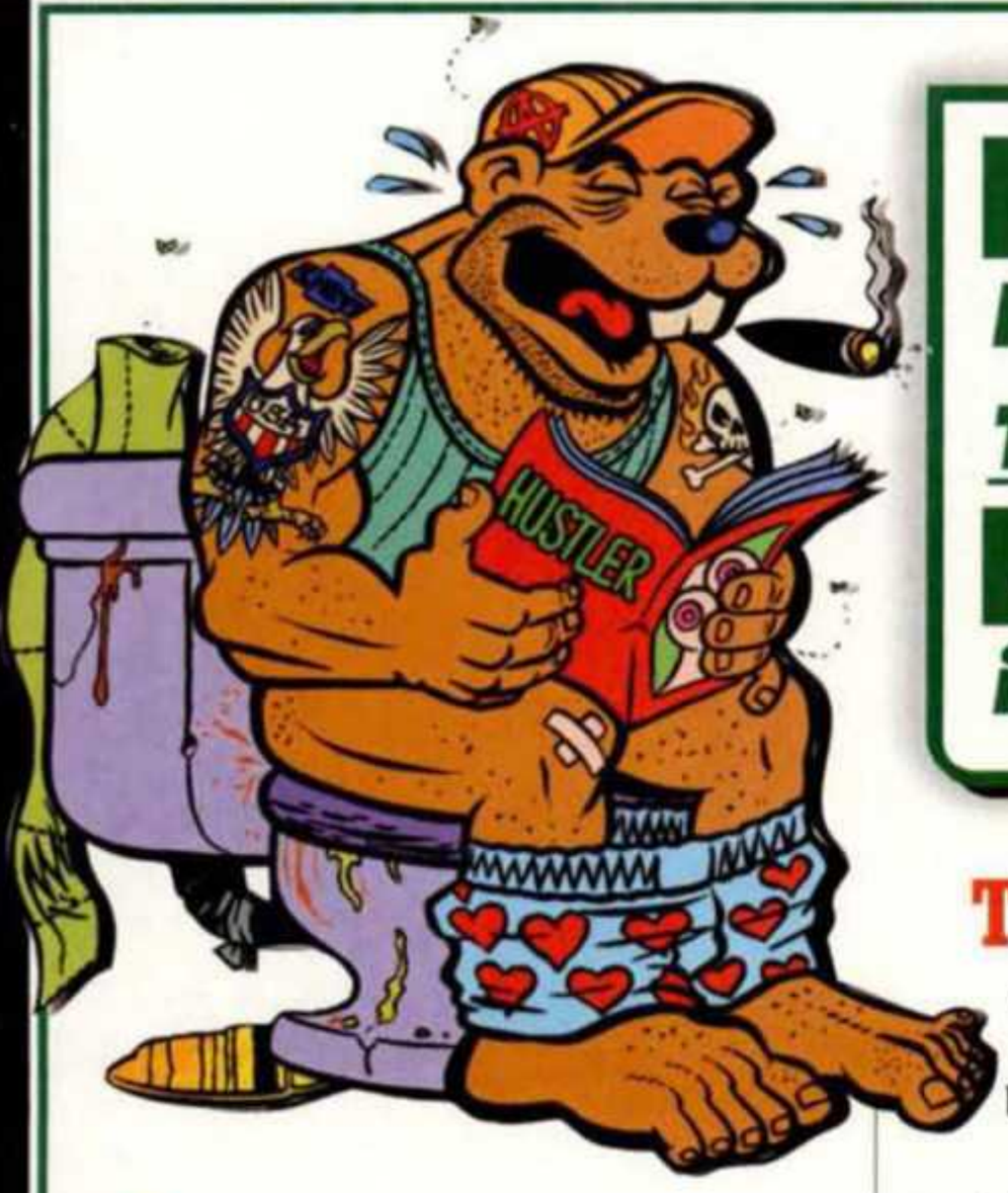


Question: Why did Richard Nixon have to see Deep Throat three times?

Answer: He wanted to get it down Pat.

A young couple with a box of rubbers proceeded to do the wild thing.

When they finished, the woman discovered there were only six condoms remaining in the box of twelve.

"What happened to the other five condoms?" she asked.

"*Er,* I masturbated with them," the man replied nervously.

Later, the woman approached a platonic male friend, told him the story, then asked, "Have you ever done that?"

"Yeah, once or twice," he told her.

"You mean you've actually masturbated with a condom before?" she asked.

"Oh," he said. "I thought you were asking if I'd ever lied to my girlfriend."

Question: Did you hear about the new HUSTLER restaurant where they print your receipt on a condom?

Answer: It's so you can wine and dine your date, then stick her with the bill.

"That was the dullest party I ever went to," the blonde complained. "I was bored silly."

"So why didn't you leave?" her friend asked.

"I would have," the blonde replied, "but I couldn't find my panties."

Tom strolled up to a foxy blonde and asked, "Hey, honey, why don't we go to my pad and ball?"

The babe replied, "How dare you! Had I known you'd make such an indecent proposal, I'd have brought my K-Y Jelly."

Disco Dave asked his friend, "Why so glum, Joe?"

Joe replied, "In the middle of the sexual revolution, I keep winding up with conscientious objectors."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *PMS* as: mad cow disease.

Unable to cope with his new wife's women's lib tendencies, the young man asked his father how he had dealt with similar problems.

"Well, son," the dad replied, "whenever your mother began to act up, I'd take down her panties and spank her."

"I tried that too," the son lamented, "but by the time I get her pants down, I'm not mad at her anymore."

A newly married couple walked into a hotel lobby and asked for the honeymoon suite.

"Do you have reservations?" the desk clerk inquired.

"Only one," the groom replied. "She won't take it in the ass."

A man screeched his car into his driveway, ran into his house, slammed the door and shouted at the top of his lungs, "Honey, pack your bags! I just won the lottery!"

"Omigod! No shit?" the wife exclaimed. "Wow! What do you think I should pack, beach stuff or mountain stuff?"

The husband yelled back, "It doesn't matter—just get the fuck out!"

A man walked into a music store to buy *Led Zeppelin IV* on vinyl. But as he approached the register, he discovered that he forgot his wallet.

Instead of running back home to retrieve it, he decided to steal the album by shoving it down the front of his bell-bottoms and covering it with his poofy, fringed shirt.

The cashier spotted him on the way out and yelled, "Hey! Is that a record in your pants?"

The man replied coolly, "Well, I don't know if it's a record, but I haven't heard any complaints."

Walking into the bar, Mike said to the bartender, "Pour me a stiff one, Henry. I just had another fight with the little woman."

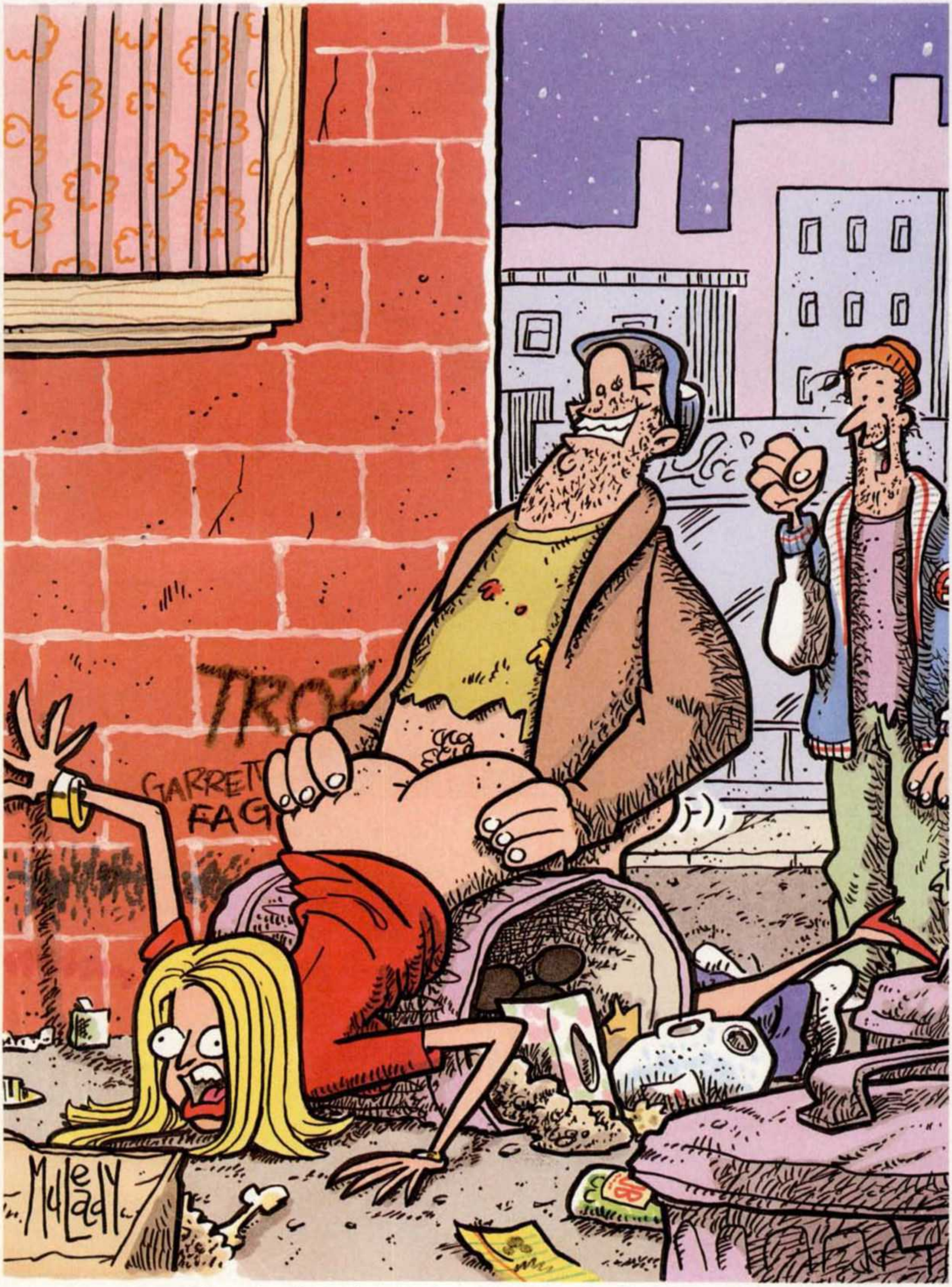
"Oh, yeah?" Henry inquired. "And how did this one end?"

"It was wild," Mike replied, "but when it was over, she came to me on her hands and knees."

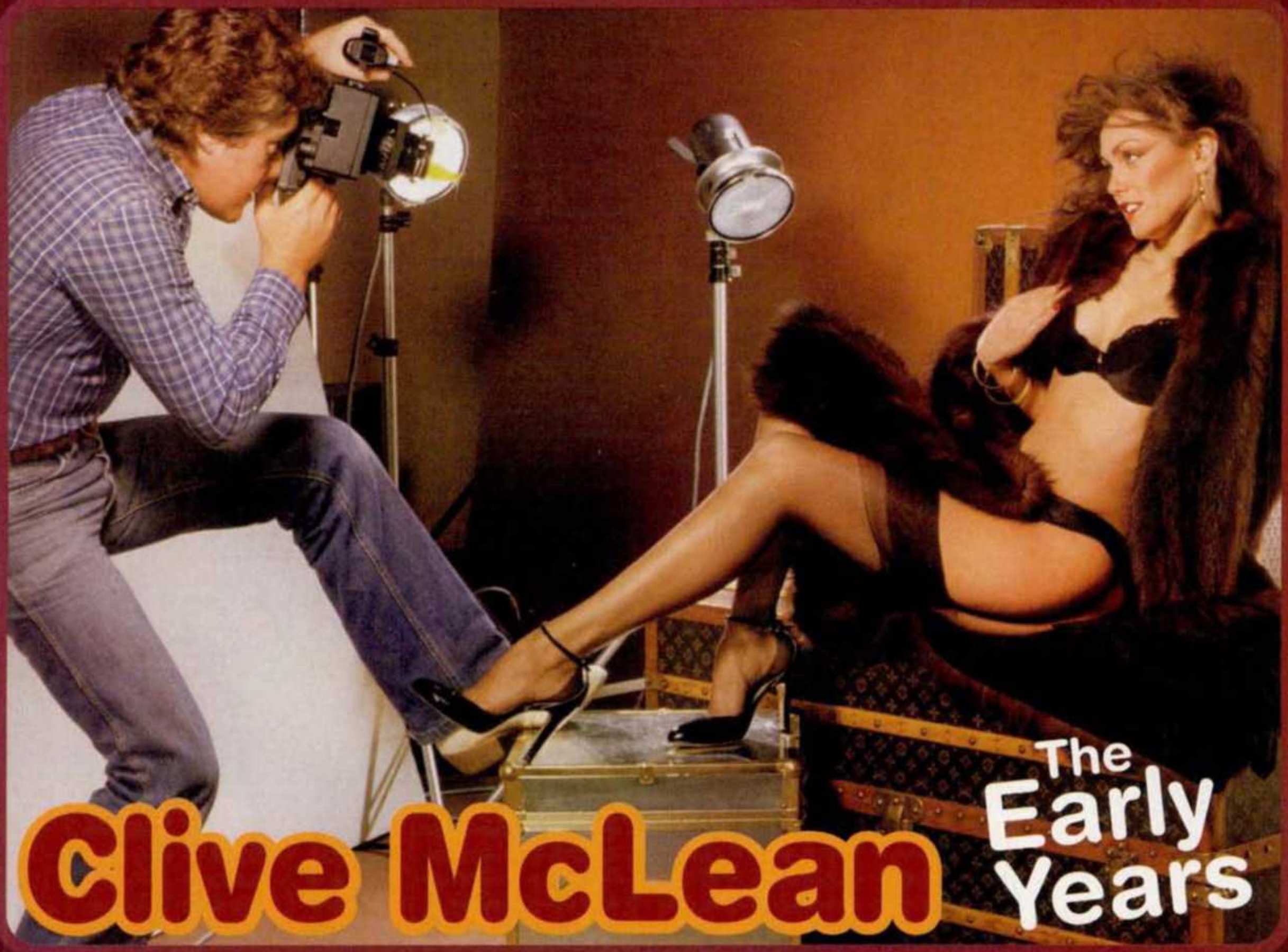
"Now that's a switch," Henry remarked. "What did she say?"

Henry answered, "She said, 'Come out from under that bed, you little chickenshit!'"

Got a gag? *HUSTLER Humor* pays big bucks for every one we choke on. Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail jokes to hustler@lfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for $50.
Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"Wow, you're poking Ann Coulter! God says she's yours! Take her! Rape her! She's yours!"



Clive McLean The Early Years

HUSTLER's Senior Photographer remembers the magazine's nascent days of sun, fun and cum.

Profile by Alaina Fiorante

In the spring of 1976, then-32-year-old British photographer Clive McLean flew to America to meet Larry Flynt, the man he has worked closely with for the 28 years since. Flynt had encountered Clive's work in other men's publications, and even purchased photos from the London-based freelancer, but HUSTLER's head honcho wanted Clive to work for him on a full-time basis.

At first Clive was apprehensive about working for HUSTLER; he felt that the magazine's early layouts were too soft-focused. Fortunately, Clive's longtime friend, Frenchman James Baes, also a photographer shooting for Flynt, convinced him to meet with the millionaire porn publisher.

When Clive met the flamboyant Flynt family—Larry, his then-wife Althea and brother Jimmy—along with their entourage of bodyguards, the intrepid lensman's reluctance tugged at him once more. Clive recalls that his prospective employers were "an odd-looking bunch," clad in tight bell-bottom pants and fitted polyester button-down shirts complete with butterfly collars. "[They looked] leftover from the late '60s," jokes Clive. He was, however, pleasantly surprised to find himself in sync with Larry, personally and professionally.

Armed with skills from a successful career snapping photos of bands such as Led Zeppelin and the Rolling Stones, as well as glamour nudity for the likes of *Penthouse* and *Club International*, McLean would soon help revolutionize the look of skin magazines. The lensman's images for HUSTLER were in ultra-sharp focus, and featured close-up shots of the models' bodies radiantly showcased in warm, natural light. McLean's work immediately eclipsed the layouts of the competing magazines, which soon attempted to imitate the look he'd established.

Brimming with recent success, Flynt rented a ten-bedroom Spanish-style mansion that stood prominently on Ocean Boulevard in opulent Palm Beach, Florida. For the next few years, the swank abode housed Flynt's two imported lensmen, McLean and Baes. Models were either flown in from Europe or plucked from the HUSTLER Club in Ohio to stay at the manse for weeklong sessions of tanning, wining, dining and fucking. "Girls would come down several days in advance, lay around and relax. Larry and Althea would come down every other weekend—some business, some debauchery," Clive says.

McLean, Baes and the girls would lounge around the mansion's two Olympic-size swimming pools (one salt-water, one fresh-water) until the girls lost their tan lines in preparation for the photo-shoot. Clive explains that models photograph best when bronzed and wet, and in Florida, "The light was right, and the conditions were perfect."

Larry was extremely pleased with Clive's results: stunning erotic pictorials, which endowed HUSTLER with its signature

style. "Clive had a better way with the models," Flynt recalls. "They liked him very well, and he worked amazingly easy with them."

In addition to Clive sharing Larry's vision for the magazine, the two pornographers even shared the same girl, an attractive female talent agent named Sparky. "I went to visit Sparky in Atlanta. I ended up fucking her. She could sit on a desk with her legs behind her head—you could just fuck her in the ass and rock her backward and forward," Clive says. After the extraordinary thrill of that experience, Clive recommended Sparky to Larry, insisting he should give her a go.

Days later, the pliable Sparky came down to Palm Beach for a visit, this time with Flynt. When Larry emerged from his suite inside the coastal mansion, Clive asked how he enjoyed fucking her in the rear. "Goddammit! I forgot about that!" Larry groaned.

Clive went to great lengths to fulfill his boss's vision for the magazine. "Larry had a particular concept. We would match it—do it. We gave it the look that Larry was looking for: healthy faces, lavish, all natural, lit outdoors. It was all about great-looking girls participating in sexual acts." Clive remembers seeing a glow in Flynt's eyes when he looked at the photographer's first layout for HUSTLER. The two men were dining at the swank Beverly Hills Hotel. Larry chuckled as he held the centerfold up to the wall. "He was so proud that the pussy lips matched the pink of the wall color," Clive recalls fondly.

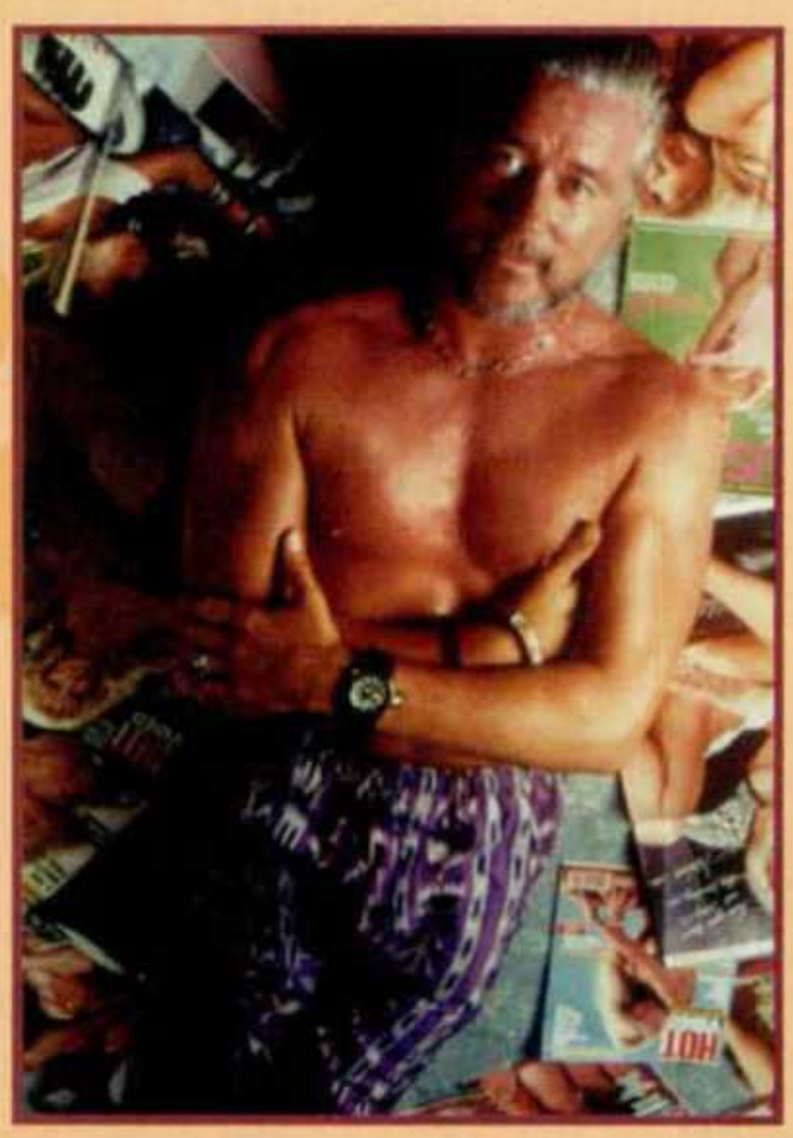
During the past few decades of HUSTLER's reign, Clive has also contributed to the evolving pornography industry by working in other mediums. McLean currently directs the award-winning video series *Barely Legal* with the help of his wife and coproducer, Erica McLean.

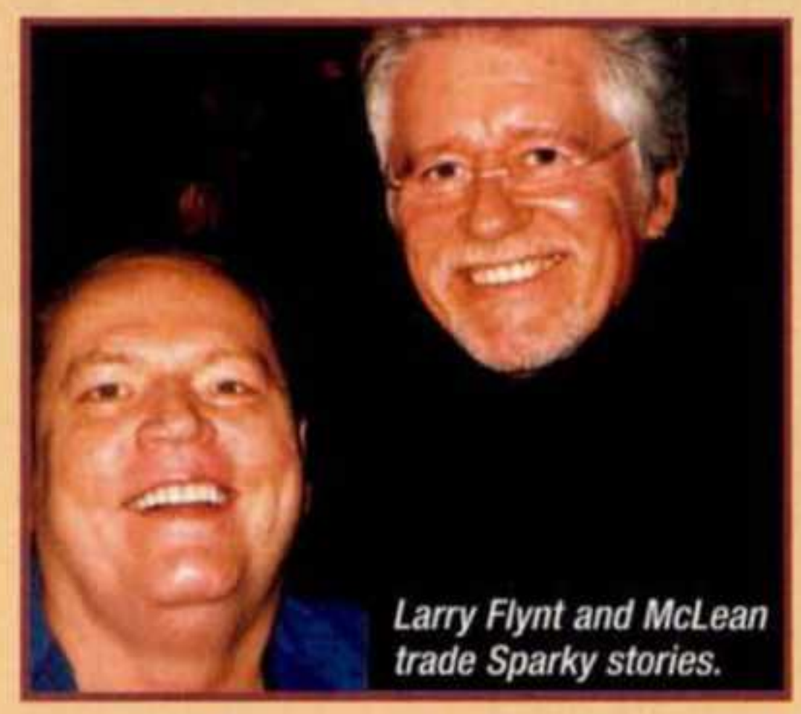
"Working side-by-side with my wife is great," says Clive gratefully, "and it's wonderful to have a partner who is as enthusiastic about the work as I am."

The husband-and-wife team makes sure to hire the freshest, cutest, most natural-looking talent for their popular young-girl series. Clive says it's much easier to find performers today than it was in the 1970s. "Now, we have a bigger talent pool. Some really want to be recognized. They want to fuck—and get paid. And now they go the extra mile, do the peeing, do the anal, do the boy/girl stuff. [In the '70s] it was tough to get girls to do boy/girl. Now it's like, 'Who do I suck?'"

* * *

Alaina Fiorante is a former music reviewer for NoHo>LA magazine and is currently the editor of HUSTLERPornGossip.com, HUSTLERNews.com and LarryFlynt.com.





Larry Flynt and McLean trade Sparky stories.

A young Clive literally up to his ears in pussy.

"I know it's her break and all, but does she have to unplug the coffeemaker?"

Beaver Hunt #1 Nikki

New London, Connecticut, is home to Nikki, who loves "horseback riding, swimming and fishing." The 23-year-old longs to "be sprawled across a guy's desk while he passionately makes love to me."

—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt #2 Alexandra

Alexandra is a 25-year-old homemaker from Lansing, Michigan. The leggy lass boasts that her main hobby is "sucking dick." Alexandra often fantasizes about "making love to three girls at once wearing pantyhose and stockings."

—Photo by Husband

Beaver Hunt #3 Tandi

An enthusiastic waitress from Virginia Beach, Virginia, Tandi, 38, is a devotee of fitness and weight training. When she's not pumping iron at the gym, Tandi fantasizes about "having sex with two men while my husband watches or joins in."

—Photo by Husband

Eugene, Oregon's own Kitty loves "snowboarding, watching movies, hanging out and cuddling up to my guy" when she's not spreading her butt cheeks for your perusal. The 20-year-old vixen fantasizes about "being tied down, gagged and taken by three hot guys."

—Photo by Boyfriend

Gentlemen, feast your eyes on Lauren from Columbus, Ohio. The 20-year-old comely contortionist admits to being an aspiring porn star/model, and her hobbies include "motorcycles and dancing." Lauren's lingering sexual fantasy is to "have sex in a public place with the chance of getting caught."

—Photo by Friend

AMATEUR PHOTO/VIDEO CONTESTS

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Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nudist over 18 years of age? The 2004 *Beaver Hunt* Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a few clear, color pictures, and mail them to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every lady whose picture we print gets $350 and a chance at the 2004 Grand Prize—a photo-feature worth $5,000. Grand Prize Finalists win $1,500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is $500, and the Finalists' photographers win $250. All photographers of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* receive a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below, and include copies of two forms of ID. Your photo, date of birth and signature must appear on the IDs (not necessarily all on the same one). All photos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc.

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To enter HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt* or HUSTLER *Video Beaver Hunt*, you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. One ID must include your date of birth, and one must include your signature. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win $350 if we publish your photo, or $500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth $5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's name

Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name

Name to be published

Date of birth **Phone** (include area code)

Model's Social Security number

Address

City **State** **Zip**

Personal e-mail address **Occupation**

Hobbies

Sexual fantasies (include separate sheet if necessary)

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model) **Date** (month/date/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $350 for photographs or $500 for a video, I grant to L.F.P., Inc. all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself (the "Images"). Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to L.F.P., Inc., and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as L.F.P., Inc. may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs and/or video footage were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WIN $350

Big-breasted Angel, a 28-year-old retail clerk from Beckley, West Virginia, digs photography, travel, reading, exercising and shopping. Her carnal goal is "to be involved in a photo-shoot joined by Jenna Jameson."

—Photo by Friend

A realtor from Manchester, New Hampshire, Cakie Face, 39, is a big fan of "playing golf, tennis and having sex." The Granite State babe lists her fantasy as "being held captive by pirates and being tied up while making love on the open sea."

—Photo by Husband

Water sports, partying and having lots of sex are just a few of 20-year-old Deccie's favorite activities. The Anderson, Indiana, native gets her juices flowing thinking about "a man with no particular face (but a nice body) coming into my room and raping me."

—Photo by Sister

Beaver Hunt

#9 Angel

St. Joseph, Michigan, is home to 20-year-old Angel. Her favorite pastimes include "going out dancing, watching dirty movies and playing with myself." The alabaster-skinned gal's carnal ambition is "to have a D.P. and give a blowjob at the same time" courtesy of three strange, large cocks.

—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt

#10 Kim

A 39-year-old cashier and mother of four from Washington, Indiana, Kim spends her presumably rare free time "baking and having wild sex with my husband." The bespectacled babe desires "a night away from the kids with a wild threesome that lasts all night long."

—Photo by Husband

Beaver Hunt

#11 Gabriella

This rear view is provided by Gabriella, 29, from Miami Beach, Florida. A dancer/stripper by trade, Gabriella's off-stage activities include "kickboxing, traveling, sunbathing and partying." Her carnal craving consists of "having sex with two guys at the same time."

—Photo by Friend

JOHNNIE KEYES

The Black Man From *Behind the Green Door*

The ebony woodsman who fucked Marilyn Chambers's brains out tells how a kid born in Africa grew up to live an X-rated American Dream.

Memoir by Johnnie Keyes

Try to recall the first time you ever saw a black man get it on with a white woman, an African of magnificence presenting a lily-white chick with the High Hard One until she ascends to I've-just-been-fucked heaven.

If you're an American between the ages of 20 and 60, I'll bet you can nail down that moment. You can recall the flickering light in a porn theater or the grainy color of a video. A thin, well-hung, extremely black stud comes from behind a green door to descend upon a very pretty, very collegiate, very Caucasian 19-year-old.

A black man and a white woman. It's the type of thing that stays in your mind.

I know, because I am that black man.

My name is Johnnie Keyes, and all of my life—ever since I fucked Marilyn Chambers in the groundbreaking 1972 porn flick *Behind the Green Door*—people have been coming up to me and saying how that image changed them. Black men tell me, "Hey, I got a lot of pussy behind you, brother." White women come up to me and whisper other things.

I was born in a province called Oujiji, in East Africa, in the country of Tanzania. How I came out of Africa to walk from behind the green door is a story that tells a lot about sex, race and America; but mostly it's just a rollicking good tale.

My old man was an English-educated piano player named John Keyes. People always assumed Keyes was a stage name, but that has been our family name since colonial times. My mother died when I was four, and in 1944 my dad took me to Queens, New York, to pursue his jazz career.

Fittingly, it was because of music that I tore off my first piece of ass. When I was eight years old, I was devirginized by my 13-year-old baby-sitter. She liked me because I was the best singer in school.

All through my teen years, I had a casual approach to sex. Unfortunately, my old man used to leave me in Cleveland with my grandmother, who sent me to Catholic school. There's nothing in the world like Catholic school to warp a young boy's sexuality.

The nuns repeatedly rapped my knuckles, mostly over sex. Once, I handed around a tattered, three-page mimeograph, reproduced so many times that the print was barely there. At the top of the first page were the words *Behind the Green Door*. The story itself was a sexy tale of a young girl swept into what amounted to white slavery.

I didn't know it at the time, but that tattered mimeograph was an underground classic. Little did I know that my name would become forever linked to it.

People always ask me about the first time I fucked a white woman. I tell them, back when I was a kid, we didn't fantasize about breaking off a white piece or a yellow piece. We fucked anything, even mud. The first white girl I screwed, I thought I was going to marry. I worked for her father, an Italian grocer in the neighborhood.

When her family found out about our relationship, I wasn't John the Stock Boy anymore; I was that motherfucking *moulinyan*, which is Italian for eggplant. It's their way of calling us nigger—comparing our skin to purple eggplants.

In the '50s, Cleveland was buzzing with music. I sang professionally in a group called the Silhouettes, who made the original version of "Get a Job," a big hit on the R&B charts. We went all the way to *American Bandstand* with it, and in those days, *American Bandstand* was hot. There were a whole lot of chicks lined up around the theater in downtown Philadelphia where they taped the show.

"Are you a dancer?" a girl asked me when I came out for a cigarette. She was a little sluttier-looking than the rest of the girls, wearing capris where the others had on dresses, and she had large tits for her age.

"No, I'm not a dancer," I told her, and she immediately lost interest.

But then I said, "I'm with a band that's playing in there." She turned back fast and replied, "Then I'll suck your dick." It took me by surprise, but I got over it. An erection is a terrible thing to waste.

Even though we had a number-one hit on the R&B charts, the Silhouettes never made any money. I was 17, broke and restless, and I made the same

mistake many people do when they're in that situation: I joined the Army.

The Seventh Army sent me all over the world. The best thing it did for me was get me out of the parochial mind-frame of an African-American who has stayed in the States almost his entire life. I've seen so many good people worn down by the constant background static of racism in America until there's no choice but to become bitter.

I was one of the lucky ones. I got out. All over the world, I found the same thing: Women were crazy for Africans. European girls would do anything to get you off. They'd suck your nuts for hours, or eat out your asshole like they were sitting down to a seven-course meal.

When I finally mustered out, I wanted to go where the bullshit was kept at a minimum; so I wound up in Hawaii, playing in small rhythm-and-blues bands. The tourist trade ensured that there was always plenty of fresh pussy in the audience.

During the '60s, my singing introduced me to a lot of people at the cutting edge. Jimi Hendrix turned me on to acid, a three-day trip we spent in Hawaii. I took him through a bamboo forest I knew about. I was with Hendrix when he wrote "May This Be Love." We were with a few girls, and everyone was swimming nude. It was beautiful. Oddly, the situation wasn't about fucking; I had been opened up to metaphysical possibilities.

When I did come back to my cottage, I had sex with a cute little brown-haired girl. It seemed as if my entire body was inside hers—in her fingertips, her toenails, even the strands of her hair.

I didn't know it at the time, but I was putting together the building blocks of a life that would place me at a crucial intersection with Marilyn Chambers and the Mitchell Brothers. The open-minded mentality I picked up in the '60s was just one element. I put another brick into place when I auditioned for a road company of the musical *Hair*.

This was San Francisco in the early '70s; so there was a huge talent pool of rootless, unemployed, hippie-style "actors" for the producers to choose from.

I got up and sang "Knock on Wood" by Eddie Floyd. When I came offstage, the director came over to me and said, "I know I'm going to want you to come back." To me, acting was just a job. I didn't realize where it was taking me.

Where it took me, on one of those overcast San Francisco days in early 1971, was a theater called the O'Farrell. I answered a newspaper ad for a film audition. These two crazy-looking Irish guys were turning away people in droves.

When I got up to them, they asked me if I had any experience. I told them about doing *Hair* for two years. They looked at each other, looked at me, and told me to come upstairs.

That was my introduction to the world of Jim and Artie Mitchell. That world came to tragedy when Jim killed Artie in 1991, but back then, it was a sex-drug-and-rock-'n'-roll wonderland. It was so supercharged that it couldn't last forever.

In their upstairs office, Jim grabbed me a beer, then took me across the room to where a girl was sitting. I thought she was a secretary who was going to take down my employment information.

"This is Marilyn Chambers," Jim Mitchell told me. "Get to know each other. Johnnie, take her out, show her a good time. You guys are going to be fucking on-screen next Tuesday."

It was a strange introduction, and we were both a little embarrassed. Marilyn was beautiful, very young, fresh and bubbly. She was 19 years old at that time, and I was her first black man. We had three days before the shoot, and we spent most of that time together.

Marilyn had the physical makings of a sexual athlete. She didn't have an ounce of flab on her. Her tits were not large, but they were responsive as hell; her nipples would get hard in a stiff wind. Even so, any woman who has been on this earth only 19 years doesn't have all her sexual chops yet. I told Marilyn during those days we spent together that we would really have to get into each other so the cameras could catch the relationship.

Even though Marilyn and I had rubbed ourselves raw preparing, on the day of the shoot I woke up extremely nervous. This was my first X-rated film. I didn't know if I could come on cue.

I didn't have to worry. What I should have realized was that my whole life up to that point had been building to that moment. My sexual experience at a young age gave me the moves. Everything—the '60s, *Hair*, being onstage all my life—swirled together and came to a rocking climax at the O'Farrell during the *Behind the Green Door* shoot.

That first day, I made love to Marilyn for an hour and 43 minutes without stopping. We had a cosmic connection. Our bodies were in sync, but it was the eye-to-eye coordination that made it happen. We forgot the cameras were there.

There were about 50 people—techies, spectators and Mitchell Brothers hangers-on—watching us have sex. It wasn't in the script, but the other actors became so aroused by the magic happening between Marilyn and me that they started to get it on themselves. In the middle of the orgy, Jim Mitchell was running around like a madman, capturing it all on camera.

When Marilyn reached her final climax, she fainted. Still inside her, I said to Jim, "She's passed out."

Jim said, "Just get up, disconnect yourself from her, and walk back through the green door." So that's what I did. When Marilyn came around, she asked, "What happened?"

"We just didn't make love, baby," I told her. "We made history." I said it as a joke, but I didn't know how right I was. For that one moment, my life came together and everything was right. When I went down on Marilyn Chambers, I went down in history.

* * *

Johnnie Keyes starred in Behind the Green Door, Resurrection of Eve, Inside Marilyn Chambers, Sodom and Gomorrah, the Swedish Erotica series and Heavenly Desire. Keyes recently toured seven countries, singing jazz and blues. In January 2004, he was inducted into AVN's Adult Video Hall of Fame.

Cynthia, Demi and Herschel

IN DEEP

Photography by Clive McLean

Eager to work in front of the camera, Cynthia and Demi agreed to help Herschel with his college film project. When they arrived on the set, the girls were shocked when the amateur director informed them that he was re-creating the '70s porn classic *Deep Throat*.

After listening to his sob story about possibly failing film school, the horny babes gave in and reenacted two sex scenes from the smut film with Herschel.

When the girls finished fucking and sucking the wily filmmaker, he confessed that he had dropped out of school three decades ago. "You mean we screwed you for no reason?" Cynthia whined. "Of course not," Herschel reassured her. "This movie is going to rake in a ton of money on my Web site."

Cynthia gets naughty in CAMPUS CONFESSIONS #8 and PORN TALENT SCOUT #1, while Demi drops her panties in HUSTLER'S REAL COLLEGE GIRLS #9 on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.HUSTLERHollywood.com to order.

JENNA TALES

ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE WITH JENNA JAMESON

What's up, guys? My schedule has let up quite a bit since the last column. I'm even planning on taking a well-deserved vacation in the next couple of weeks, but I can't decide whether to go to Cancun, Hawaii or Spain. I think I'm going to end up choosing Cancun, because I *love* margaritas.

The 2003 AVN Awards show at the Venetian Hotel in Las Vegas was amazing. The ceremony seems to get better each year, and the musical guests always surprise me. This year, Lil Jon performed! I really dig hip-hop, so you know I was out on the dance floor shakin' my ass off. In between dancing, I got to party and mingle with industry people whom I rarely have time to see when I'm not working. I was thrilled to run into my old friend Larry Flynt. When I'm in Los Angeles I always make time to head over to HUSTLER headquarters to grab lunch with the king of smut. Anyway, I was so excited to share an award for Best All-Girl Sex Scene (video) with Autumn and Nikita Denise for *I Dream of Jenna*. We had such a delicious time making that one! Also, my girl Belladonna won awards for Best Tease Performance, Best Oral Sex Scene and Best All-Girl Sex Scene (film) for her work in *The Fashionistas*. I can certainly testify that the girl just oozes sex.

Speaking of Miss Belladonna, the film we did together, *Bella Loves Jenna*, is already breaking records. It is the most preordered feature in recent adult-film history. You guys should really check it out. Our scenes together are nothing short of mind-blowing. I've always enjoyed making my films, but never as much as I did making *Bella Loves Jenna*. Our sex was as hot and real as I've ever had with anyone, and I think the movie shows how into the scenes everyone was. There was very little acting going on; this is the real deal. That girl makes my pussy so wet!

If there's anything you would like to see in the next installment of my column, don't hesitate to write to me. I love getting mail from fans all over the world; it makes me feel so good inside! Just drop me a line at:

Jenna Tales
c/o HUSTLER Magazine
8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900
Beverly Hills, CA 90211

See you soon!

XoXo,
Jenna

EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

Edited by **Randy Haberek**

Taboo: *Kay knows that cleanliness is next to godliness.*

Taboo: *Miko and Dorothy engage in a game of Pass the Pecker.*

Taboo: *Kay creates a salami sandwich.*

Taboo: *Kay savors a sperm javelin.*

Taboo (1979)

Directed by Kirdy Stevens.
Starring Kay Parker, T. J. Carson, Miko Yani, Dorothy LeMay, Juliet Anderson, Tawny Pearl, Jesse Adams, Brooke West, Starr Woods, Sarah Harris, Holly McCall, Valerie Paulson, Turk Lyon, Don Fernando, Lee LeMay, Michael Morrison, Jeff Scott, Grant Lombard, Gary Eberhart, Jeremiah Jones and Mike Ranger.
DVD: VCX.

In this landmark cult classic, Kay Parker (who can actually act) portrays a housewife whose husband leaves her for his secretary, thereby forcing her and her son (Mike Ranger) to make ends meet on their own. In an effort to pick up the pieces of her shattered life, Parker takes a secretarial job. Once she decides to hit the dating circuit again, her disillusionment ultimately leads her down a path of lust and desire for her own son. After a swinger's party, standing over her son's bed, she is overcome by the carnal visions of the night. Following a brief hesitation, she gobbles her scion's cock, culminating in a highly charged and seductive fuck scene that leaves Parker wracked with guilt. *Taboo* is the first XXX film to cover the topic of incest in such a serious and passionate manner. This 25-year-old best-seller stands the test of time.

—Stewart Wallace

XXX Facts on File

Deep Throat Director Gerard Damiano

With a worldwide gross of $600 million, *Deep Throat* remains the most profitable porn movie of all time 32 years after its release, and for a while it was also ranked among the top 10 American film earners of all time. Not too shabby for a $22,000 skin flick that began as a joke about a woman whose clitoris was located in her throat.

The film catapulted director Gerard Damiano and its stars, Linda Lovelace and Harry Reems, into the spotlight. Despite the notoriety, Damiano's name is rarely mentioned when discussing this seminal porn work. To aid you in your late-night *Deep Throat* trivia debates, HUSTLER offers some of the finer moments from Gerard Damiano's life.

Born in 1929, Gerard has never collected an unemployment check.

Before hitting the big time in adult filmmaking, the future sleaze icon was a hairdresser who owned beauty salons and a wig store.

Damiano discovered the future Linda Lovelace on one of her 8mm loops.

Legend has it that when the inspiration for *Deep Throat* hit Damiano on his way to work one day, Lovelace and her husband/manager Chuck Traynor were waiting in his office upon his arrival. Gerard's partner was reluctant to use Lovelace, thinking a top-heavy blonde would be better suited for the role.

Following its 1972 release, millions of Americans went to theaters to see *Deep Throat*. Notable attendees included Frank Sinatra, Truman Capote, Warren Beatty, Spiro Agnew and journalist Bob Woodward, who later gave the nickname Deep Throat to his Watergate source.

After an eight-year run in a Hollywood theater, *Deep Throat* was swapped for a film titled *Exhausted*.

Gerard Damiano's one attempt at a mainstream movie came in 1973, but it stalled in the development stage. His next porn project after *Deep Throat* was another hit titled *The Devil in Miss Jones*, which talk-show host Larry King once ranked among his top three favorite films.

Following in daddy's footsteps, Gerard Damiano Jr. directed a porn flick in the early '90s poking fun at *The Today Show*. It was titled *The Crack of Dawn*.

The Devil in Miss Jones: *Georgina kno that two is always bette than one.*

Debbie Does Dallas: Good to the last drop.

Hot and Saucy Pizza Girls: *Désirée never made it past the teething stage.*

Hot and Saucy Pizza Girls: *In the old days, horny chicks like Laurien had to crank-start their vibrators.*

Debbie Does Dallas: *Bambi Woods takes a pounding off the field.*

Debbie Does Dallas: *Arcadia and Georgette share a summer sausage.*

The Devil in Miss Jones: *Sammy the Snake attempts to mount Georgina.*

Sex World: *Johnnie made some modifications to his high-school wrestling uniform.*

Sex World: *Sharon discovers that once you go black, you never go back.*

Sex World: *One cock short, Carole and Amber manage to make the best of it.*

Debbie Does Dallas (1979)

Directed by Jim Clark.
Starring Bambi Woods, Robyn Byrd, Arcadia Lake, Kasey Rodgers, Sherri Tart, Georgette Sanders, Merril Townsend, Christie Ford and Richard Balla.
DVD: VCX.

Though *Debbie*'s been endlessly spoofed (and remade) since 1979, this timeless tale of an enterprising high-school cheerleader turning tricks remains an all-time classic, thanks to Bambi Woods's star performance. Woods is perfect as blond, buoyant Debbie, the aspiring Dallas Cowgirl who gets her gal-pals on the squad to help her schtup for cash in their tiny Texas town. The premise is simplistic, but the sexy situations the girls find themselves in are steamy nonetheless. Either solo or in pairs, these opportunistic cunts fuck the football team, the local candlemaker and his wife (after she masturbates with a candlestick), a creepy old librarian (who spanks his slutty assistant to orgasm), a record-store manager and even Bambi's schlubby boss, who molests her while dressed as the gridiron god he never became. *Debbie* will make raincoaters wish they had made the team too.

—T. Lux

Hot and Saucy Pizza Girls (1978)

Directed by Damon Christian.
Starring Désirée Cousteau, Dominique, Candida Royalle, Laurien, Christian DeShaffer, John Holmes, Paul Thomas, Bob Chinn and John Seeman.
DVD: VCX.

In *Hot and Saucy Pizza Girls*, John Holmes operates Country Girl Pizza, an enterprise staffed by horny girls who deliver pies (as well as blowjobs) on skateboards to sex-starved customers. Veteran swordsman Paul Thomas runs a competing fried chicken establishment and enlists the assistance of the San Francisco Night Chicken (a six-foot rapist chicken) in his quest to drive Holmes out of business. Désirée Cousteau, with her Dorothy Hamillesque hairdo, enormous funbags and sumptuous ass, plays Ann Chovi, a Southern belle with a penchant for veined salami. Between deliveries, the legendary Holmes introduces his massive tube steak to his eager employees. Highlights include the violent pooper-plundering of busty whore Dominique at a time before a cock up the shit-pussy was considered common. All in all, despite its bizarre storyline, *Hot and Saucy Pizza Girls* is a little slice of heaven.

—S. W.

Sex World (1978)

Directed by Anthony Spinelli.
Starring Annette Haven, Sharon Thorpe, Leslie Bovee, Eileen Dover, Desiree West, Amber Hunt, Suzette Holland, Carole Tong, Kay Parker, Abigail Clayton, John Leslie, Jack Wright, Peter Johns, Kent Hall, Joey Silvera, Roberto Ramos, Jake Freeman and Johnnie Keyes.
DVD: VCX.

Showered with praise—not to mention loads of nut cream—by HUSTLER readers in our Erotic Movie Awards for 1978, *Sex World* is a little-known classic on par with the most notorious '70s jizz flicks. Snatching Best Film, Best Director and Best Actress honors for Sharon Thorpe, the scum-screen epic boasts a mammoth, all-star cast of the foxiest ladies in adult film indulging in their deepest, darkest fantasies. Petite brunette Sharon is a shy phone-sex freak who longs for the cunt-splitting dong of African stud Johnnie Keyes and takes it to the hilt. Gorgeous, dark-haired XXX legend Annette Haven sets fire to the screen as a lipstick lesbian who leaves her luscious blond lover for a Latin cocksmith. Rape fantasies, mommy fixations, interracial lust and threeways with dream babes are just some of the pervy scenarios wedged into the sprawling, king-sized kink of *Sex World*.

—Jimmy Papagiorgio

The Devil in Miss Jones (1972)

Directed by Gerard Damiano.
Starring Georgina Spelvin, Clair Lumiere, Sue Flaken, Harry Reems, Marc Stevens, John Clemens, Rick Livermore and Gerard Damiano.
DVD: VCX.

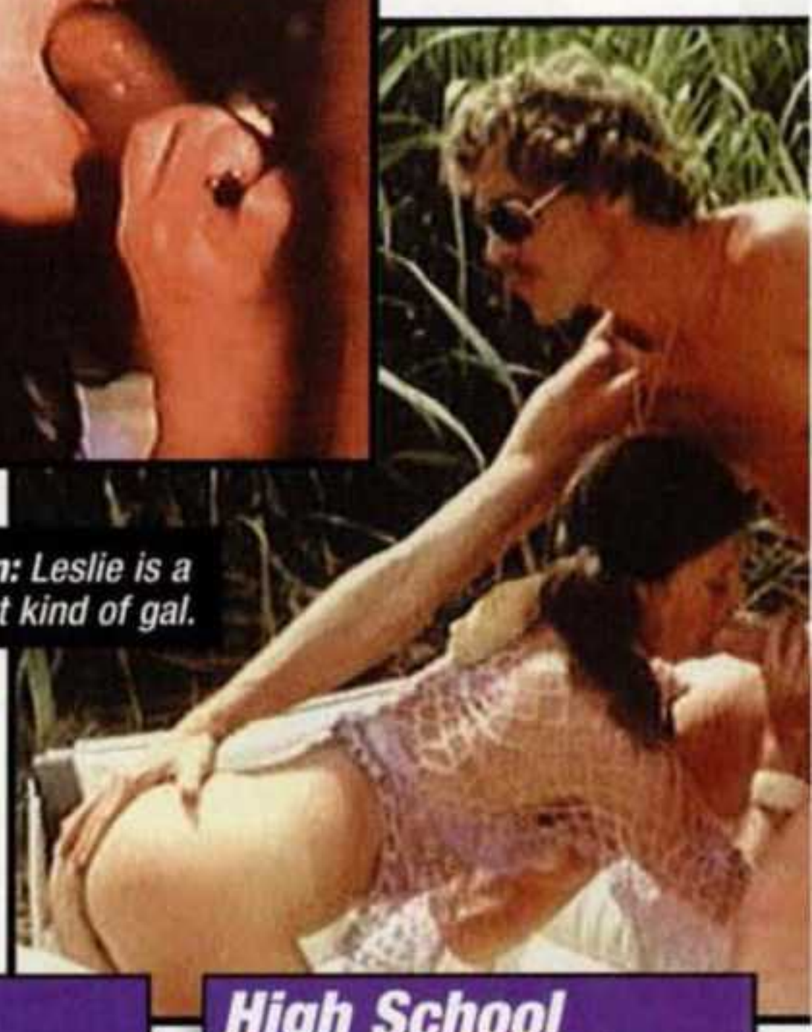
Hailed by HUSTLER back in the day as "one of the all-time erotic masterpieces," *The Devil in Miss Jones* still stands up 30 years later. Viewers' pricks will likewise be upright when they peep Georgina Spelvin unleashing her pent-up sexual desire. As a recently deceased and hell-bound virgin, Georgina is dead-set on getting her money's worth out of eternal damnation. Despite her hausfrau appearance, Spelvin cranks up the heat in hell with her insatiable lust. The *über*-slut worships cock and has an orgasmic meltdown the instant one breaches her furry muff. For a creepy, demonic vibe, Spelvin wraps a live snake around her nubile body and closes her lips around its slithering head in a spine-tingling phallic gesture. Each scene ups the ante, culminating in a big-bang finale of back-to-back threesomes that sends Spelvin to hell with an ass-pounding to savor for all eternity. *The Devil in Miss Jones* is cinematic sleaze for the ages.

—J. P.

Easy: *Georgina takes a time-out on Jesie's shag carpet.*

3 A.M.: *Another Kodak moment for Sharon.*

Eruption: *Susan takes a break between reps.*



Eruption: *Leslie is a backseat kind of gal.*

Eruption (1977)

Directed by Stanley Kurlin.
Starring Leslie Bovee, Susan Hart, Carrie Welton, Tracy Valdis, Eric Evol, John Holmes, Gene Clayton, Wilt Torrance, Bernard Addison, Wynne Colburn and Bert Willis.
Videocassette: Cal Vista Video.

Bust out your bell-bottoms and your best *bom-chika-bow-now* wa-wa pedal impression for *Eruption,* a John Holmes noir thriller filmed entirely on location in Hawaii. The legendarily hung Holmes plays a dorky life-insurance salesman who falls for exotic, delectable Leslie Bovee on Waikiki Beach and winds up embroiled in a murder scheme. The lengthy plot is cheesy enough to clog your arteries, but the pulsating shag sessions will have you spilling your loin lava. Bovee is an irresistible nymph with a hunger for schlong, and her stepdaughter, Susan Hart, has an uncanny knack for group sex. Susan bones her bearded boyfriend in a giant jacuzzi, and the blond sex kitten doesn't blink an eye when a second dude joins in the action. Whether it's the off-the-chart cheese factor that piques your curiosity or a genuine jones for Leslie Bovee's perfect ass, *Eruption* is a guaranteed blast of white-hot entertainment.

—J.P.

Easy (1978)

Directed by Anthony Spinelli.
Starring Jesie St. James, Georgina Spelvin, Désirée Cousteau, Laurien Dominique, Richard Pacheco, Dan Howard, Dewey Alexander, Ronald Davis, Bob Bernharding, George Spelvin, Grant Stockton, Johnny West and Grant Wright.
Videocassette: Cal Vista Video.

Hot-blooded blond hardbody Jesie St. James is the titular heroine with the odd but appropriate alias of *Easy.* A mild-mannered school teacher seduced by a student, Easy's sexual awakening begins with a brief but ball-draining blowjob. Sucked into screwing the student's best friend, Easy is quickly begging to lick the guy's browneye. Later, she jumps a blind guy's bones and howls like a monkey as he fingers her fudge pipe. The sightless perv begs Easy to shove some butter up his shitter in turn. Crotchless panties are a big hit for Easy at a dinner party that turns into a swinging orgy drenched in ball gravy. But Easy accidentally hooks up with Georgina Spelvin's man, leading to a vicious catfight. Foaming at the gash, Georgina tears Easy's clothes off and assaults her snatch with an all-over tongue lashing. For blindingly fierce stroke fodder with the fuckable Jesie St. James, *Easy* does it.

—J.P.

3 A.M. (1975)

Directed by Robert McCallum.
Starring Georgina Spelvin, Clair Dia, Judith Hamilton, Sharon Thorpe, Rhonda Gallard, Charles Hooper, Frank Mauro and Rob Rose.
Videocassette: Cal Vista Video.

The melodramatic thriller *3 A.M.* highlights the best and worst tendencies of '70s porn. A grief-stricken household is torn apart by a tragic death, and one guilt-ridden family member goes over the edge. Luckily, blazing sex scenes are sandwiched between the buzz-kill plot elements. Sharon Thorpe could fry an egg on her sizzling ass as a shaftable tramp with the hots for her teenage neighbor Ronnie. Their fireside fling is silky smooth and carnal at the same time, satisfying couples and raincoaters alike. The incest taboo is shattered when Ronnie and his scrumptious, strawberry-blond sister Clair Dia twist into a mind-bending 69. However, most of the juicy scenes in *3 A.M.* are cut short and sweet to make way for the gloomy story; a hot shower scene with a random hippie girl latched onto Georgina Spelvin's clam is one of the film's few fleshed-out fuckathons. Still, one glance at Sharon Thorpe swallowing choad could raise the dead.

—J.P.

High School Bunnies (1977)

Directed by John Christopher.
Starring Beth Anna, Clea Carson, Susan Moore, Deborah Kare, J.B. Fine, David Christopher, Rodger Cane, Peter Andrews and Michael Thorpe.
DVD: VCX.

Beth Anna is Barbie, a ditsy ugly duckling who transforms into a shaftable, cum-guzzling swan during the mind-blowing orgy antics of *High School Bunnies.* On Barbie's first day at Bali High, she meets the snooty-but-slutty Bunnies: Cindy, Julie and Allison. The tight clique quickly ditches the clueless dork and heads out for a nut-popping sex party, but brunet cutie-pie Cindy develops a crush on the new girl and helps her become the braless wet dream of the entire school. Spreading Barbie's giant fur burger, Cindy slips the virgin hottie her first big O with some serious tongue action. The newly bangable Barbie then boinks hot beef by Cindy's side on a wild double date. To truly become a Bunny, Barbie must get gang-banged by all three of their boyfriends at once. Juggling a trio of blue-veined custard chuckers like a pro, Barbie is crowned the new queen of the *High School Bunnies* with three thick, ropy pearl necklaces.

—J.P.

High School Bunnies: *Beth Anna: "Okay, which one of you is Prince?"*

Easy: *The 23rd cock in a row proves difficult to swallow for Jesie.*

3 A.M.: *Georgina: "Can we switch positions? I'm tired of holding you up, you lazy bastard."*

High School Bunnies: *Clea: "Wow! It really does taste like chicken."*

SLEAZY LISTENING

When it comes to porn soundtracks, it's better to go vintage. Today's blue-movie background music is often cheesy, overly earnest and/or techno drivel. Gone are the days of the funked-up, free-form jazz tunes that filled the ears of bell-bottomed pervs of yore. Fortunately, many soundtracks from the Golden Age of Porn are being released on CD. Here are a few standouts:

The Devil in Miss Jones (Oglio Records)

The high production values of the soundtrack mirror the film itself. Classical piano and lush string arrangements make this score moody, mysterious and brooding. Thankfully, there are no soundbites from the film itself.

Schoolgirl Report (Caroline)

Composer Gert Wilden, responsible for the soundtracks of more than 50 films, focused his musical attention by the late '60s and early '70s on a relatively new genre: German porn. This is the first compilation of his work for the blue screen, which features the most shagadelic themes from the famed *Schoolgirl Report* series. The title track sounds an awful lot like an instrumental version of Canned Heat's "Goin' Up the Country."

Vampyros Lesbos (Motel Records)

A psychedelic, whimsical and hauntingly groovy compilation from Jess Franco's Horrotica genre of films such as *Vampyros Lesbos* (*Lesbian Vampires*), *Sie Totete in Ekstase* (*She Carried Ecstasy in a Tote Bag*) and *Der Teufel Kam Aus Akasawa* (*Mr. Akasawa, the Horny Bespectacled Accountant*) mixes overindulgent sitar solos, bongos, wa-wa guitar and piano to capture the essence of his masterworks.

Deep Throat (Trunk Records)

"Deep throat/Deeper than your throat/Deep throat/Don't row your boat/Don't get your goat/That's all she wrote/Deep throat." With thought-provoking lyrics and a heavy Hammond organ, this could have been one of the greats. Unfortunately, with no preserved audio track for the film, the reissue sounds as if someone was holding a Fisher-Price microphone up to a mono television speaker. Regardless, its iconic value warrants purchase.

Inside Deep Note: Music of 70's Adult Cinema (Grammofonpladen)

This anthology boasts 35 tracks in all, featuring titillating tracks such as "Bodacious Bongos," "Rubber Balls & Liquor" and "Pimp Fight." The music is lifted from underground classics such as *Brighton Beach Bunnies*, *Dial-a-Date*, *How's My Little Girl* and *Soul Sisters*.

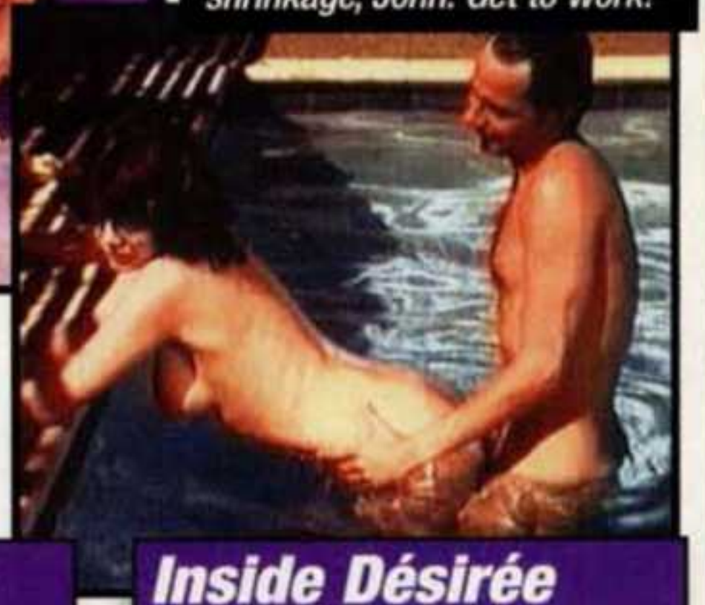
For further listening enjoyment, check out streaming porn music at www.FlufferTrax.com.

Hot Rackets: *The handyman applies spackle to Rhonda's cooch.*

Sex Boat: *Loni: "Will you snap the picture already? We don't have all day!"*

Hot Rackets: *"Don't smudge the fucking windows, bitch!"*

Inside Désirée Cousteau: *Désirée and Juliet exchange hairstyling tips with a friend.*



Inside Désirée Cousteau: *Désirée: "Enough about shrinkage, John. Get to work!"*

Hot Rackets (1979)

Directed by Robert McCallum.
Starring Candida Royalle, Désirée Cousteau, Rhonda Jo Petty, Jon Martin, Laurien Dominique and Turk Lyon.
Videocassette: Cal Vista Video.

The year is 1979, and tennis fever is sweeping the nation in *Hot Rackets*. Raven-haired minx Candida Royalle and Jon Martin play Liz and Herb Adler. The Adlers are an indecently rich couple who belong to an exclusive tennis club where members play mixed doubles naked, and the club masseuse (blond fuck-pet Rhonda Jo Petty) isn't afraid to give a mook a happy ending. On the old-school front, once the ladies strip down, it looks as if John McEnroe's whitey-'fro has taken up residence between their legs. Aside from the hirsute factor, it's hard to beat any scene involving a youthful Royalle. As a result of being shot on film, all of the sex scenes are dubbed for cost-effectiveness, further adding to the comedic factor. A funked-up soundtrack that sounds like a cross between Giorgio Moroder and Bootsy Collins will have viewers dancing in the sheets. A balanced blend of humor and blistering action gives *Hot Rackets* distinct advantage over its opponents.

—S. W.

Sex Boat (1979)

Directed by David I. Frazier and Svetiana.
Starring Roxanne Potts, Cody Nicole, Kelly Nichols, Jeanette James, Kandi Barbour, Loni Sanders, Hillary Summers, Linda Reeves, Sylvia Moser, Dana Dennis, Renee La Paz, Robert Lyon and Randy West.
DVD: VCX.

This hard-core 1979 parody of schlocky TV mainstay *Love Boat* follows the hijinks of two cross-dressing dudes who stow away (á la Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis in *Some Like It Hot*) on a cruise ship overflowing with horny females. The opening sequence—in which an infuriated husband forces his wife and her lover to fuck while he photographs them—gets this vintage fuck flick off to a rollicking, kinky start. Once the action is relocated to the ship, however, the XXX thrills hit a dick-deflating iceberg. The end sequence—wherein the vessel's seafaring strumpets repel a pirate attack with pussy-power as their only weapon—goes a long way toward reviving the plot. Even so, unless you are a diehard aficionado of chintzy '70s decor, stick with contemporary porn where the thrills are more expediently delivered (and the production values are better).

—T. L.

Inside Désirée Cousteau (1979)

Directed by Leon Gucci.
Starring Désirée Cousteau, Juliet Anderson, Misty Monroe, Shirley Wood, John Holmes and John Semany.
DVD: VCX.

Inside Désirée Cousteau may not be in the same league as famous ballbusters such as *Debbie Does Dallas*, *Deep Throat* and *Behind the Green Door*, but it will still get your meat pole stiff, even after 25 years in the can. All seven hard-core sex scenes are introduced by titular scum siren Désirée Cousteau, who breathlessly describes herself in the film as a "successful erotic actress" whose XXX pics appeared in skin mags, including HUSTLER. Cousteau reenacts various carnal encounters purportedly based on her real life. The fucking is heated and quite nasty as a succession of hirsute, mustachioed porn dudes feed loads of sticky goo into Désirée's hungry mouth and cunt. John Holmes's threeway encounter with Désirée is alone worth the purchase price. Also amusing is the kazoo tune that plays every time our heroine puts her mouth on a cock—perfect humjob music.

—T. L.

Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER.

Fully Erect

Amateur Angels #13: The Anal Edition (Adam & Eve Productions)
Alaura Eden, Anika Fox, Rhiannon, Dick Nasty

Barely Legal #43 (HUSTLER Video)
Kira Beckham, Lara Lewis, Sarah Sin, Joey Ray

Campus Confessions #8 (HUSTLER Video)
Katsumi, Nikki Loren, Cynthia Pendragon, Joey Ray

Fuck Dolls (Red Light District)
Jynx, Delilah, Kate Kaptive, Mr. Pete

Out Numbered (Red Light District)
Rady, Viktorie, Sarah Blue, Steve Holmes

Pussy Off Limits (Metro, Inc.)
Faith Grant, Esther Hobbs, Victoria, Dick Delaware

Three-Quarters Erect

Ass Brand New (Metro, Inc.)
Trinity, Katrina, Elizabeth Heeps, Chris Mountain

Happily Never After (Vivid Entertainment)
Briana Banks, Dascha, Sharon Kane, Mason Rivers

Pin Ups (Wicked Pictures)
Julia Ann, Stormy, Jessica Jaymes, Scott Styles

Strap-On Sally #22 (Pleasure Productions)
Gina Lynn, Nikki Benz, Shauna Banks, Pantera

Half Erect

Amateur Angels #12 (Adam & Eve Productions)
Sabrina Snow, Lana Moore, Tayla Rox, Evan Stone

Glazed & Confused #2 (Elegant Angel)
Ava Devine, Cailey Taylor, Jules Van Saint, Dick Tracy

100% Strap-On (Elegant Angel)
Loni, Melody Max, Sandra Shine, Mickey G.

One-Quarter Erect

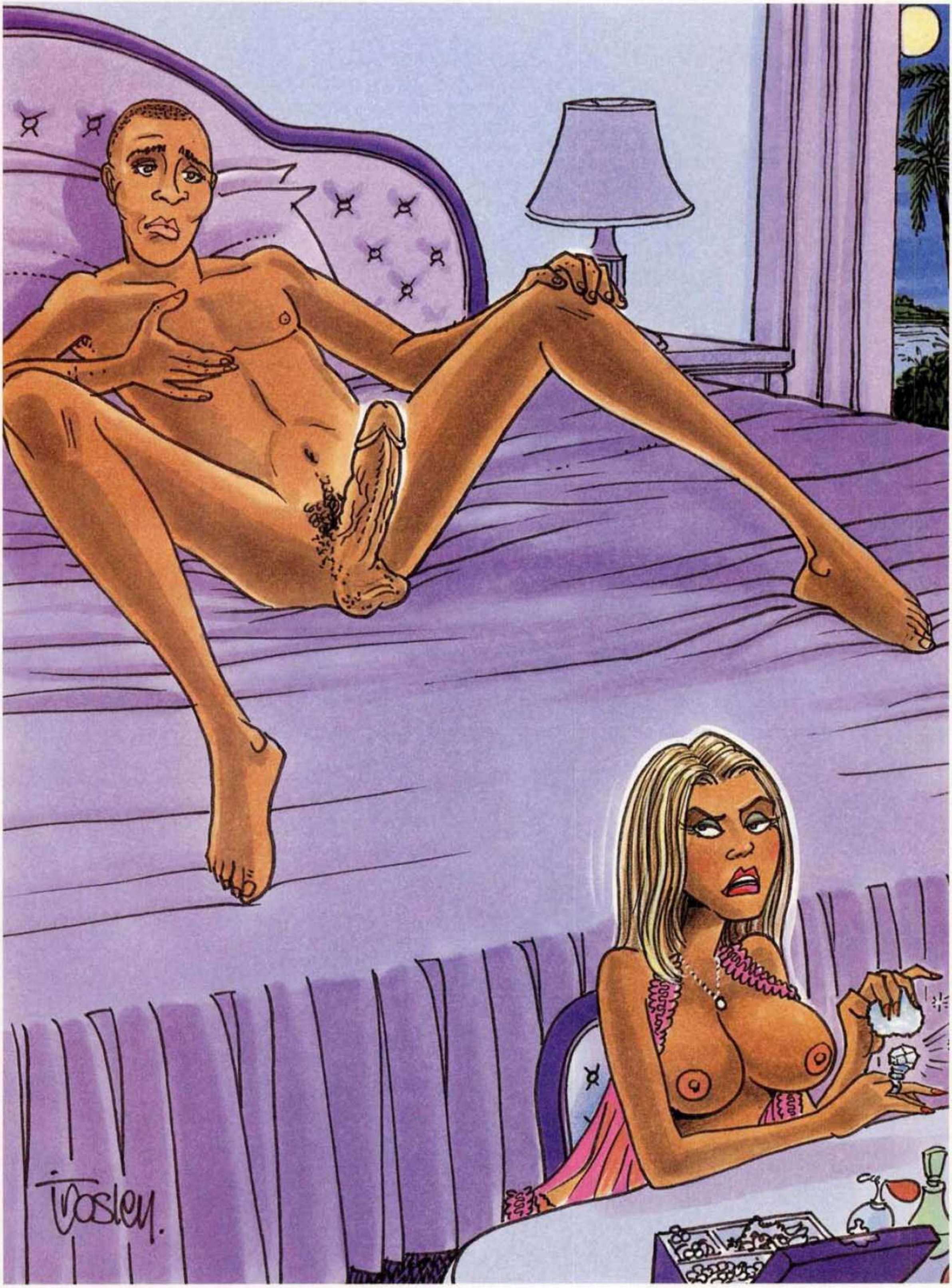
Mrs. Jones (Wicked Pictures)
Shayla La Veaux, Ava Vincent, Venus, Barret Blade

Totally Limp

Brainwash (Elegant Angel)
Gina Ryder, Cailey Taylor, Allison Wyte, Tice Bune

Rating Guide

Fully Erect — Superior. A top production.
Three-Quarters Erect — Above average. Hard-on material.
Half Erect — Standard fare. Has moments.
One-Quarter Erect — Poor. Don't expect much.
Totally Limp — A waste of time and money.



"You can supersize that Big Mac all you want, Kobe. When you lost McDonald's, you lost access to my golden arches too!"

The WALLACE REPORT

Free Speech With Laurie Wallace

Ever since I was a little girl, I knew I deserved respect. At first I attempted to gain respect through scholastic achievement. I graduated summa cum laude with a double major in political science and German from Loyola College in Maryland, and was chosen to be a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

Everyone told me I should become an attorney; so I attended George Washington law school. But something really hit me after my first year there: Although people respected me for my academic achievements, I wasn't being true to my own values. I didn't really want to be a lawyer. I looked around at the people in my classes; they didn't reflect my values, my personality or the type of person I wanted to become. I was very unhappy because I didn't respect myself enough to follow my own path.

I've always been very sexually active, believing that the only thing better than being naked is having people see me naked. While in law school, I began modeling. The adrenaline I felt was exhilarating. I told my parents I was going to quit law school and pursue modeling full-time.

I'll never forget my father's response: "Oh, great. You're going to be a model? After that you can be an astronaut, or you can join the circus." It was either respect myself, or respect them; so I took a deep breath and quit law school. My parents didn't talk to me for more than a year, but I was finally making my own decisions.

At first, I did mainstream modeling and movies, but there is a reason why the phrase "casting couch" is a cliché. Agents and producers say they want to meet and "do lunch," when what they really want to "do" is me. I find it strange that this behavior occurs in the so-called respectable mainstream world.

In the adult industry, much to my surprise, the exact opposite is true. I have found a complete lack of sexual pressure and innuendo from porn agents, producers, talent and crew. Nobody tries to take advantage of me or asks me to do anything I don't want, or didn't plan, to do.

Just as the mainstream entertainment industry is full of hypocrites, the current Morality War is being waged by immoral politicians who would like to turn our democracy into a theocracy.

This is exactly what is happening to us under Attorney General John Ashcroft, a Christian fundamentalist and the son and grandson of Assembly of God ministers. In February 2002, Ashcroft told a group of religious broadcasters in Nashville that "American freedoms are made in heaven, not the grant of any government or document, but our endowment from God." He seems to believe that the Constitution is subservient to his spiritual inclinations.

Ashcroft's religion holds on to such outdated notions as "mixed-gender dancing leads to evil and should be avoided," "Christians should not make friends with non-Christians," "government and laws should be predicated on the teachings of the Christian Bible," and people should avoid all "sexually suggestive forms of media and entertainment." This is a dangerous, dogmatic man with a tremendous amount of power who does not respect ideas that are contrary to his own rigid religious rules. I smell trouble in Pornland....

In our political discourse, we need more healthy respect for each other's rights and opinions. I respect a person's right to avoid sexually explicit material, and I demand that others respect my right to create it. We are currently in real danger of losing that right.

The adult industry is currently a $10-billion-a-year business. Clearly there are many more of us who enjoy porn than Ashcroft would choose to believe. If we don't come together with a strong, unified voice, we may find that we lose our right to enjoy adult entertainment as we see fit.

* * *

Laurie Wallace graduated summa cum laude from Loyola College in Maryland, and attended a year at George Washington University law school. She has since appeared in mainstream films (Big Daddy, The Holy Man, Ed), television (Saturday Night Live, The View) and magazines (Maxim, GQ, Men's Health, Muscle and Fitness), as well as adult publications (HUSTLER, Playboy, Hawk, Fox, Cheri, High Society, Leg Show.) Wallace is rapidly emerging as a spokesperson for the preservation of individual liberties.

Diana Hardy Flashback

Photography by Bob Veze

As part of our celebration for this 30th Anniversary issue, we are presenting these previously unpublished pictures from a set that appeared in our March 1977 issue. We also want to pay posthumous tribute to model Diana Hardy.

Born in Arizona, Diana moved to Los Angeles in the '70s to be part of the burgeoning music scene. Bored with hanging around rock groups like .38 Special, Diana switched from rock groupie to porn player. Soon she was modeling for photographers Suze Randall and Fred Enke, who became her mentors.

Bright and ambitious, the part-time model also worked behind the camera as a makeup artist, set designer and wardrobe stylist, and eventually became a successful photographer in her own right. "If she had lived, she would have been one of the best in the business," says photographer Bob Veze.

Friends recall Diana as an attractive, fierce, unique, intelligent woman with a biting, sarcastic wit. Hardy often joked that she would not live past 30. Sadly, her humorous jabs turned out to be nearly prophetic; Diana passed away from a drug overdose at age 31. Our memories of her still live on, as do these classic pics.

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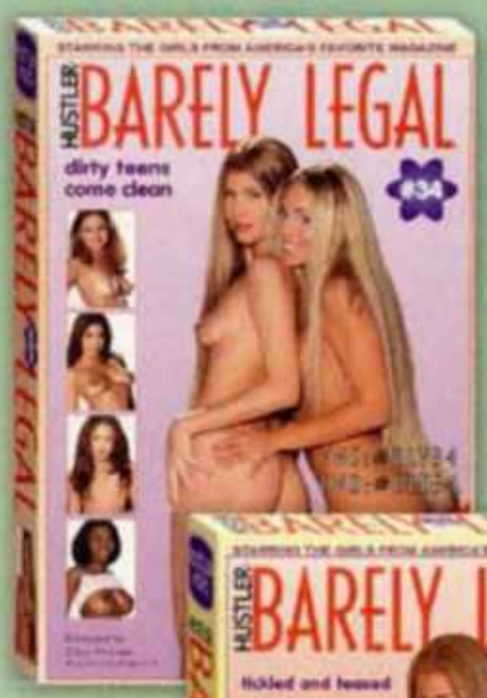

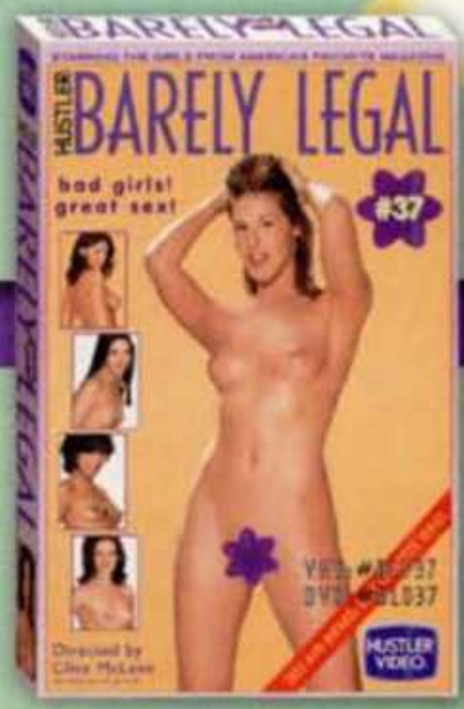

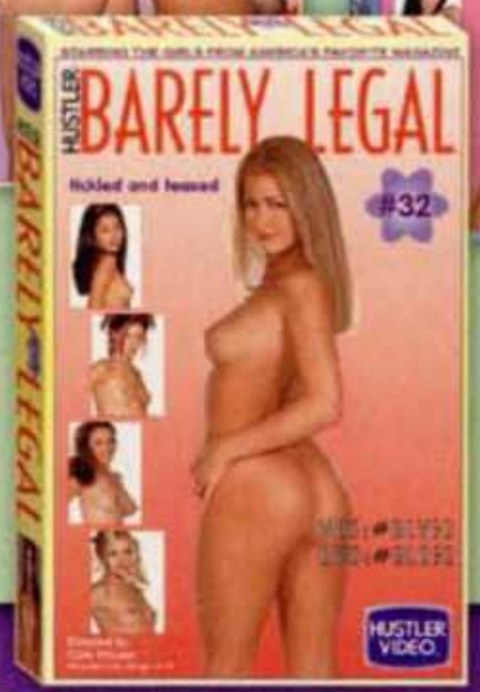

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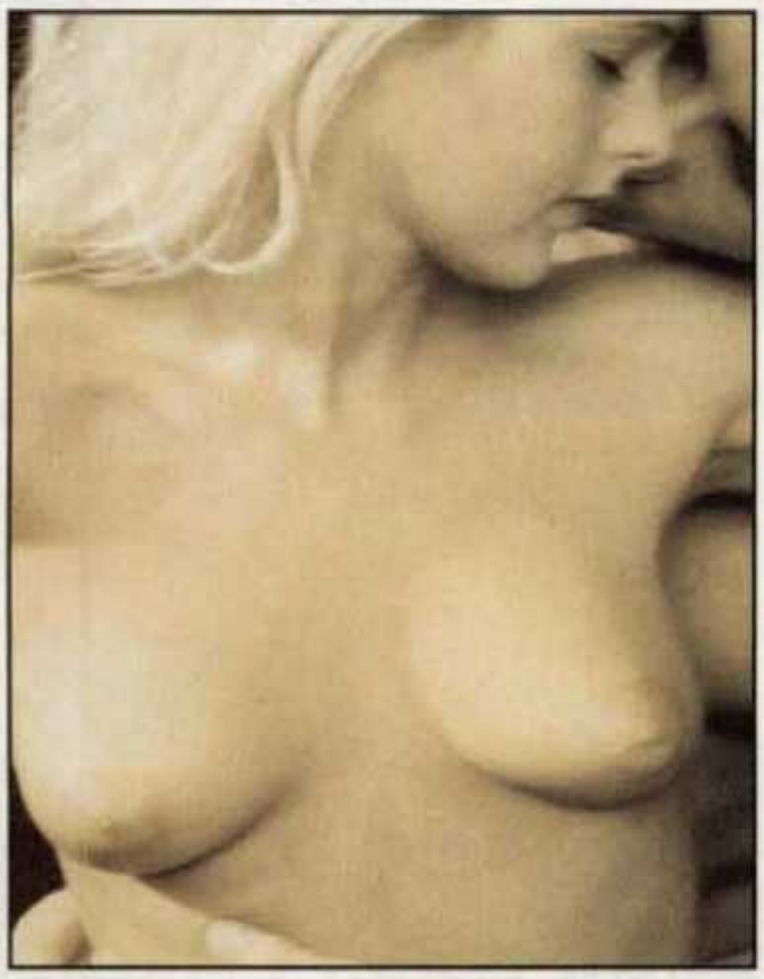

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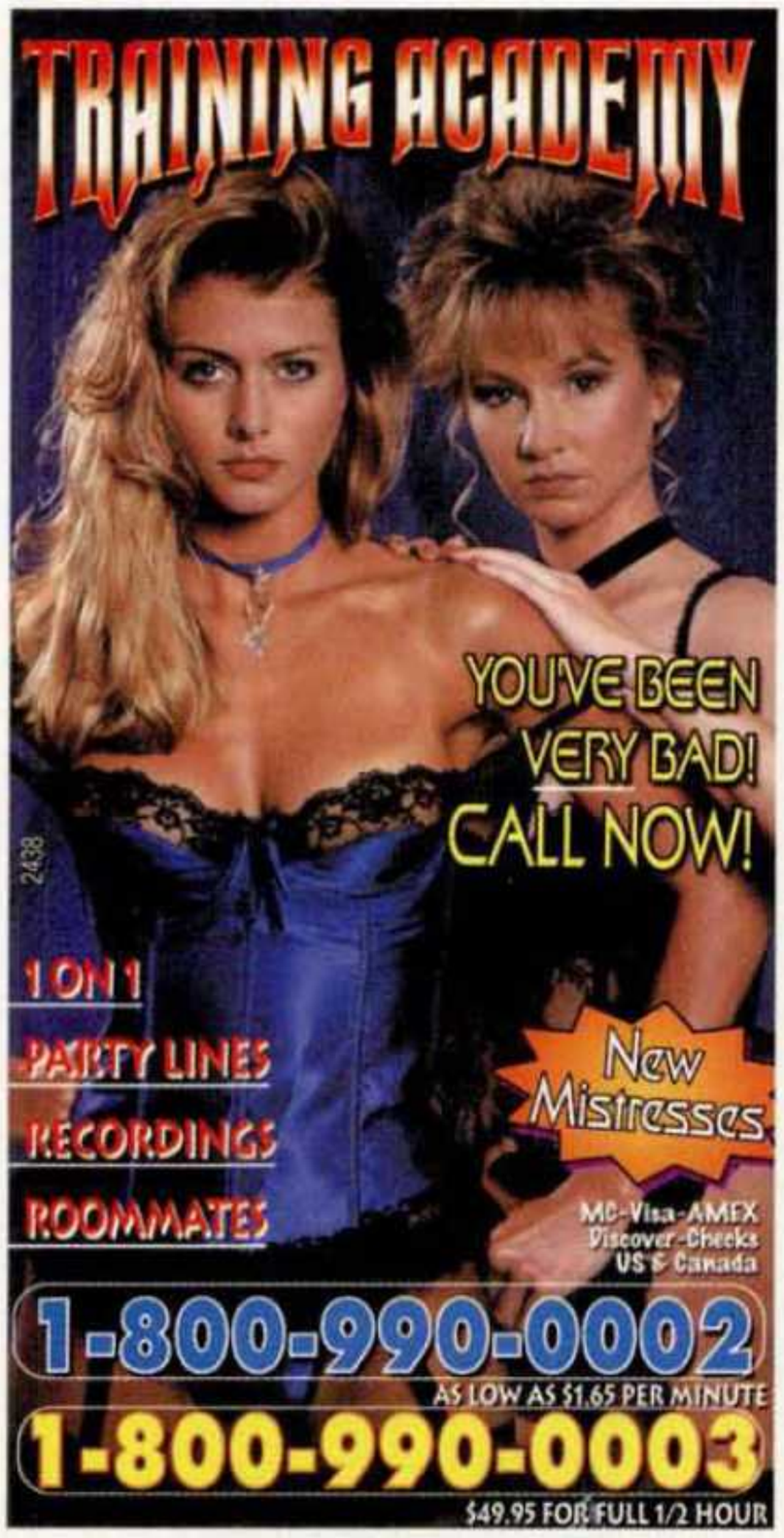
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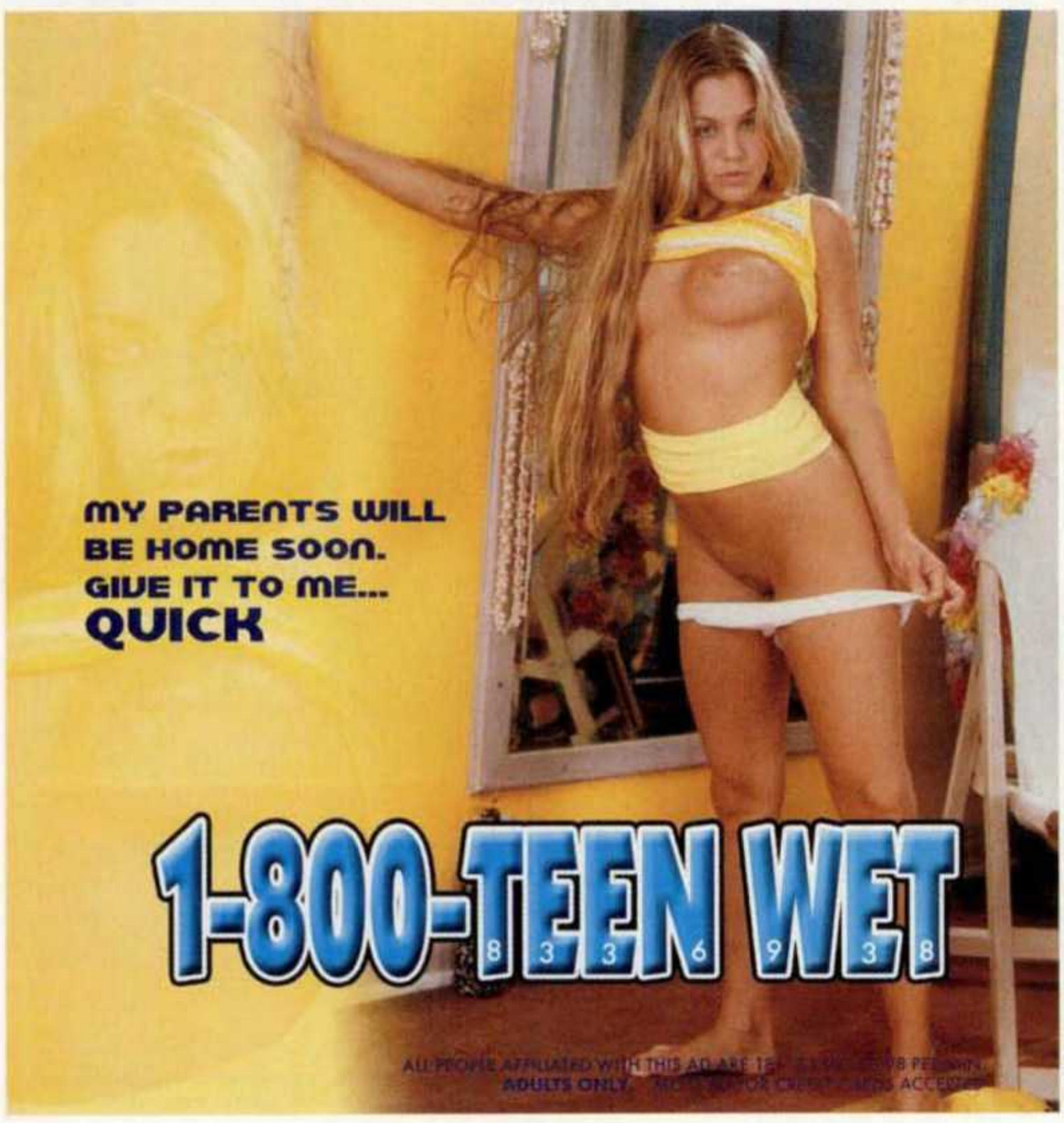
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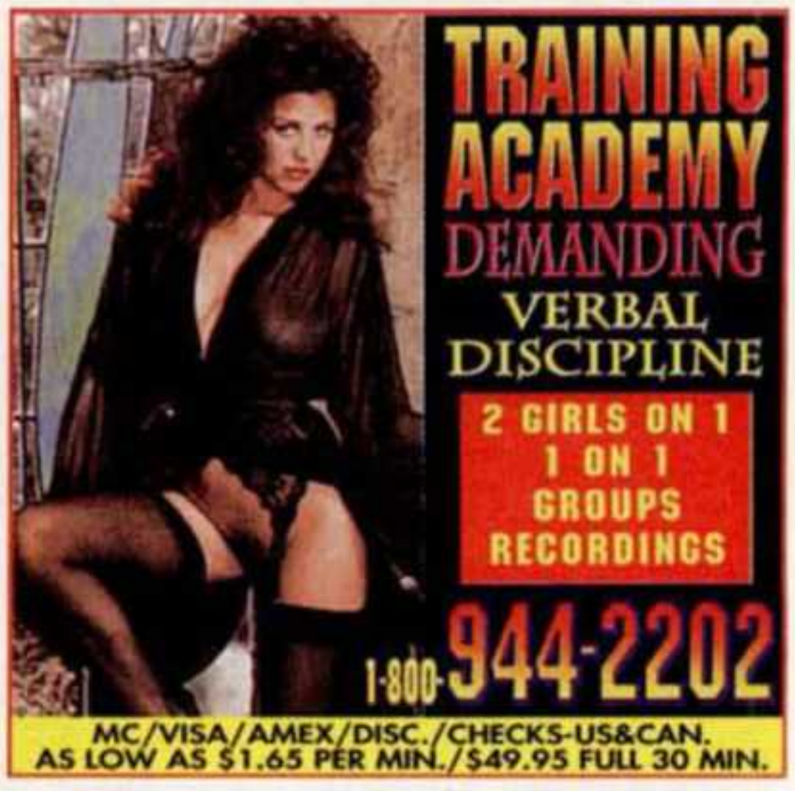
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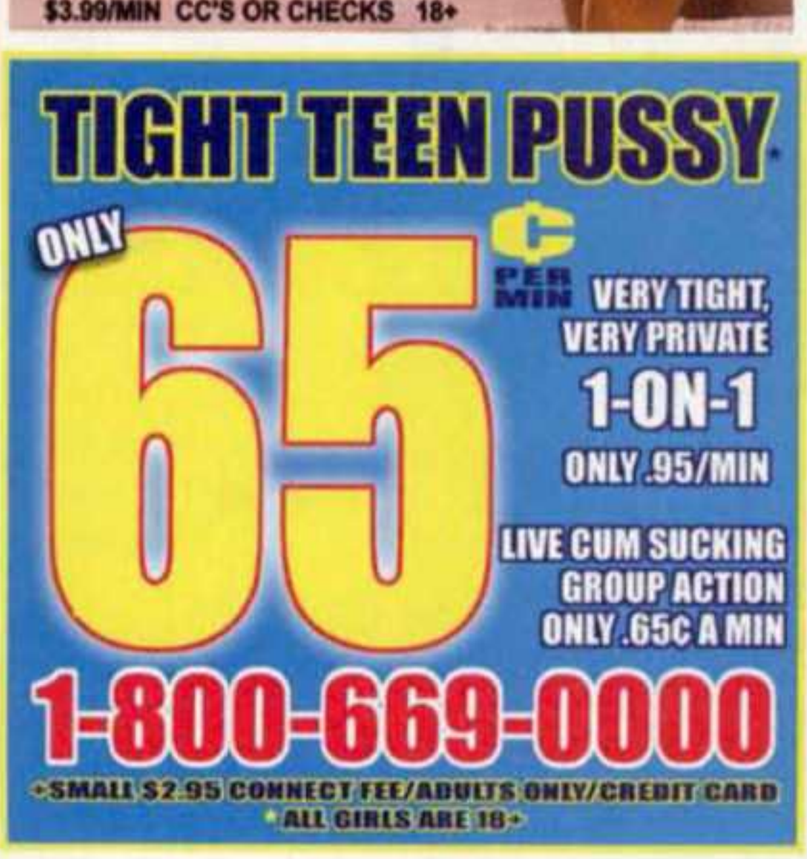
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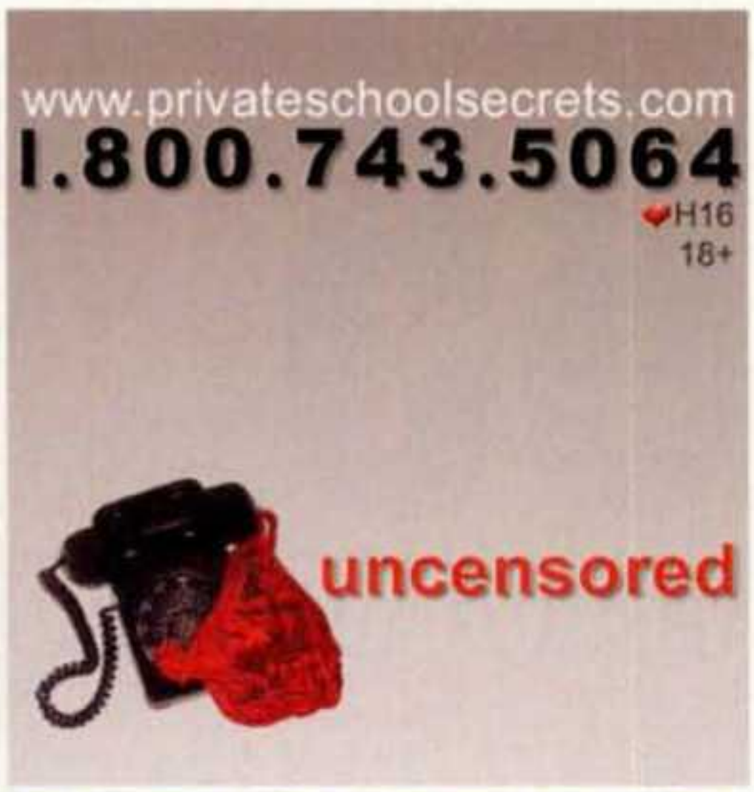
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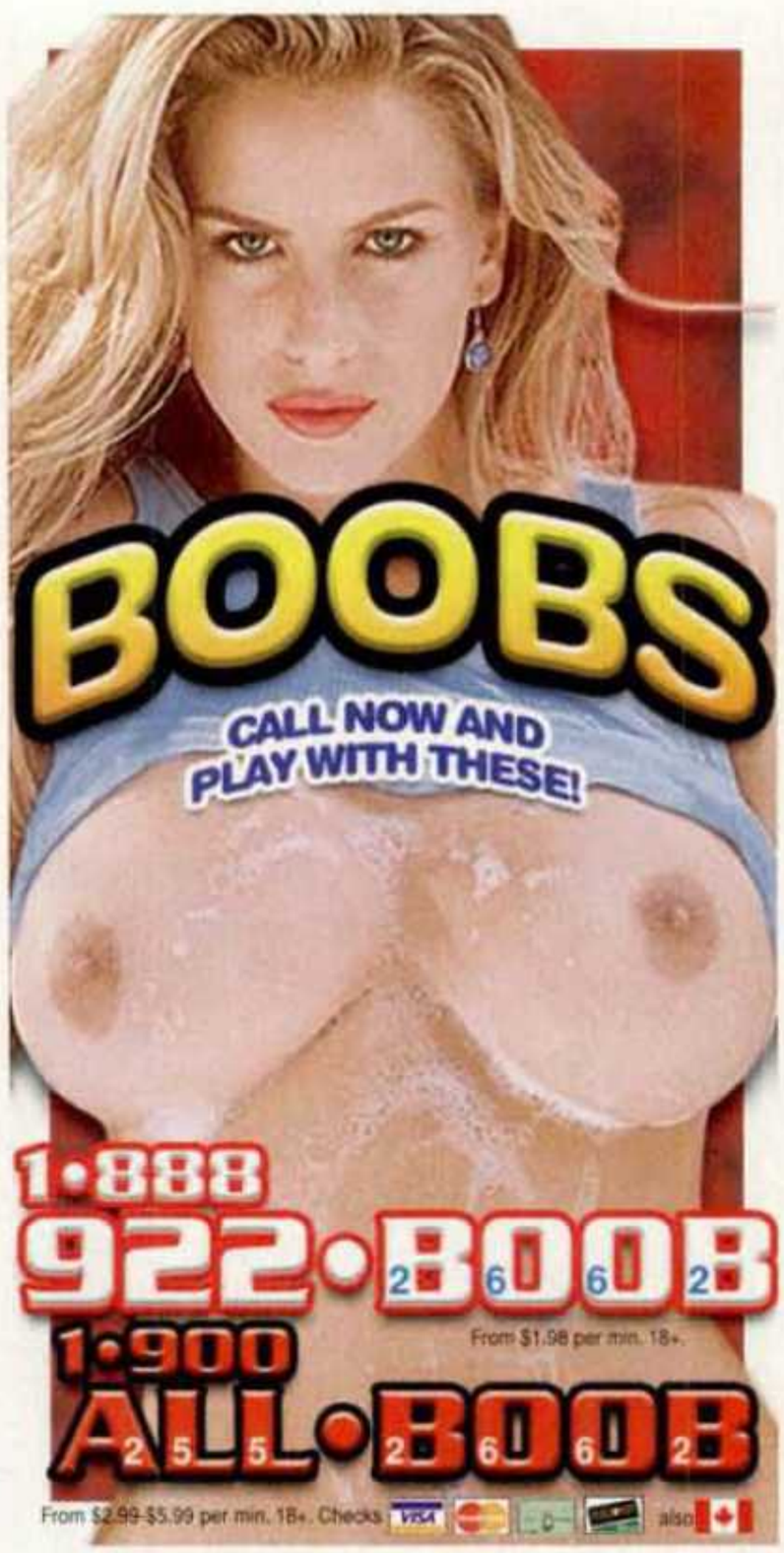
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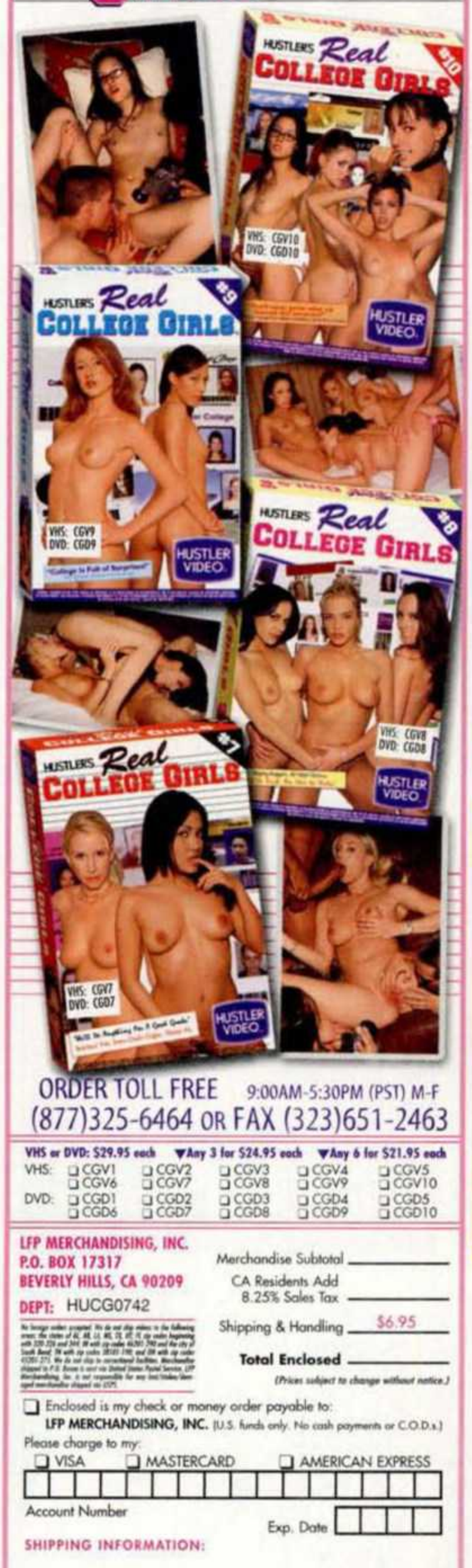

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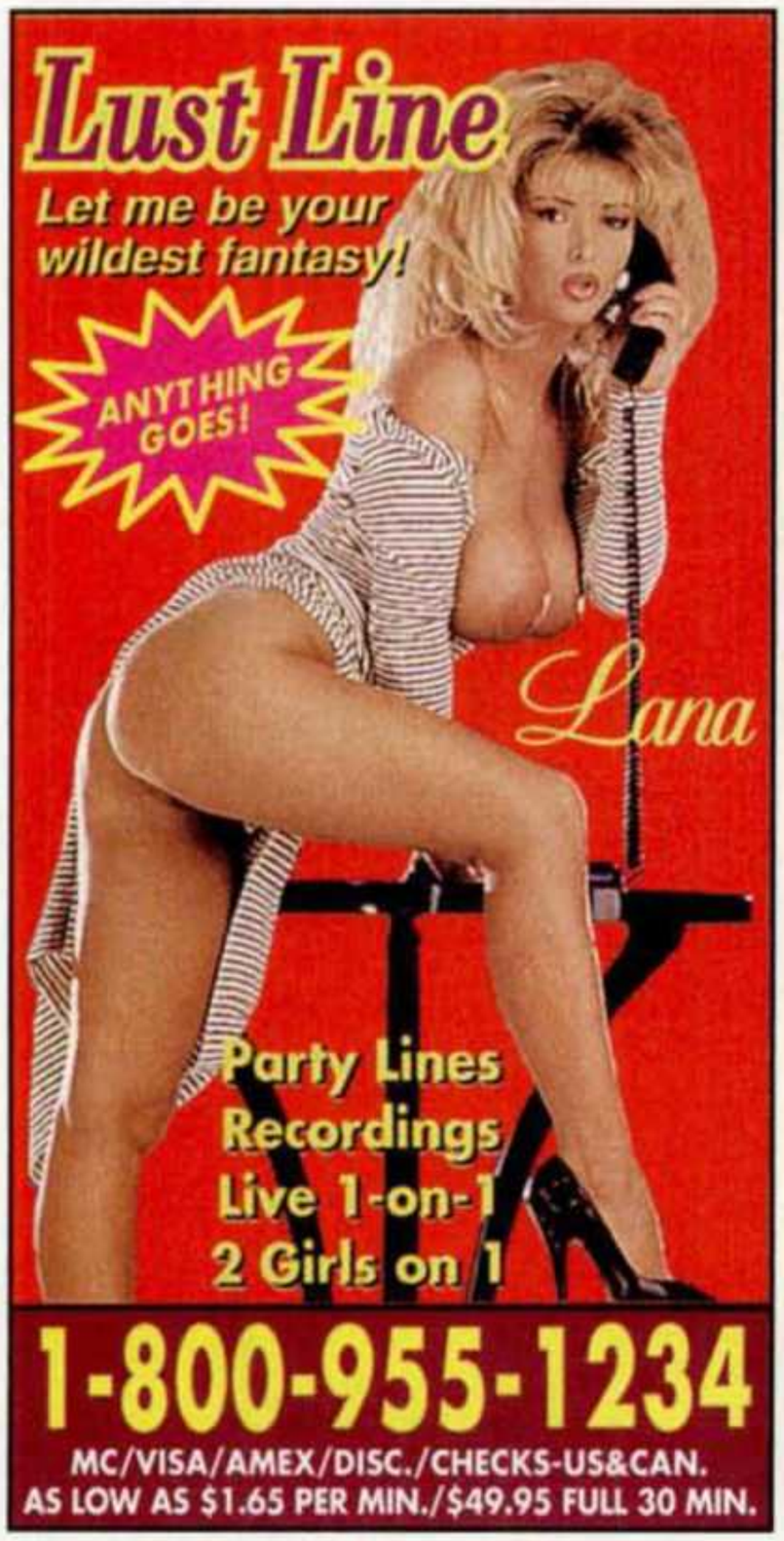
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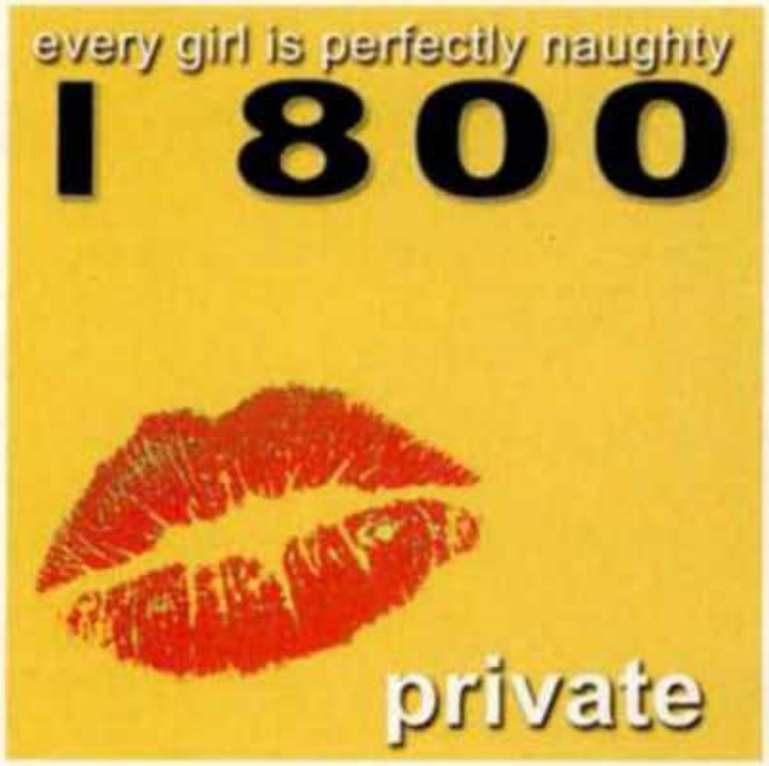
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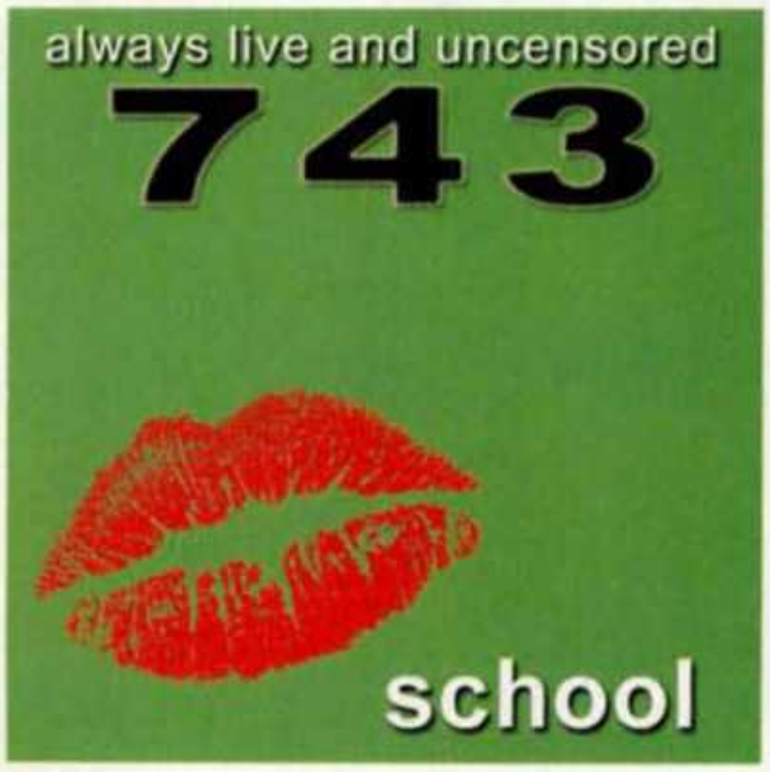
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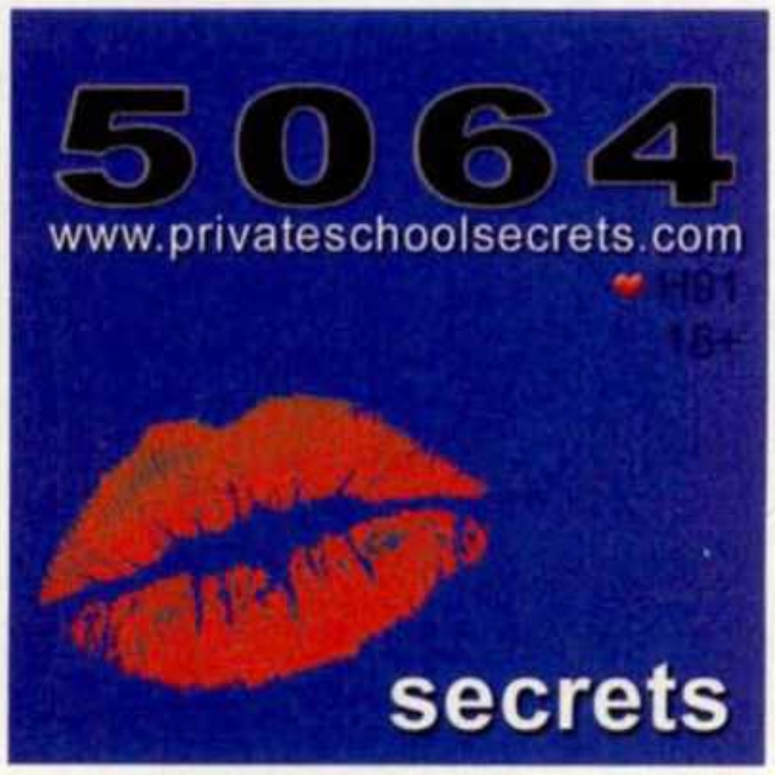
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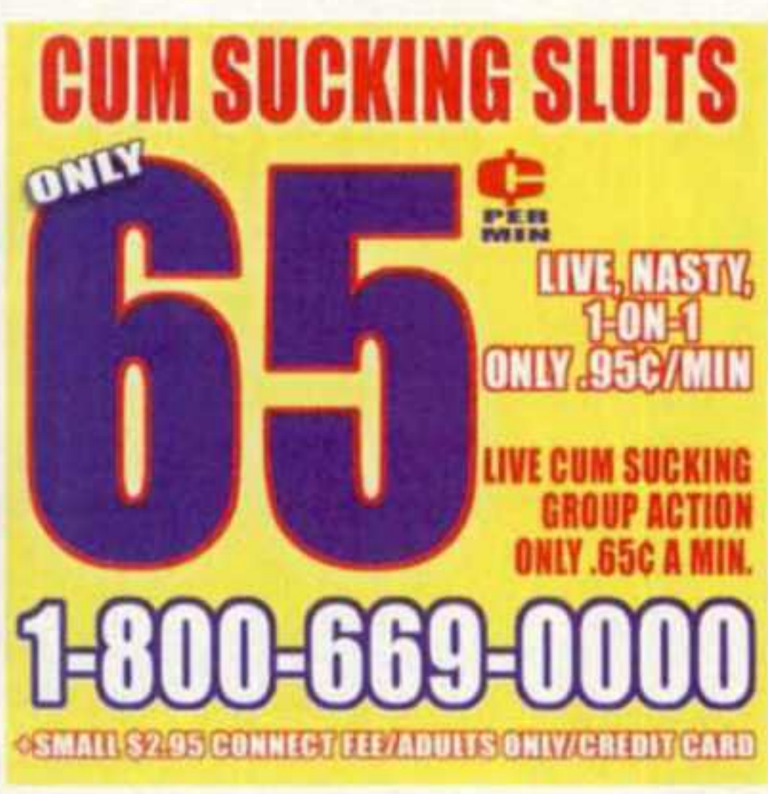
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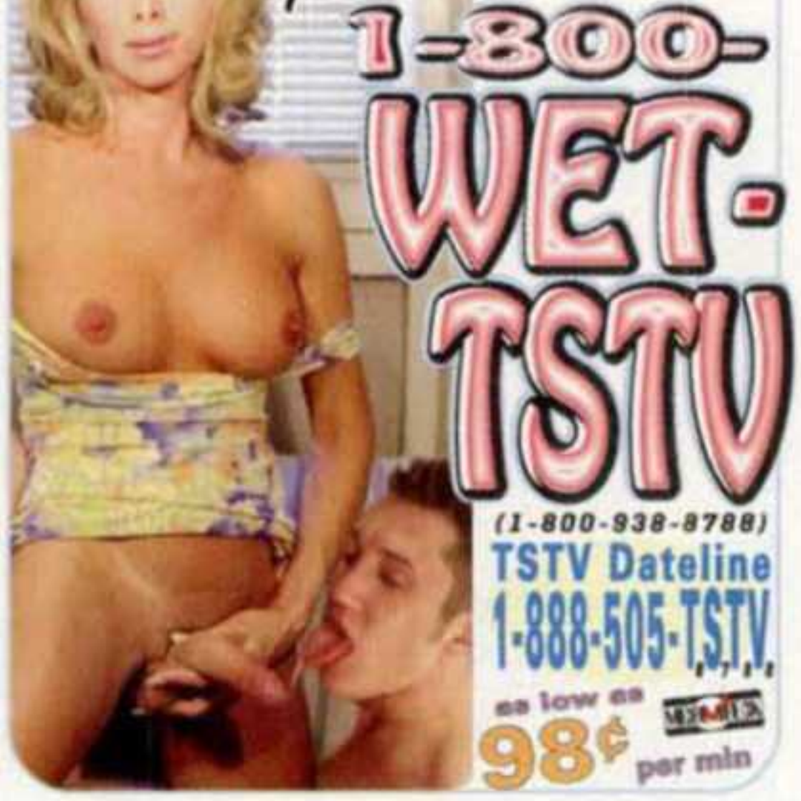
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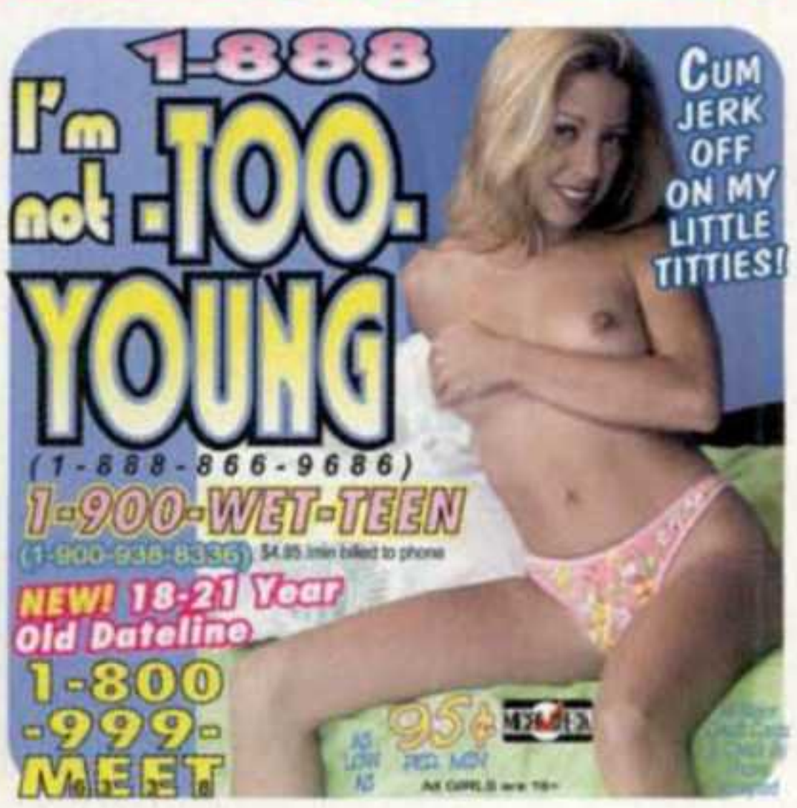

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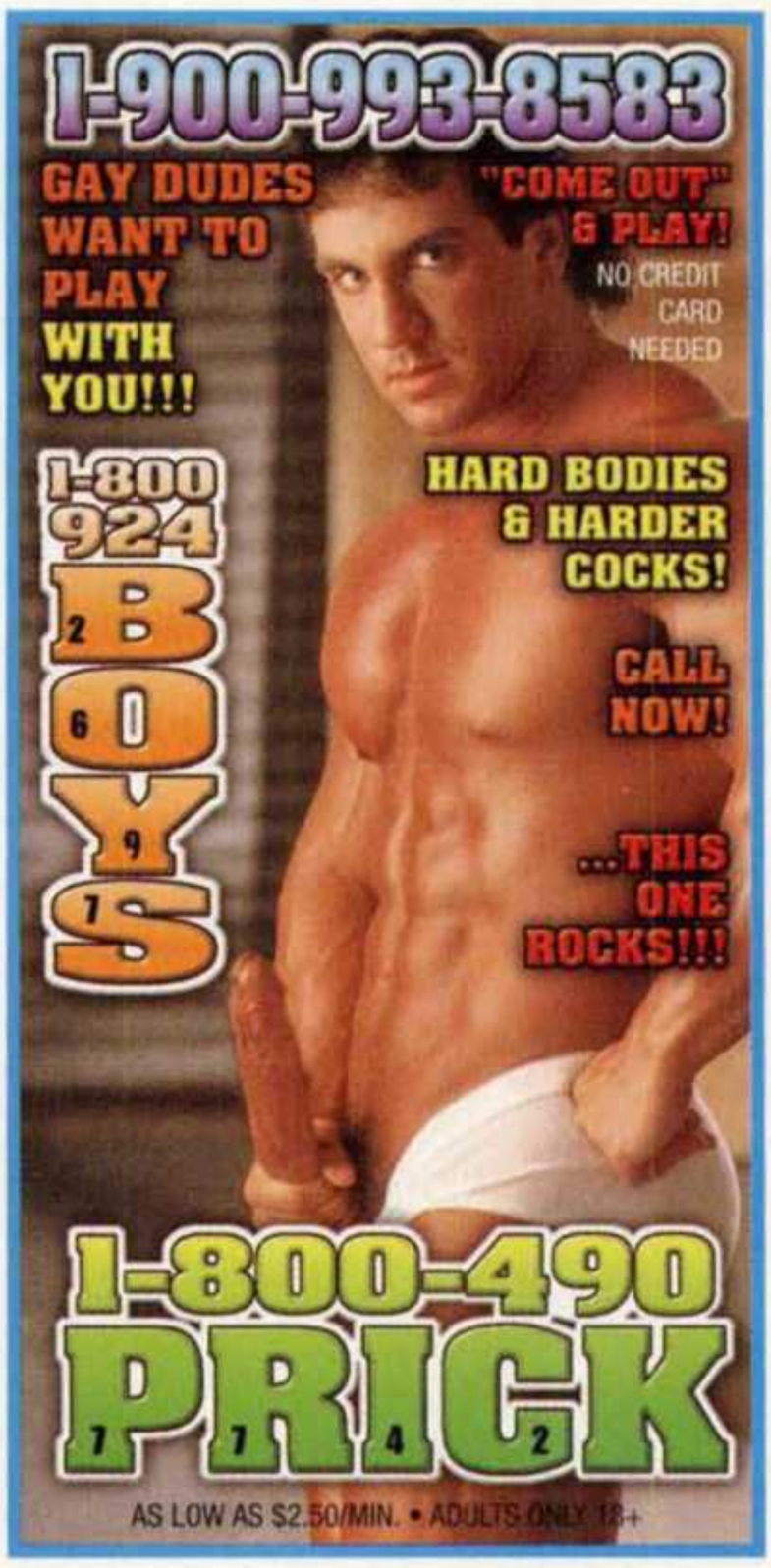
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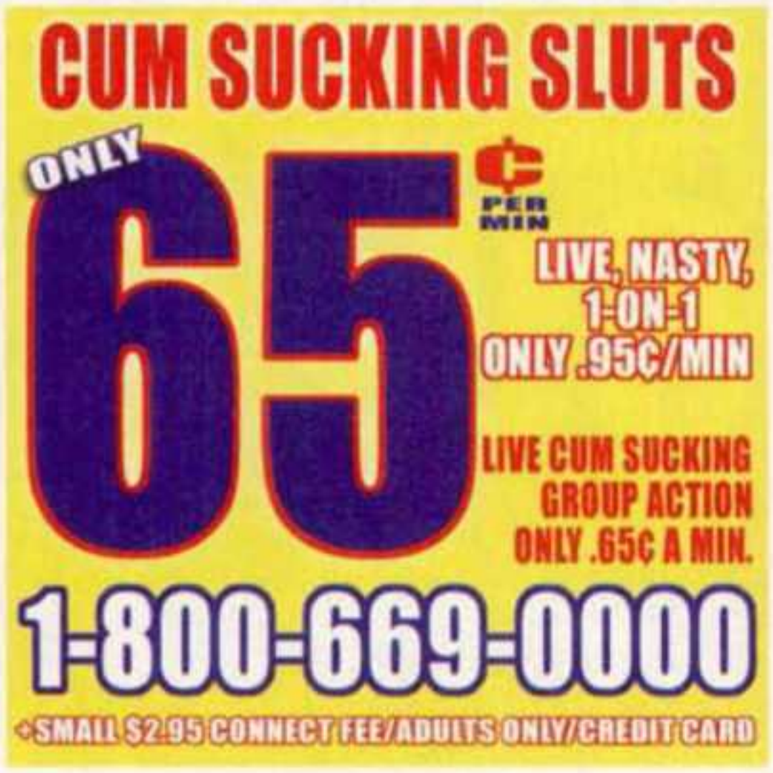
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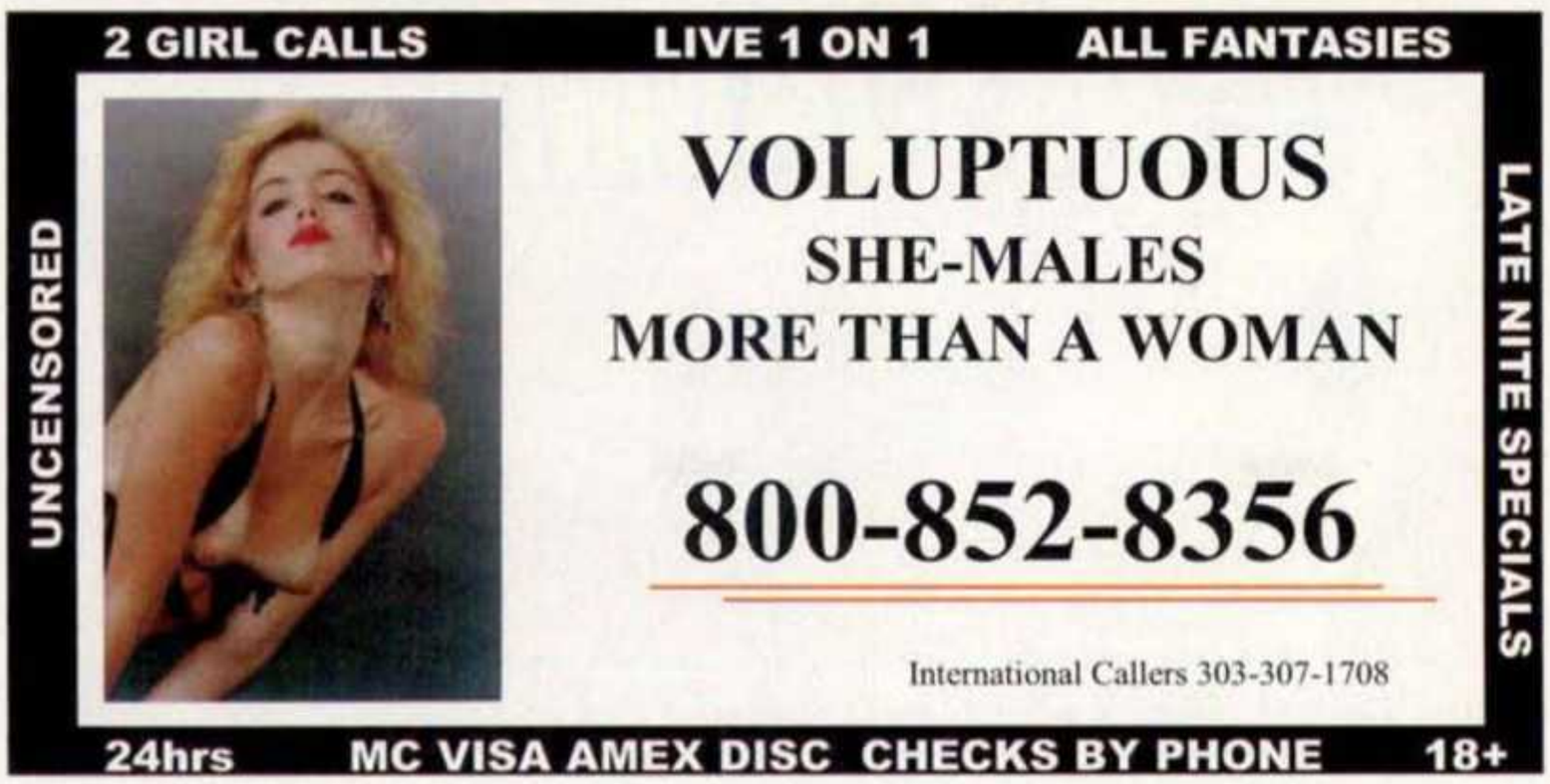
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Doctor Approved Pill Will Enlarge Your Penis up to 5 Inches!

You Will Have These Penis Gains In A Few Weeks!!!

HOW DOES PRO+PLUS PILLS ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

In what has been described as a miracle, PRO+PLUS PILLS will expand the erectile tissue longer and wider with a larger supply of blood so that your penis will gain up to 5 inches. **You can make that miracle happen!** You can have the penis size you always dreamed of with the PRO+PLUS PILL. WE GUARANTEE IT!

Just imagine when your sex partner sees how thick and long and hard you are. Men will gasp with envy the first time they see the new you in a locker room, shower or gym. Penetrate deeper and see how much greater satisfaction your sex partner will have. You will feel in total command because now any possibility of going soft, and premature ejaculation will be eliminated with your new rock hard much larger penis.

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Sexciter Makes Women Beg You For Sex! Sexciter Makes Men Horny!

Can be taken by mouth or put in any liquid without detection, but you should get her permission. She will become wild, untamed and desire to have sex with you. SEXCITER FOR WOMEN includes special ingredients designed to quickly speed up her desire for sex. Our SEXCITER FOR MEN increases the male sex drive or libido.

"My girlfriend says it was the best sex she ever had." -JW, Arizona. "Sexciter for men gives me the urge for sex every time I use it." -LF, Oklahoma

SEXCITER TO EXCITE WOMEN: 130 doses Reg. $49.95
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"Instead of once a month, I enjoy sex now three or more times a week." -AF, Texas

SUPER"V" PILLS FOR MEN: 30 Tabs Reg. $49.95
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(Applied Directly to the Penis)

This cream increases blood flow only to the penis for harder, thicker erections. The cream can be used alone and when used with the SUPER "V" Pills creates the most powerful erection you will ever have.

"You have the right name for it. I perform in bed like I'm 20 and I just turned 67" -RC, Florida

PERFORM ULTRA CREAM FOR MEN: 2 oz. Jar Reg. $59.95
BLISS ULTRA CREAM FOR WOMEN: (APPLIED DIRECTLY TO CLITORIS AND LABIA) 2 oz. Jar Reg. $59.95

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Nu Breast Ultra Enhancement Cream for Women

Used once daily can increase the cup size of a womens breast to a more desirable size, shape and increase cleavage. All natural ingredients that stimulate breast glands for larger and firmer looking breasts. Now women can have the breasts they always wanted. Here are some letters from our satisfied customers.

"It is unbelievable! My breasts are fuller in just one month" -MC Michigan.
"My bust has increased one full cup size in five weeks" -AH California

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HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

In a couple of weeks the change will be the width of your penis and longer lasting erections. After a month or two you will see a change in the length of your penis and again you will notice a thicker and wider penis. After the third month a very noticeable change, not just in size, but your penis will look firmer, stronger than you ever dreamed possible. **No pill sold anywhere can give you the maximum potential you want in two months.** Why settle for less when you can have much more. You need **three to four months** to grow to your maximum potential and we offer special prices for a three or four months supply with a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AND FREE OFFER!**

HOW BIG IS BIG AND HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED TO SATISFY YOUR PARTNER?

Consider the difference between an 8 or 9 inch penis that is thicker and a penis that is 4 to 6 inches and narrower. With a larger penis you penetrate more sensitive areas of the woman. Your longer penis probes deeper searching those special nerve endings. The added width to your penis fills and presses her from side to side to give your partner the most exhilarating sensations. **It is possible for you to reach the most sensitive area of all, a woman's G-spot.** These sensations will produce for a woman the ultimate multiple orgasms. At the same time because you are reaching a woman's most sensitive areas with your larger penis you will receive more pleasure to your sensitive nerve endings. Just knowing you are giving your partner this pleasurable experience will certainly give you the added confidence of being a better lover.

WHAT WILL PRO+PLUS PILLS DO FOR ME?

- A longer, thicker penis. Penis Enlargement up to 5 inches or more
- A longer, thicker penis even when you are not hard. Because there is more blood flow to the penis, your penis 'hangs' larger all day.
- You will have bigger, harder erections. Because of increased blood flow your erections grow harder.
- Erections when you want them. Rock hard erections every time.

WHAT EXACTLY ARE THE PRO+PLUS PILLS?

Discovered by Dr. Dmitri Zorken and his research team PRO+PLUS PILLS is a powerful natural herbal penis enlargement formula that increases penis size, stronger erections and maintains your sexual virility. We also included some of the same type of herbs found in Polynesia where the men of the Mangaian tribe have sex on the average of 3 times a night, every night. While this is not what you may wish, it is nice to know your sexual performance can improve substantially.

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You have a real winner. I'm 8 inches and much thicker. My girl friend wants it all the time She doesn't know how I did it. *-LD, Nevada*

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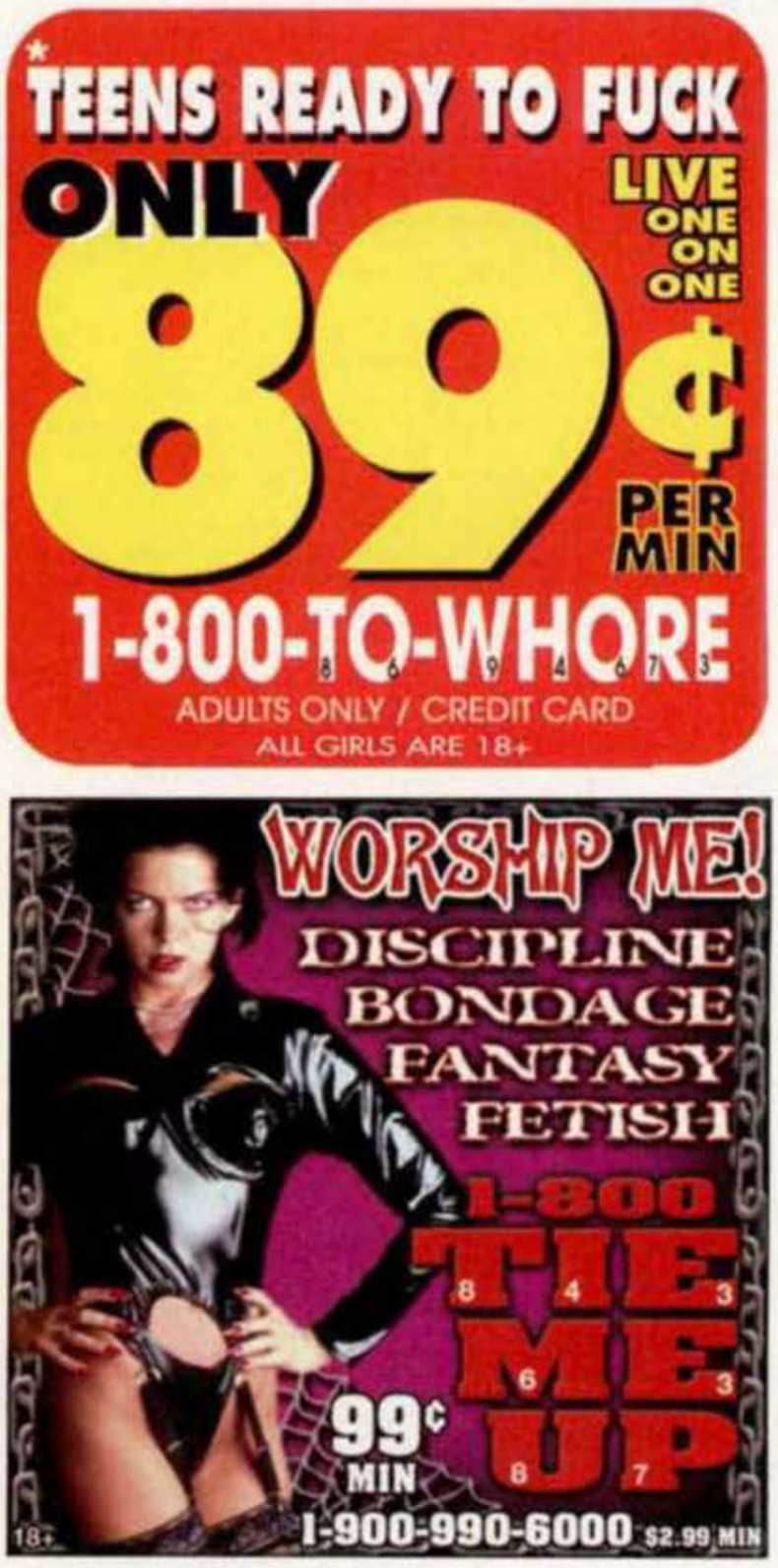

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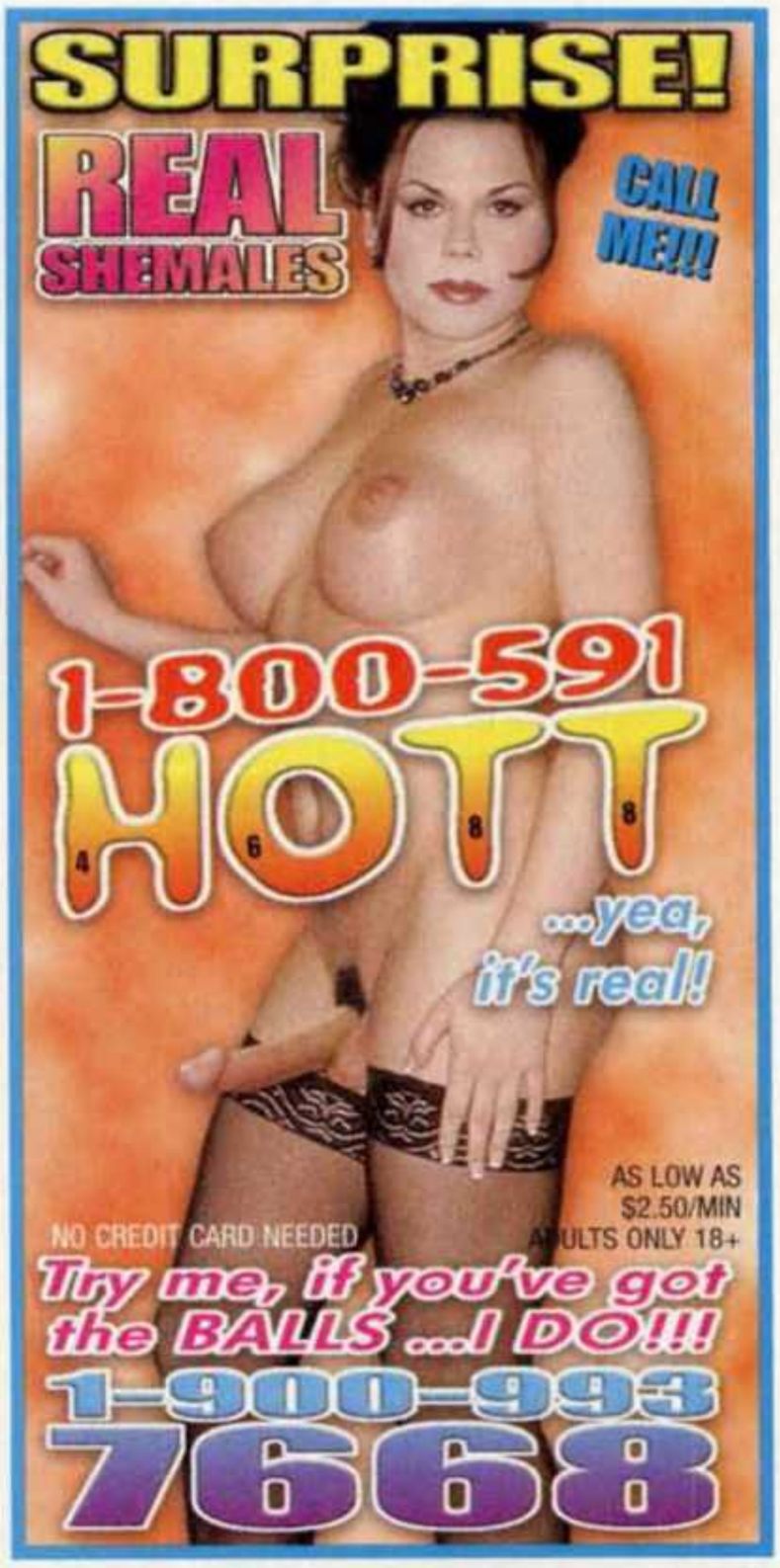
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ALL LETTERS ON FILE

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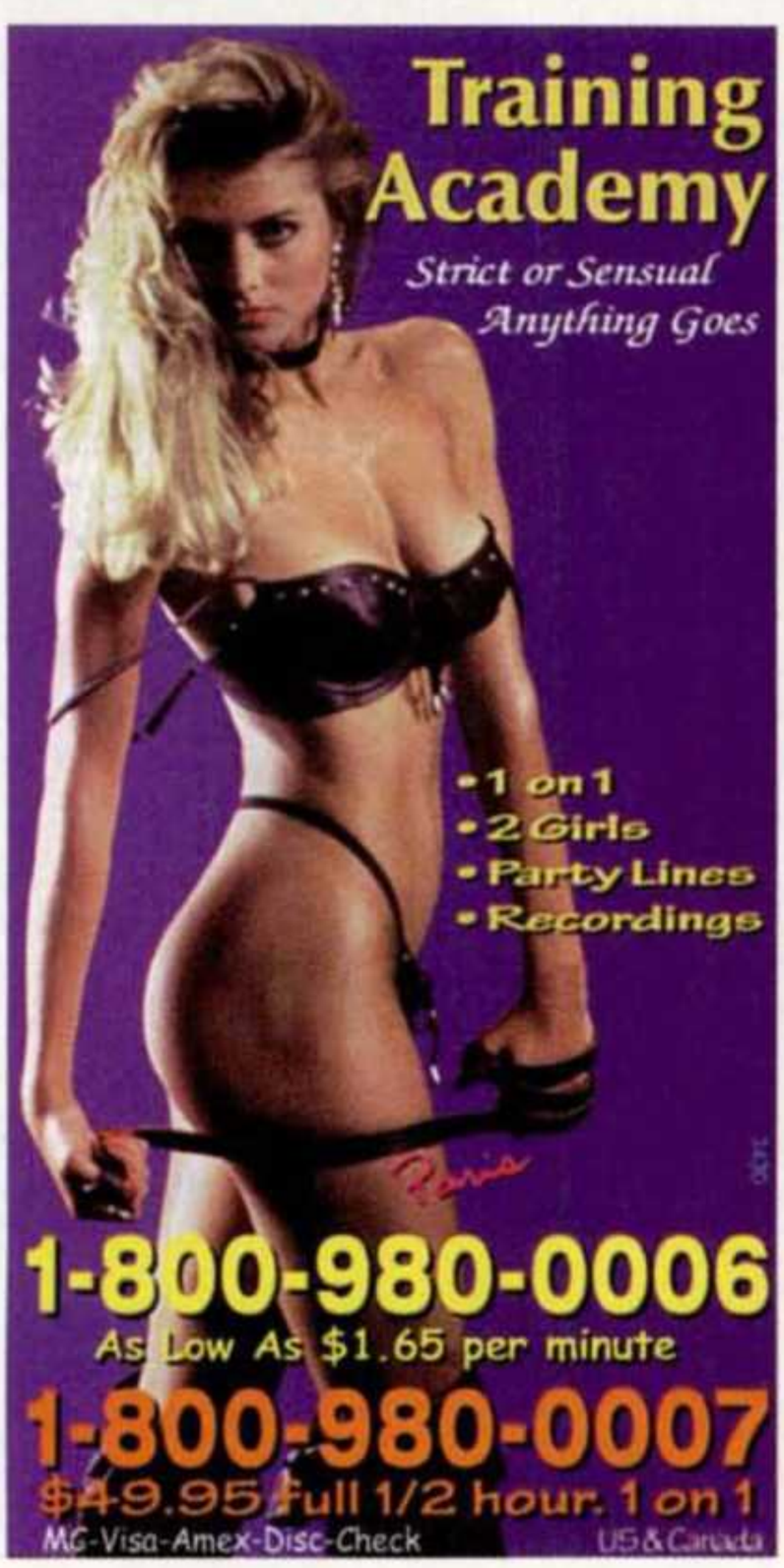
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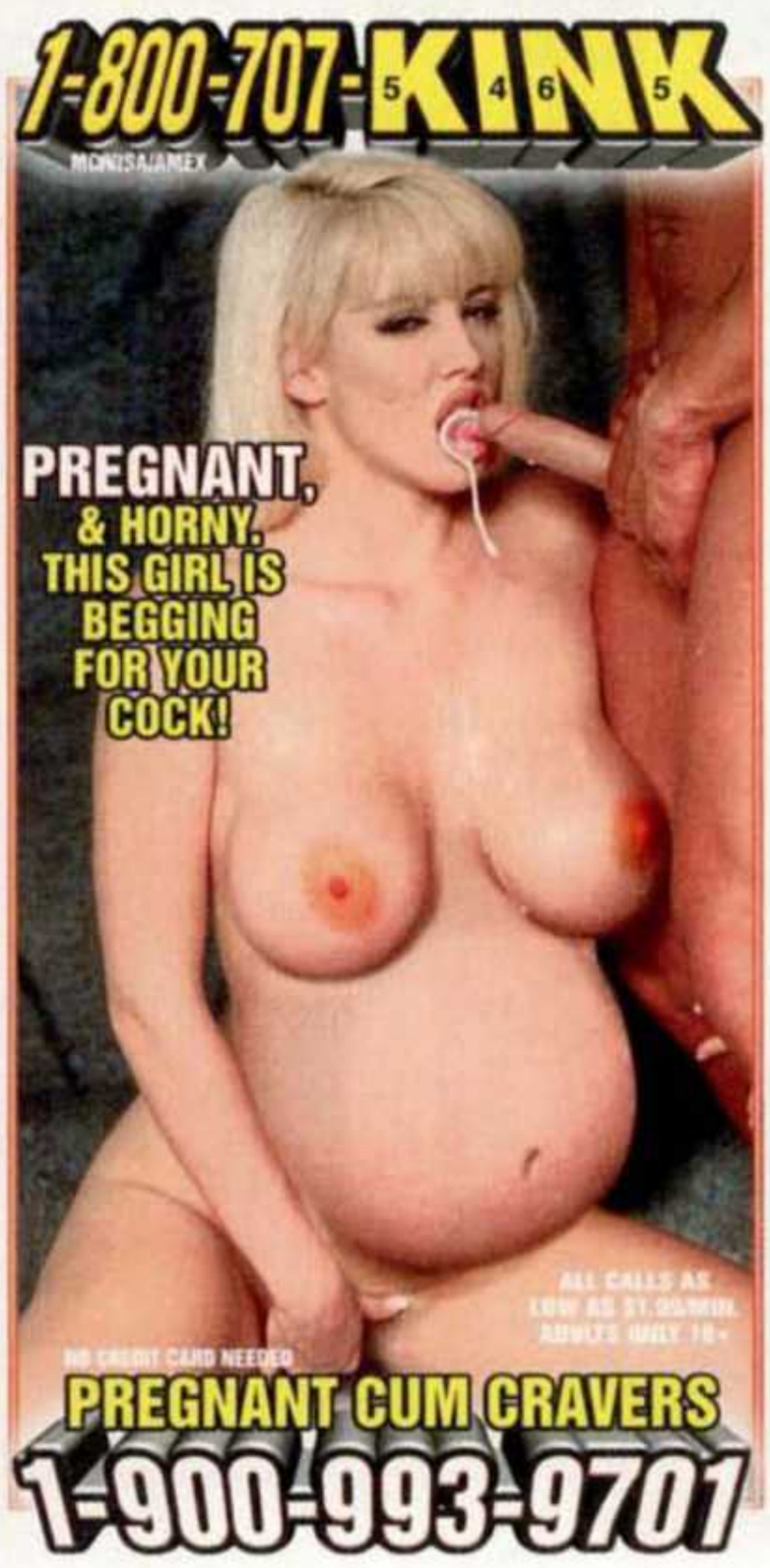
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TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

by Michael Allen

Secret-Agent Man

As more high-tech gadgets become mobile, the American male is running out of ways to carry the latest gear. We even considered buying purses, but that dark moment is over, thanks to the arrival of the SCOTTeVEST TEC Sport Jacket. This cool blazer looks normal on the outside, but inside there are 14 hidden pockets for digital cameras, portable keyboards, small laptop computers, two-way radios and even the latest issue of HUSTLER. If this sounds like a secret-agent outfit, that's because it's very close to the same type worn by the FBI, CIA and Secret Service. Some guys might still want a purse, but the rest of you should go to **www.SCOTTeVEST.com** or call **(866) 909-VEST**.

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Getting the Message

Whether you're a business professional on the road or just an average Joe trying to score some booty online, the Nokia 6820 Messaging Device is a great way to plug into the Web. This multitalented cell phone comes with a full keyboard that folds out; so you can instant message your girlfriend and e-mail the wife. The 6820 also includes a miniature camera to take pics (great for up-skirt voyeurs) and a sound card for audio recording. You can also combine all these features and send a multimedia message of text, picture and voice. The Nokia 6820 is available at electronics and phone stores, or by going to **www.Nokia.com**.

Ear Candy

If you can't live without tunes, even when you're on the phone, then you may need to see a psychiatrist, or check out the Skullcandy Portable LINK. This mini-mixer connects to virtually any cell phone and portable audio device, allowing you to talk on the phone while listening to your favorite songs. The volume control enables you to turn down the music to hear your caller better or crank it up when the wife starts nagging. The Skullcandy Portable LINK is available at Target stores and at **www.Skullcandy.com**.

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

★Report From University of California at Santa Cruz by Sebastian Oliver Parker

Photos Courtesy of Alexander Dennis

COED STREAKERS RUN AMOK

In 1997, the right to bare nude bodies was curtailed at the University of California, Santa Cruz. Up until that point, UCSC had enjoyed 30 years of clothing-optional campus life. It was not uncommon for UCSC students to show up to class bare-assed.

Unfortunately, the current chancellor, M.R.C. Greenwood, will have no naked tomfoolery. In an effort to promote a more scholarly image of the university, she changed the wording of the school handbook. Since then, displays of on-campus nudity have been frowned upon.

Even so, as UCSC emerges as a prestigious science academy known for its contributions to astrophysics and genetics, fading remnants of its wild and naked counterculture past still remain. One such example is the university's annual celebration of the first rain of the season, called the Porter Run. At no other point during the school year do UCSC students display their spirit—and genitals—with such uninhibited enthusiasm.

The Porter Run usually occurs at the beginning of the school year on the first rainy day of fall. Students from all over the campus and beyond convene in the Porter College plaza and undress.

Many first-time runners are not, at first, comfortable in the nude. But as the throng of naked bodies grows larger, it ceases to be a group of courageous individuals and transforms into a blob of flapping skin and painfully white tan lines. Insecure participants are able to lose themselves in the anonymity of the naked masses.

When the exposed group is large enough, the skin-baring students take off at lightning speed on a campuswide tour of the dormitories.

The guys are eager to start running, hoping to prevent the brisk, autumn air from diminishing their masculinity in front of the opposite sex. The ladies are bashful, yet titillated to be baring it all in the pouring rain.

Running barefoot and howling like barbarians, the nude mob tries to expose every freshman of every dormitory to their uninhibited freedom. A common practice among Porter Run streakers is to run up and down the steps of the student housing buildings, "stomping on the floor and beating the walls," as 2003 Porter Run participant, sophomore Bruce Glasseroff, puts it. Usually, the Porter Run climaxes with an all-night drum circle deep in the woods, marked by naked dancing hippies, flailing dreadlocks and cacophonous Djembe rhythms—in other words, typical Santa Cruzian debauchery.

But the Porter Run is not always fun and games. Campus newspaper *Fish Rap Live!* reported a harrowing incident at this year's gathering. Apparently a dining hall employee, Assistant Food Services Manager Sean Yefsky, was hospitalized due to the massive ocean of unclad runners. In an effort to close the front doors of the College Eight Dining Hall, Mr. Yefsky was violently shoved against a wall of lockers by several maniacal nudists forcing their way in. This incident has caused the UCSC administration to look even more unfavorably on the college ritual and has led to rumors of a police presence next year.

Glasseroff says that he was initially very hesitant about participating in the festivities, "but one naked person inspires the rest, and soon the whole courtyard was filled with naked students." Other undergrads derived inspiration from alcohol. "I was drunk when it started to sprinkle," recalls student Erika Lindstrom. "I saw a mad crowd of naked people, and I had to join in. I wouldn't recommend running in the rain sober though. I can't imagine doing it without beer."

* * *

Sebastian Oliver Parker, 21, is a senior majoring in U.S. History at the University of California, Santa Cruz. He resides at the UCSC Trailer Park, a community of people who live in boxes and piss in the woods.

EMBER AZURE

Ember Azure, 21, is a second-year fashion student at the **Fashion Institute of Design and Merchandising** in San Francisco. Boasting an impressive 3.8 GPA, this enterprising young gal designs furniture, clothes and interiors when she's not hitting the books. Ember's carnal ambition is to one day "be fucked in my ass by my lover, while eating out a sexy, wet supermodel. The three of us would be dressed in vinyl and leather in an old, decaying castle under a full moon."

—Photo by Fiancé

Game On

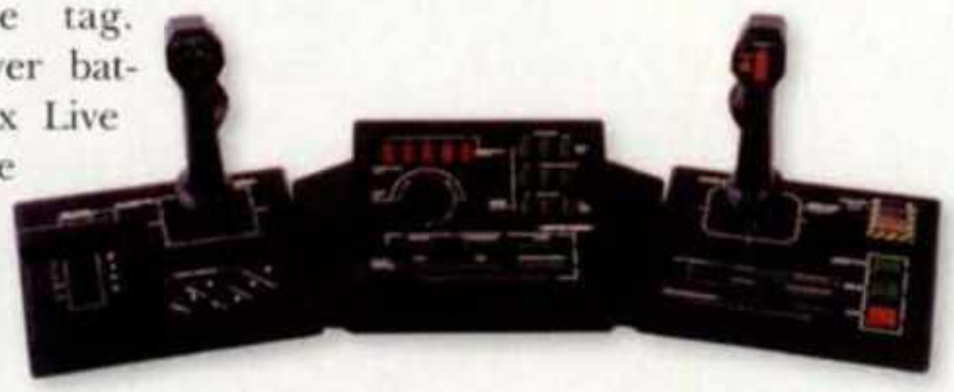
Grab your joystick; HUSTLER plugs you into the latest video games.

by Gus Mastrapa

Steel Battalion: Line of Contact

Capcom (Xbox)

Steel Battalion: Line of Contact is a futuristic tank simulator that requires a massive, 40-button controller to play. The portable cockpit (shown below) comes standard with dual joysticks, pedals and a windshield-washer switch. Last year the controllers sold out and fetched as much as $500 on eBay. Capcom is releasing a limited number of them with a $199 price tag. The 10-player battles on Xbox Live will make them worth the price.



Drakengard

Square Enix (PlayStation2)

Brought to you by the makers of the legendary ***Final Fantasy***, ***Drakengard*** puts gamers in the saddle of a fire-breathing dragon. Players pilot the beasts and aim their heads to rain fiery death upon their enemies. When it's time for up-close violence, a simple dismount brings the action to ground level, where the player faces legions of baddies—kind of like a medieval version of the last intervention your "friends" held for you.

Colin McRae Rally 04

Codemasters (Xbox)

One of the best-rated rally racers around is coming to the Xbox with a killer $19.99 price tag. ***Colin McRae Rally 04*** kicks up dust on 48 tracks in eight countries. Drivers can slide behind the wheel of the Mitsubishi EVO 7, the Subaru Impreza or the Citroen Xsara and tweak the performance of their vehicles with new parts and technologies. Artificial intelligence-controlled competitors give added complexity to the already challenging courses. Buckle up; this one's gonna be a wild ride.

Fable

Microsoft (Xbox)

Remember how ***Grand Theft Auto III*** let you do pretty much anything? ***Fable***, a groundbreaking new medieval adventure game, allows the same freedom—except this time there will be consequences. You play a 15-year-old kid who returns home to find that his family has been murdered. Locating the killers and fighting for justice is just one possible route to take; antisocial players can also opt to go on a bloodthirsty rampage. Just remember, every deed permanently changes the game world; so play wisely.

Lifeline

Konami (PlayStation2)

All thumbs? ***Lifeline***, a voice-activated action game, asks gamers to put down the joystick and talk their way out of trouble. Villains overrun a resort hotel on a futuristic space station. The only people left are a passenger trapped in a security control room and Rio (voiced by TV star Kristen Miller of *She Spies*), who's knee-deep in the shit. Players use PlayStation2's headset microphone peripheral to bark orders such as shoot, dodge and run to get their charge out of danger. If only all women were as responsive.

BAMBI

A 23-year-old, second-year nursing student at the **Naestved School** in Naestved, Denmark, Bambi's off-campus diversions include "reading, learning new languages, riding one of my four horses and fucking my husband." With a solid 3.0 GPA, Bambi considers herself to be an "above-average student," but reveals that her best sexual experience on campus has been "none. Can anybody help me?" We're sure she'll have no problem finding willing volunteers.

—Photo by Husband

AMATEUR PHOTO/VIDEO CONTESTS

$5,000 IS UP FOR GRABS

Guys, we need you to be HUSTLER's campus point men in our ongoing search for new, untapped Beavers. Do you know gorgeous college students who are over 18 years of age? We're looking for readers to recruit babes for the *Real College Girls* division of *Beaver Hunt*. The process is easy; just snap a couple of clear, sexy—the more explicit the better—photographs (digital shots are cool too, as long as they're high resolution and printed on photo-quality paper). Send them to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every female whose picture sees print will receive a $350 honorarium, as well as a slot in HUSTLER's 2004 *Beaver Hunt* competition and a chance to appear in the video version of *HUSTLER's Real College Girls*. Finalists score $1,500 each, and the Grand Prize winner will appear in a HUSTLER photo-feature and earn $5,000. The photographer of the Grand Prize winner scores $500, and the Finalists' photographers earn $250. All photographers of models appearing in *Real College Girls* receive a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Ask the girls to fill out the model release below, and include copies of two legal forms of ID and a current college ID. The model's photo, date of birth and signature must appear on the IDs (not necessarily all on the same one). All photos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc. No essays are required, but if your model can come up with something sexy, tell her to knock herself out.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter *Real College Girls* you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. One ID must include your date of birth, and one must include your signature. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win $350 if we publish your photo, or $500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth $5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Model's name

Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name

Name to be published

Date of birth Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security number

Address

City State Zip

Personal e-mail address Occupation

Hobbies

Major College Year GPA

Best sexual experience in college (include separate sheet if necessary)

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model) Date (month/date/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $350 for photographs or $500 for a video, I grant to L.F.P., Inc. all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself (the "Images"). Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to L.F.P., Inc., and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as L.F.P., Inc. may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs and/or video footage were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

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- LARRY FLYNT ELECTED GOVERNOR
- GOVERNOR FLYNT REBUILDS THE TWIN TOWERS

Vicky Vette

RACING TO VICTORY

2003 *Beaver Hunt* Grand Prize Winner

Photography by Matti Klatt

The votes for our 2003 *Beaver Hunt* Contest have been tabulated, and HUSTLER readers have overwhelmingly selected Vicky Vette as the 2003 *Beaver Hunt* Grand Prize winner.

Despite her landslide victory, Vicky was surprised that she won. "I thought the competition was really hot," the demure stunner admits. The 38-year-old beauty says she waited until later in life to pose nude because "I never had the confidence. When I turned 38, I just thought, *It's now or never.*"

So how does the gorgeous Gemini remain so fuckable at her age? "I work out a little bit," she grins. "I don't drink, smoke or do drugs. Besides being a sex maniac, I'm basically a good girl." Since being named a finalist in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt*, the Georgia peach has performed in 50 adult flicks and posed for several magazines. "I have a lot of thanks and praise for HUSTLER, Vicky gushes, "You guys really did change my life."

As for her future plans, the self-described swinger is launching a Web site, VickyAtHome.com: "It'll be me at home doing laundry in the nude, stuff like that." We think her Web site will clean up.

Vicky breaks out of her bra (and more) in BUSTY BEAUTIES #8 on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.HUSTLERHollywood.com to order.

NEXT MONTH

ANDY DICK
A PENETRATING INTERVIEW

Less Than Perfect star Andy Dick has made America laugh with his television and film roles, but he's best known for his off-screen antics, including a well-publicized 1999 drug bust. In an exclusive interview by Giddle Partridge, Dick comes clean about his bizarre sex habits, reveals the inside scoop on two infamous celebrity deaths and offers his expert opinion on the best mixed-drug combos.

LOVE SQUIRTS
THE ULTIMATE ORGASM

An elusive phenomenon for even the most experienced fuck bunnies, female ejaculation is the Holy Grail of human sexual response. Luckily, porn director/gal-jizz aficionado Axel Braun can teach you to unleash a woman's nookie nectar. Find out how you can make your babe spray as HUSTLER reporter Scott Fayner practices on porn star Taylor Rain.

EXPOSÉ
RADIOACTIVE RECYCLING

Radioactive materials are being used to make consumer products ranging from eating utensils to dental braces to pants zippers. The companies responsible for hazardous nuclear waste are saving billions in disposal costs by placing the public at risk. Will the next thing you put in your mouth or near your crotch glow in the dark? Find out in a special report by Michael Collins. Plus, scan your belongings for contaminants with the new breed of handheld radiation detectors.

BARBI TWINS REDUX

Still mopping up the jizz stains from the Barbi Twins' breathtaking appearance in our January issue? Get ready to blow another load as Shane and Sia push the boundaries of sisterly love with even more explicit pix. Photos by Ken Wahl.

HELL NO, WTO

The World Trade Organization has the power to override state and federal laws that protect the public from corporate greed. Through the WTO, foreign lobbyists castrated the Clean Air Act in order to sell dirty fuel to the U.S. Meanwhile, Third World countries are threatened and blackmailed by richer nations. Reporter George Monbiot, author of *The Age of Consent: A Manifesto for a New World Order*, offers a hard look at the WTO in an interview by Editorial Director Bruce David and Features Editor Dan Kapelovitz.

CHUCK ZITO
PROFESSIONAL BADASS

Chuck Zito kicks a lot of ass as Chucky the E[illegible]forcer on HBO's gritty prison drama *Oz*. E[illegible] Zito boots even more butt in real life. The b[illegible]k-belt martial artist and former Hell's Angel worked as a bodyguard for action stars like Sylvester Stallone and Jean-Claude Van Damme (who ended up getting a beat-down from Zito) before stepping into the Hollywood limelight. Interview by Jim Goad.

Jessica Jaymes

The August HUSTLER is on sale May 25, 2004. • Visit HUSTLER's Web site at www.hustler.com.

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